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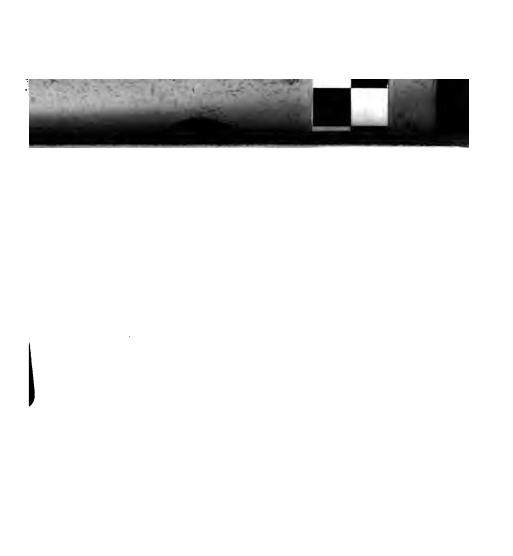
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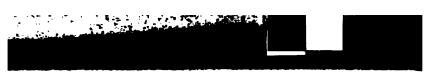




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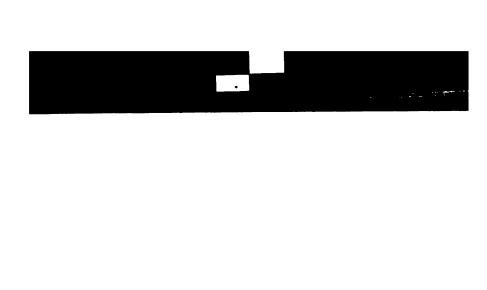
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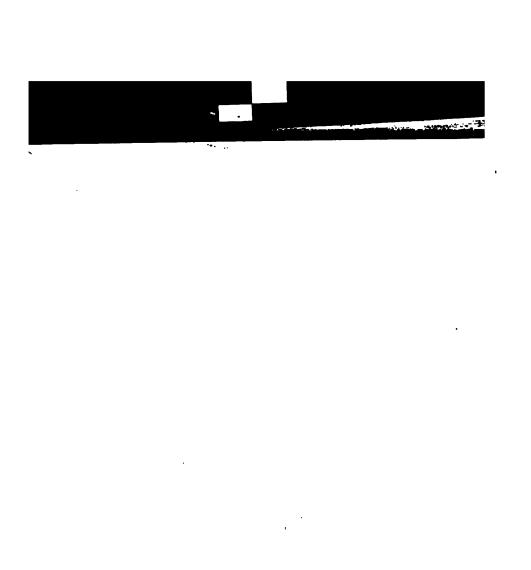


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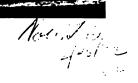


LOCATED HIS BEST GIRL AT HER FATHER'S COUNTRY PLACE





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## Α

# CORNER IN WOMEN

AND OTHER FOLLIES

# BY TOM MASSON

The Cover Design and Frontispiece from Drawings by CHARLES DANA GIBSON

The Illustrations by C. Allan Gilbert, Raymond M. Crosby, John Cecil Clay, E. W. Kemble, T. K. Hanna, Jr., J. M. Flagg, F. W. Read, A. D. Blashfield, Budd, Ebert and others

NEW YORK

MOFFAT, YARI) & COMPANY





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NEW YORK
Published November, 1905

J. P. TAPLEY CO. BOOK MANUPACTURERS NEW YORK



#### THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THREE FRIENDS:

To Cupid, Who came to stay with me;

To the Wolf, who sniffed at my door and honored me with his absence,

: And to the Stork, Who brought me what I most desired.

#### AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Miller, whose generosity alone has made possible the use of the pictures in this volume. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, of whom I requested the use, for the cover, of the one drawing that seemed to go with the book, wrote that he was "glad to have the picture associated with such a good story," but this was doubtless only Mr. Gibson's large-hearted way of making it easier for me to accept what was so necessary for me to have and so easy for him to refuse; and it is in reality much more nearly true for me to say that I am glad to have the story associated with such a good picture. Many of the other illustrations in the book have been made by artists who are personal friends, and possibly this fact has helped them to catch more nearly the spirit of the text than might have been otherwise.

Some of the text has never before been published, but most of it has appeared already in Life. I am also indebted to The Century, The Ladies' Home Journal, The Cosmopolitan Magazine, Munsey's Magazine and Puck for cheerful permission to use material which has appeared in those periodicals.

The Author.



#### THE AMERICAN IDEA

THE American Idea is to be more nervous than the rest of the world and to make more money. The American Idea exists in Boston, New York, Kansas and Oyster Bay. It is composed of push, energy, restlessness and worry.

It is fed by quick lunches, heavy dinners and automobiles. With pie for breakfast the American Idea was pious, but with rum omelettes and nesselrode pudding for dinner, it is now dyspeptic.

The American Idea is of recent birth, having John D. Rocke-feller for its godfather, and being immersed in crude oil and in the Baptist Church. It was graduated on San Juan Hill, and received part of its education in Wall Street, part in the Senate Chamber at Washington, part in the Chicago wheat pit and part in the Philippines.

It cried aloud from its birth and can still be heard for whole countries away. It is self-advertising, vulgar in spots, murderous in other spots, counting human lives in the aggregate desirable only as victims of railroad and steamboat accidents. It often wears diamonds for breakfast, and flourishes on noise, wind, hot air and graft.

The American Idea preaches every Sunday from the pulpit, every other day in the papers, and practices what it doesn't preach every day in the week.

It assumes that the golden calf has a soul and mere man has not, and is true to its belief.



#### THE AMERICAN IDEA.

The American Idea is humorous half the time, and unhappy the other half. When it is happy it laughs at others, and when it is unhappy it laughs at itself. It is prosperous, powerful, and only hypocritical when necessary—which is most of the time.

The American Idea pays as it goes—sometimes in cash, sometimes in ginger, and sometimes in good red blood. It is no respecter of persons. It likes to be fooled, when it can do its own toadying, but too much toadying is the wrong medicine for the American Idea. It is apt to be too tragic, because too young. It glories in its own strength, and knows more than a college graduate. It is excitable and stable, scientific and flashy, lavish and penurious, unjust and overjust.

In short the American Idea has all the defects of its qualities.

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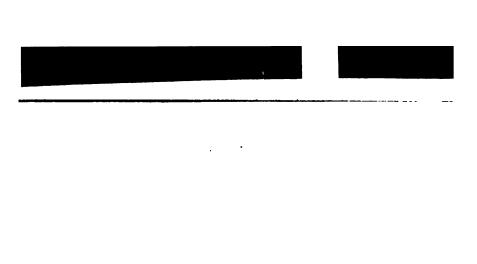
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# A CORNER IN WOMEN AND OTHER FOLLIES



•



# A CORNER IN WOMEN

I.

McFERSON entered his office at 9:05. There was a heavy accumulation of mail on his desk.

"Robert," he said to the office boy, "tell Miss Jones to come in."

Robert returned from the outer office in a moment.

"Miss Jones hasn't got here yet, sir."

McFerson frowned. Miss Jones had never been late before.

"Very well. Go out and see if you can get Miss Peterson."

Robert came back in another moment.

"Miss Peterson is not here, sir."

McFerson stopped short with his letter opener in his hand.

"What's the matter with this office force, anyhow?" he demanded. "These letters must be answered at once. If we don't get an early start we can't get through with them. Robert, go downstairs in the main corridor and see if that young woman typewriter can come right up."

Robert shot through the door. In a few moments he returned again. His face betrayed anxiety.

"Not there, sir."





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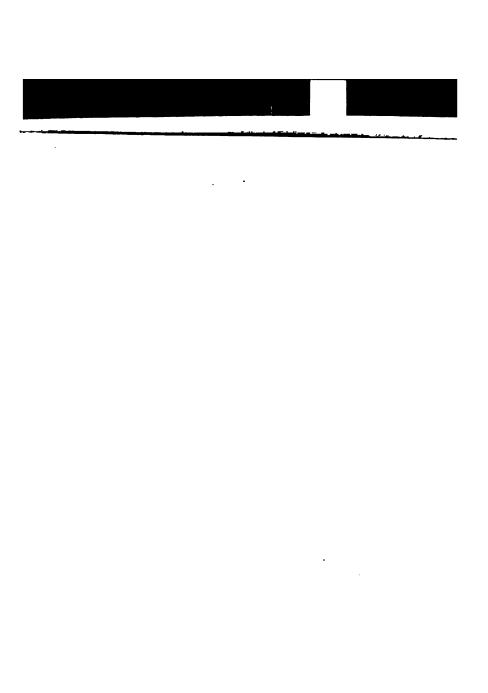
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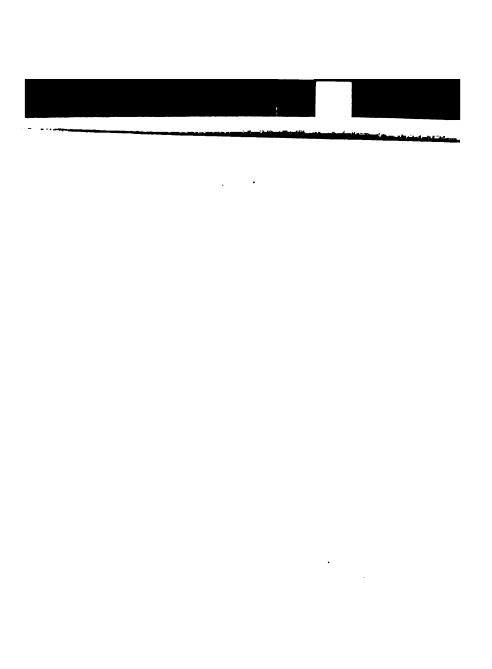
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McFerson was irritated beyond measure.

"Confound these girls!" he exclaimed. "I'll discharge the whole lot of them. Let's see! There's a typewriter agency in the next street. I'll tell 'em to send over somebody."

He studied the telephone book for a moment, and then took down the receiver.

No answer.

McFerson joggled the thing up and down. He waited—and waited—his face betraying more impatience every minute.

"Hello!" at last came over the wire—in a man's voice.

"Hello!" roared McFerson. "What's the matter with you people, anyway? Never saw such service."

"We're short handed," was the reply. "Not a girl has shown up. I'm the chief operator."

"Not a girl showed up!" replied McFerson. "Well, that's my trouble. What's the matter with all the girls this morning, I wonder?"

He asked for his number, and after another long wait—again the man's voice:

"Don't answer."

McFerson put down the receiver with a bang. He began to walk the floor. At this moment Spinnerton, the lawyer, whose office was across the way, came in. His face was pale.

"Old man," he said, "I'm in the deuce of a fix."

"What's the trouble?"

"My wife's disappeared."

"Disappeared!"

"Yes—vanished during the night. Can't find her anywhere. I'm about crazy."

He caught McFerson by the arm and drew him to the window—a window that overlooked Broadway.

"Look!" he exclaimed, "there's something mysterious in the air."

They gazed down on the crowded street. Groups of men were gathered together on the corners. Some were gesticulating wildly.

Moved by a common impulse, McFerson and Spinnerton made their way silently downstairs.

"Has it occurred to you," said Spinnerton, hoarsely, "that you haven't seen a woman this morning?"

"No," said McFerson, "not until you spoke. By Jove, I haven't."

They hurried down Broadway. There was a suppressed air of excitement. Snatches of exclamations came to them on every side. "Wife gone." "Girls disappeared." "Where's my mother?"

They accosted a stranger, who was holding a baby in his arms.

"What's the matter this morning?" asked McFerson.

"So far as can be ascertained," replied the man, "all the women in New York have disappeared. It's a nice situation, isn't it? Christmas season just coming on, and nobody here to see it through. I'm the father of ten children." He hurried along.

McFerson and Spinnerton took their station in front of a ferry house. They waited while the streams of people passed out.

All men—not a woman among them.

Suddenly they heard a boy calling "Extra!" With feverish

eagerness they bought the paper and read as follows:

#### NO WOMEN LEFT!

New York Suddenly Deserted by Its Female Population—Secret Trust at Work—A Desperate Situation.

Early this morning this great city suddenly rose to the consciousness that all of its women have mysteriously



disappeared. Inquiry at the hotels, many private houses, transportation offices and other centres developed the fact that during the night every woman in New York was transported out of town by a mysterious agency—the head of which is suspected, but not yet known.

At the railroad stations in Jersey City and Weehawken, and at the Grand Central, where reporters have been stationed since the alarm went out, it was ascertained that no woman of any description was allowed to enter the city, all the incoming trains being carefully searched. The railroad officials are silent. It is evident that they are in the power of an individual who at the present moment is holding this city in a fierce thraldom.

There will be a citizens' meeting at noon in Madison Square.

At the perusal of this intelligence the two men looked at each other in consternation.

"I guess there cannot be any doubt," said McFerson, "who is responsible for this horrible state of affairs. It must be Morg-feller. Everybody knows that he has been the most powerful force in this republic for a long time, but no one would dream that he has dared to do so much, and apparently he has hit upon the Christmas shopping season—just when the women are the most important factors—to strike his deadly blow."

Morgfeller was the recognized head of the financial world. It was openly known that he controlled all the railroads, which had recently, under his silent manipulation, been combined into one vast system. It was also known that the banks and insurance companies had yielded to his power and that the entire circulation of the country was at his mercy. Rumors had been floating around that he had also got control of the legislatures, and was the secret power behind the throne at Washington.

"The man must be mad," cried Spinnerton. "Why, his life won't be safe a moment. If I can get my hands on him, I'll tear him limb from limb."

He staggered back.

McFerson, who was a bachelor, supported him.

"Cheer up, old man," he cried. "This can't last. It is only some joke. Let us go to the citizens' meeting."

The two men hurried to Madison Square.

A vast concourse of citizens had already assembled.

On a temporary stand, erected just east of the fountain, a man was addressing the multitude.

McFerson and Spinnerton recognized him at once as a former Mayor, one whose utterances had always been tinged with Socialism, and yet a man who had invariably commanded the respect of the community.

"Fellow-citizens," he exclaimed, as they pushed their way near to him, "this city at the present moment is under the absolute dominion of one man. Our wives, sisters, mothers, and sweethearts have been taken away from us in a twinkling, and apparently we are powerless. An appeal has been made to Washington, and what is the reply?"

He took from his pocket a paper that he waved wildly in the air.

"This is what we hear from our President in response to our call for help. He says: (reading)

"'To the Citizens of New York:

"'I cannot help you. I am only the President of the United - States.'

"Think of this, fellow-citizens! Think of how low we have fallen, when we have permitted ourselves to drop into the hands of a man like Morgfeller."

At the mention of this dread name, shouts and hisses were heard on all sides. Cries of "Where is he?" "We'll make short work of him!" "Death to Morgfeller!" rent the air as the vast crowd, swayed by the most intense excitement, surged to and fro.

The speaker paused, and waited until a measure of quiet had been restored. Then he lifted his hand as if pronouncing a benediction and his voice lowered perceptibly.

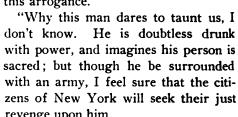
"Fellow-citizens," he said, impressively, "you have called upon me to give you counsel, and as Chairman of the Committee on the Reinstatement of Our Women, which has just been organized, I trust vou will listen to my words.

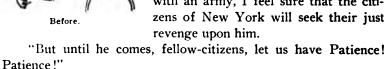
country-seats.

"First, then, I counsel patience. Mr. Morgfeller, it was ascertained this morning, has left town and is now at one of his numerous

> "But our time is coming. While we cannot reach him now, he was heard to boast that he or his representative would return in three days' time.

> "Let us, therefore, wait. Once let us get him in our grasp, we will make him give back to us those so near and dear, and he shall pay the penalty of this arrogance.





The crowd spread in all directions, seething up and down Broadway in a vast mass of emotion.

McFerson, half leading, half supporting his stricken friend, led him away to his home. Then he hurried away to his broker's office, and after some search over the long distance telephone. located his best girl at her father's country place.

# II.

Three days later McFerson sat in his office writing letters long hand.

Spinnerton came in. He was heavy-eyed and hollow. His uir hadn't been brushed. He wore no collar. His shoes had not en shined. He looked thoroughly disreputable.

"Any news?"

"None. The mails come and go, but no one is allowed to ave New York. I have ascertained that my wife is safe, but at is all."

McFerson pointed to a half-empty whisky bottle.

"Have a swig?" he asked.

"Don't mind if I do," replied Spinnerton.

"Here's a glass."

"I don't want a glass. Who cares?"

He drank out of the bottle.

McFerson got up.

"I'll be hanged if I can do any work," he exclaimed. "I ever knew before how important these girls were."

"Well, I don't know," said Spinnerton. "There's no need of anyway. Since my wife has been away I haven't had to pay iy bills, and it costs me scarcely anything to live. I guess," he lded, with a smile, "that there won't be many Christmas presents is year, either."

"Let's go uptown."

The two men left the office building and got on a Broadway

The motorman and conductor were each smoking a corncob pe. Inside the car were about twenty men. The air was full smoke. Some wore sweaters, some flannel shirts, open at the ont. Not a man had on a white collar. As they went along, ey noticed that half the shops were closed.

A prominent haberdasher sat in his window playing poker with four friends.

The proprietor of a ladies' tailoring establishment dozed in his chair, still clad in the pajamas he had slept in. A general air of demoralization prevailed.

The two men got out at Thirty-fourth Street and went into the Waldorf. Some kind of a fight was in progress here. A man who had had the hardihood to wear a white shirt was being mobbed. His shirt was torn off his back. Screams of coarse laughter, oaths and shouts were heard on every side. The whole place was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco smoke.

"What's going to be the end of this horrible business?" asked McFerson.

"I'll be hanged if I know," said Spinnerton.

"Here, boy, a paper."

The two friends read as follows:

#### MORGFELLER COMING!

WILL STEP FROM HIS PRIVATE CAR IN THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION AT NOON. OPINIONS DIVIDED AS TO HIS RECEPTION.

McFerson read no more, but grabbed his companion by the arm.

"Come," he cried. "Let's join the crowd. Let's get after Morgfeller. Why, we'll lynch him! We'll burn him alive! Come!"

But Spinnerton drew back. It was evident that he was embarrassed.

"To be candid with you," he said, "I'm not quite so keen about Morgfeller as I was."

"What do you mean? Do you mean to say that you approve of what he has done?"

Spinnerton was silent. McFerson looked at him scornfully.

"Here!" he said, "I'm a bachelor, and you a married man. I ought to be the one to submit instead of you. But I can't say that this state of things appeals to me. In fact, it's getting on my nerves. I'm used to living in a decent manner. Why, hang it, man, I have to make my own bed. And who can I get to do my washing? I'm used to living halfway trim, but since the women have all left us, nobody seems to care. Everything is at sixes and sevens. I'm for hanging Morgfeller to the nearest lamp-post."

Spinnerton smiled feebly.

"I can't say that I feel the same as that," he said. "It was a terrible shock to me at first, I'll admit. But there are benefits arising from this situation that I never realized before. In the first place, there is an absolute freedom. I can do as I please in my own house. I've got a man to cook my meals and tidy up a bit, and I treat him just the way I treat anybody I employ.



Before I was under the dominion of a female in the kitchen. That is, my wife was, and she controlled me, so it amounted to the same thing. Now I can do anything I want to do. I can smoke all over the house, and drink and swear, and wear the first thing that comes handy. But, better than all, there's no worry. I don't have to be dragged off to the opera. There are no more dinners to attend. I'm not bothered with dressmakers or florists, and all this social rigmarole has vanished

like magic. Why, simply to get rid of all this Christmas shopping is everything. To be honest with you, my friend, it's a mighty relief."

The two men looked at each other.

They recognized that for each of them it was a critical moment. Unconsciously they had epitomized the situation. They belonged to two opposing parties.

And this evidently was what Morgfeller had counted on.

"Well," said McFerson, "as I understand it, I want the women back and you don't."

He waved his arm around the corridor of the hotel. The news of the coming financial king seemed to have crystallized matters at once. Almost unconsciously all the men present had drawn themselves into two groups. It was evidently going to be a fight to the death.

"You see," he continued, "how the land lies. So let us be neutral. Let us pair off."

"Agreed," said Spinnerton, and they made their way uptown toward the Grand Central Station.

Crowds of citizens were thronging thitherward from all directions. And everywhere they were falling, instinctively, naturally, into two groups.

These groups soon began to be distinguished by cries of their own and by emblems and banners hastily devised.

One banner, surrounded by a group of determined and sadeyed old graybeards, not one of them under seventy, read:

DOWN WITH MORGFELLER!

GIVE US BACK OUR SWEETHEARTS!

Another banner, enthusiastically followed by a long line of benedicts, read:

Who's ALL RIGHT?

Morgfeller!

No More Dressmakers' Bills to Pay.

Down With Refinement!

As the two men approached the scene of the expected arrival, the throng became more dense, and their progress was constantly impeded by groups of individuals varying in size, who listened with shouts of enthusiasm to orators improvised from their own ranks.

On the corner of Broadway and Thirty-seventh Street, a fashionable physician was addressing his fellows.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "it is needless to remind you how critical is this terrible situation. In the last few days my own income has dwindled to almost nothing. Unless we have the women to support us, our very existence as a profession will be threatened. My instruments are becoming rusty from disuse. Let us, therefore, organize and march upon this fell destroyer of our rights and privileges!"

On the next corner a small, nervous and radiant-faced little man was holding forth from the rear end of an automobile to a large and enthusiastic gathering.

"Fellow-citizens in newly found freedom," he cried, "I haven't known what it means to kick up my heels now for twelve long years, since I was led as a sacrifice to the altar. And now, having got a taste of liberty, shall we relinquish it?" (Cries of "Never! Never!") "No! we shall keep what we have gained.

This great city will soon, under a great reform administration, be the stamping-ground of all the real dead-game sports in the world, who are tired of being led around by the ears. Gentlemen, up to three days ago I didn't dare say that my soul was my own. Now, thanks to Morgfeller, I can raise the devil every hour of the day and night.

"But, brothers, we must get together. We have strong opposition. All the tradespeople are against us. Every jeweler, every tailor, every caterer, every doctor, is against us. But we belong to the great silent majority, and with Morgfeller on our side we will win!"

As the two men passed on by the Metropolitan Opera House, Spinnerton, inflamed by the last utterance, but still preserving his neutrality, could not help but triumphantly refer McFerson to the legend that hung on its doors:

GRAND OPERA SUSPENDED.

THIS HOUSE WILL HEREAFTER BE A
FIRST-CLASS VAUDEVILLE.
ALL THE LATEST STORIES!

SMOKING, DRINKING AND HIGH JINKS.

"I must confess," said McFerson, "that this is a pleasant change. But let us move along."

As they approached the station they became conscious that something startling had happened. Cries of rage and disappointment were heard on all sides. It was ten minutes past the time when the great man was expected.

The train had arrived, and he was not in it.

In his place he had sent his private secretary.

As the news spread along the line, howls of fury rent the



"I AM TAKING HER TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE, WHERE SHE WILL BE DULY LISTED."

air. Could it be that Morgfeller was afraid? His adherents, lined up on one side, scorned the idea. His enemies, lined up on the other side, jeered in derision.

Suddenly there was a vast shout. The two friends, looking down the line, saw a startling sight. An open victoria flanked by a company of soldiers was coming. In the victoria were two figures—a man and a woman!

The man, as became immediately evident, was the private secretary. The woman was about fifty. Her face, unmistakably Celtic, was wrinkled with innumerable lines. She was gaunt, raw-boned, ugly.

What could it mean?

It became evident, however, that Morgfeller had plans of his own, which the man whom he had chosen to represent him was amply empowered to carry out.

That individual, as the victoria arrived at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second Street, motioned to the driver to stop. Then he arose and addressed the multitude. He was fault-lessly groomed, in a silk hat and frock coat, and presented a strange contrast to his unkempt audience.

"Gentlemen," he said, waving his hand in the direction of his companion, "allow me to introduce to you Bridget Murphy. I am taking her down to the Stock Exchange, where she will be duly listed. Every man in this city will have an opportunity to bid upon her services."

The carriage moved on again amid a dense uproar.

"So," said McFerson, "this is Morgfeller's game. He is certainly a master hand at finance. He has shrewdly played upon one of the most powerful forces in human nature, by creating a division among all men themselves. If it were not for fellows like you, he wouldn't live a moment. But through you he has succeeded in making a division of public opinion, while he reaps the profit."

"That's only partially true," retorted Spinnerton, warmly. "Don't blame me, or men like me. The fault lies with the women. They are, as usual, at the bottom of the case. The fact is, they have been overrunning the whole place. And we chaps with our noses to the grindstone cannot but welcome a benefactor like Morgfeller. Women have made slaves of us, and he comes

as a liberator, and he's entitled to make money out of this deal. But I warn him in advance that if he permits things to lapse back into their old state, he'll get himself into trouble. A few women here and there in their proper places are all right, but we've had a taste of Freedom, and he'd better be careful."



"A man who had the hardihood to wear a white shirt."

The next day Bridget Murphy stock rose on the Exchange to enormous figures, but finally she was knocked down to one of the wealthiest bachelors in town for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Several attempts were made on the private secretary's life, but owing to the marvelous vigilance of the married men he escaped unhurt.

The day following Maggie McCarthy was ushered in amid the wildest enthusiasm. The market rose and fell with feverish excitement. Puts and calls on future arrivals became rampant. Two typewriters came next, followed by three old maids, who had lived in Harlem.

The market fell. Then no more arrivals for twenty-four hours caused it to rise again with a bound.

Morgfeller's profits were enormous.

Every day he endowed some new university, and had a lot left over.

III.

One morning, at the end of a week, McFerson came down to the office with smiling face.

Robert, the office boy, was lolling in a chair smoking a cigarette. He looked up in surprise as he beheld McFerson in a brand-new suit and boiled shirt.

"Young man," said McFerson, sternly, "throw that away. Haven't you heard the news? Miss Jones and Miss Peterson are both back and will be here in a moment. They cost me ten thousand dollars, but it was worth it. I'm so glad to get them back that I don't begrudge Morgfeller a cent."

Robert sped out to buy him a paper collar, and McFerson went out in the hall, where he ran up against Spinnerton.

That gentleman had a solemn air.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked anxiously.

"No. Is it bad?"

"Well, I should say so. Morgfeller is beginning to send the married women back in small lots. The first delegation will arrive to-day. This thing has gone far enough. He's a traitor."

McFerson frowned.

"On the contrary," he replied severely, "I regard him as being the greatest benefactor this country has ever had. He has made money by the operation, but he deserves it. For he has taught us all how valuable women are."

Spinnerton glared.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "He had the greatest idea of the century. Why, with one stroke he solved all the problems of the



age. Once get rid of all the women, and life is a cinch. No bills to pay! No absurd conventionalities! No slavery!"

And then suddenly, as the two men looked at each other, they realized that, while they were still bitterly opposed, their respective positions were reversed from what they had been.

Each belonged to a party, but it was the same party that a week before the other had belonged to. There could be no doubt that Morgfeller was clever. For the balance of public opinion for and against him was still so nicely adjusted as to insure his safety.

So earnest had been their talk that the two friends did not realize, until they looked up, that they had walked out in Broadway. Then they became aware that even in the midst of so much that was unusual that had recently taken place some extraordinary event was in progress.

A procession was coming in the near distance.

It consisted of a long line of carriages, and each carriage was filled with women.

Spinnerton turned pale.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, lapsing unconsciously into an expletive that he was in the habit of using before the exodus. "Is the corner broken? Are they all coming back?"

Even at this moment a handkerchief was fluttered at him from a carriage that was passing. He sprang forward.

"Darling!" said a voice. "Don't you know me?"

Spinnerton leaned over the carriage and clasped his wife in his arms.



"Of course I know you," he said. "Come! Get out and come home."

His arm was touched by an official—one of Morgfeller's former office boys who had risen to the rank of captain.

"Your wife will be delivered to you in good time, sir, on payment of the merely nominal fee of five thousand dollars. In the meantime, don't block up the way."

Spinnerton turned back to McFerson, who had just finished reading the leading article in an afternoon paper.

"You see," he said sadly, "how it is. It's a case of tribute. Morgfeller makes millions, and we pay for it. Nothing gained! Things are going to be the same as before."

But McFerson smiled back a smile of superior knowledge, born of a more recent acquisition of facts, now so well known as to be commonplace.

"My boy," he replied, "you're wrong. Out of every great social upheaval such as we have been through is bound to come good. Morgfeller is but an instrument in the hands of Providence. Read this and rejoice."

And Spinnerton, transfigured, read as follows:

COMPROMISE!

Arbitration Committee Completes
Its Labors.

THE PRO-FEMALES AND THE ANTIS COME TO TERMS.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE NEW REGIME.

Mr. Morgfeller has builded better than he knew. When, without the slightest warning, he succeeded, by means of the vast machinery at his disposal, in quietly extracting all the female population from the Metropolis, he wisely counted, for his own ultimate safety, on a division of public opinion.

And when, there having been set up in the Pro-Female party the most unheard-of demand for women that has ever been known, he began to introduce them gradually back again, his wonderful shrewdness was again manifested.

For again there was division on the same question. A howl of protest against him went up from the very ones who had so ardently supported him.

On the other hand, those who had been his most severe critics now began to favor this reinstatement of women. Thus the tables were neatly turned by one of the greatest minds of the century.

Yesterday morning it became apparent that a tremendous fight was in progress. All the married men rose up as a solid phalanx. They had gotten a taste of power, and preferred to make the most of it. On the other side were a large army of bachelors, tradespeople and octogenarians.

An arbitration committee, composed of leading citizens of both parties, was at last formed, and after a stormy session they arrived at the following compromise, a perusal of which will reveal the fact that a new era has dawned on the greatest metropolis of the modern world.

Resolved, That women shall be reinstated again under the following conditions:

The fashions will change only every four years. Any dressmaker caught wheedling a woman into buying something she cannot afford will be exiled at once.

A fixed scale of prices for all milliners, no hat or bonnet to be over five dollars.

No woman will be allowed to shop more than one hour a week.

Husbands will be allowed to smoke anywhere.

Afternoon teas, wedding receptions, authors' readings, women's clubs abolished.

Any foreign nobleman caught within the city limits will be promptly shot.

No more horse shows.

Grand opera removed to Albany.

Any husband reporting that his wife has lectured him for being out late must send his name and address to the Satisfaction Committee, who will take the matter in hand.

Hereafter, all women will have to stay home in summer, while their husbands go on a vacation.

Any woman caught attempting to drag her husband out to a social function that he doesn't want to attend will be punished to the full extent of the law.

Spinnerton grasped his friend solemnly by the hand. "Long live Morgfeller!" he exclaimed.

#### MODERN.

THE modern bridegroom led the modern bride to the altar. The modern clergyman was waiting for them with his modern wedding ceremony.

"Will you," he said to the bridegroom, "take this divorced woman to be your social wife, to have and to hold until you are both tired of each other?"

"I will," said the groom, "with the understanding that she is not to kick up a row no matter who I bring home with me, and that she turns over all her available cash to help me out of my scrapes."

"And will you," said the clergyman to the woman, "take this man to be your companion in misery for so long as you think best?"

"I will," said the woman, "if I don't have to nurse him when he is sick, or take breakfast with him."

"Is there anyone," said the clergyman, "who objects?"

"No one," said the spokesman for the congregation. "We are all very glad of it. It makes gossip, and the mere fact that we are here will enable us to have our names in the papers. Let the ceremony proceed."

"There!" said the clergyman, "I pronounce you man and wife. Send me a check or cash by registered mail, give your names and a description of your presents to the society reporters, and when you want a divorce, here's the card of the best lawyer in the business."

#### DEPTH.

Beneath this marble slab there lies A millionaire of enterprise. How much he left I do not wis—Nor just how far beneath he is.





and sisters, his occupation being to conceal

within his elastic person as many worms as came his way.

Being the brightest one of the family, he was regarded with marked favor by his hard working, lawn listening parents.

"Mama," he remarked one day, "when do you think it would be wise to venture forth into the unknown world?"

His mother eyed him critically.

"You must first," she remarked, "read a book on the theory and practice of aerostation."

"Is this necessary?" remarked the young robin, plaintively, as he observed his sister Jane, who was already being neglected, beginning to practice the double wing flap.

"It is, indeed," replied his mother, severely. "You have genuine talent, and you cannot expect to accomplish anything unless you consult authorities. Read eight pages a day."

So the young robin gave a supercilious

look at the rest of the family, put on a pair of spectacles and settled down to cultivate himself.

In a short time he became very much absorbed in his studies.

"I perceive," he remarked to himself, "that there is a good deal more to this flying business than I had any idea of. Indeed, it involves all of the ultimate problems of philosophy. First I must train my mind to think, then I must go over what is already known on the subject, after which I shall be in a position for original investigation."

So he studied on.

By and by, however, he became conscious of a hollow feeling inside. He also became aware that he had more space outside.

He looked up and found he was alone.

Brother Charlie was picking up a long worm on the lawn below. Sister Jane was practicing the Newport slant in the atmosphere between, while sister Sarah was trying to skip from bough to bough without missing a stroke. Pa and Ma were nowhere to be seen. But a monstrous cat on a rear fence was looking suspiciously complacent.

"I guess," said the young robin, "it is about time for me to get a move on. Let's see, in order to retain a sustained equilibrium I must consider Smith's law and also the resistance of certain ratios of density."

He paused fearfully and looked over the edge of the nest.

"Hey, brother Charles," he called to his brother below. "How did you get down there?"

"Flew," said brother Charles calmly as he took a long pull, a strong pull and a pull together and drew out about a yard of dessert.

"But, brother Charles, didn't you read any of these books before you learned to fly?"

"Not much. No time."

"Say, brother, I'm getting very hungry. Couldn't you pass up a piece of that worm?"

Brother Charles sliced off a few inches with his bill and by getting a good moving start carried it to the flower of the family.

"My boy," he said, "let me give you a piece of advice. This is my last call. Do you want to enjoy yourself living?"

"Yes, brother."

"Then learn to fly by flying, and not by reading about it. You'll take chances at first, but you'll get there."

"But aren't these books of any use at all?"

Brother Charles leaned up against the bark and smiled wisely.

"Certainly!" he observed. "Throw 'em at that cat."

# MOTTO FOR A MARRIED MAN.

Be sure you are right, then keep it to yourself.

Every man is the architect of his own misfortunes.

A theatre party is a mistake; if the play is interesting, the people bore you; if the people are interesting, the play bores you.

# THE END OF SMYTHE.

THE physical career of young Smythe began in the higher grammar school when he became interested in football, baseball and weight throwing.

This naturally and indubitably laid the foundation of his college career.

It became evident that the proper development of the serratus magnus, the obliquus externus abdomis, the pectoralis major and the biceps flexor cubiti, to say nothing of the deltoids and the gastrocnemius, were necessary to the highest honors.

At the end of four years he was upholstered with muscles far beyond all the others in his class.

But young Smythe was not satisfied, for about the time he left college and became an office boy he took to reading physical culture magazines.

This stimulated young Smythe's ambition to have a system of his own.

So he decided to try all the known methods of physical culture at once, in order to save time.

At the end of three years more, when the doctor was called in, he exclaimed in severely complimentary tones, "My! But he is perfect. No muscle neglected, from the occipito frontalis to tendo Achillis. Really the most perfectly developed man I ever saw."

"Then," said Smythe, as well as he could talk, which was only above a whisper, "what is the matter with me?"

The doctor, using his stethoscope gingerly, replied: "My dear boy, it's your vital organs—heart, lungs and so forth—they have gone to pieces."

But young Smythe was true to himself, even then. "My dear sir," he replied, as haughtily as possible, "that's not my fault. It's only because I couldn't get at 'em."

# THE ORIGIN OF SANTA CLAUS.

IT was some time ago. Precisely the exact date need not be given, as clocks were not then invented, and a few centuries more or less made no difference.

Father Time reigned supreme. He held sway over the entire universe, and no one disputed his absolute power, no scientists having yet arisen. Sitting upon his throne of pure white, he waved his sceptre, and the earth trembled.

One evening—it would have been Christmas eve had there been such a thing at that period—when the snow was falling silently outside the great white palace, banking itself into crystalline depths, there flew over the earth a young spirit, restless, eager and buoyant with the new thought that had come to him.

He applied at the door of the palace, and although it was growing late, he was immediately admitted to the presence of the venerable monarch, who never was known to turn anyone away.

"I have come from the North," said the spirit—he really looked more like a healthy young man than anything else—"and I have brought with me a New Idea."

"New ideas are scarce," said King Time. "About everything that's worth while has already been written. What is your idea—literary, ornamental or philanthropic?"

"It's philanthropic," said the visitor. "I wish to be of some service to the sons of men. I want the privilege of visiting them once a year, and distributing such gifts among them as at least will make them happy for a time."

"I see," said Father Time. "In other words, you've applied for the position of Santa Claus. Well, I suppose that job will have to be filled sooner or later. But you are a young fellow, and I'm a good deal older than you. Besides, I have a prophetic eye, and I can look ahead and see what is going to happen. Shall I reveal some of the pleasant things in store for you?"

"If you like," said the applicant, apparently undismayed.

"Well," said King Time, "you'll begin in a small way with this new idea of yours, and for the first few years distribute only a few gifts to small children. Every gift will be received with real joy, and you'll have a good time. But after a while you'll become better known. You'll be mighty well advertised, you know, and your reputation will spread and you're sure to be overworked. Even with your facility you'll have to employ reindeer to help you out, for all your goods will have to be delivered in one night. And as you cannot be expected to act like an ordinary burglar, you'll have to go down the chimney, which you will find an intensely disagreeable process. Nor is this all."

The young spirit before him hung his head slightly at this, but there was yet discernible in his eye that sparkle of indomitable brightness which later on became one of his distinguishing characteristics.

"Go on," he said.

"It will not be long-a few hundred years, more or lesscontinued King Time, "when you will discover that the custom you have inaugurated with so much pride will degenerate into a mere The idea of giving things at Christmas will spread from the Children to the Grown-ups, and whenever an idea goes from Children to Grown-ups it is always spoiled in transit. Everyone will find himself compelled to give a lot of things away which he cannot afford to give, and receive a lot which he doesn't want. A false, hypocritical atmosphere will begin to envelop your idea. Every variety of sham will be introduced and a new system of annual begging will assume great proportions. The ordinary man's life will become a burden, and will be divided into three First, The Approach to Christmas, when he makes desperate efforts (and fails) to think of appropriate things to give. Second, Just Before Christmas, when he is practically besieged by an army of persistent beggars; and third, After

Christmas, when he wonders how he'll ever pay his bills. You yourself, youngster, although you are a victim of perpetual youth, will grow old in appearance, and round-shouldered, and your beard will become as white as snow under your manifold cares. It's true your stomach will never lose its curve, nor your eye its twinkle, but that's only because you will be obliged to live in the fresh air so much. Now, boy, think it over. It will be a great strain, and if you once take the place you'll have to keep it. Come back in a week and let me know."

He waved his hand, and the young philanthropist, sadder in demeanor than when he entered, bowed and withdrew. The Chief Recorder, who sat on the right of King Time, turned to his monarch and shook his head dubiously.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that you've scared him off. Of course it's true. I'm not so much of a prophet as you, O King. My foresight is only that of a layman, so to speak, but I can see even with half an eye that this Christmas Gift Idea, once it gets started, is bound to be overdone. That fellow will never come back."

"Don't you be so sure of that," replied King Time. "I tell you, that chap is a genuine philanthropist. He's got enthusiasm and energy. Naturally I had to tell him the truth as a test. There's one thing about it: if he doesn't come back, he wouldn't be fitted for the job anyway, and if he does come back, in the face of what I've said, he won't be continually reproaching me with hiding the facts. But he'll be back, if I know my business."

Sure enough, at the appointed time the palace bell rang with great gusto, and the young philanthropist, who this time was not alone, presented himself before the King. He led by the hand a young creature, radiant and beautiful. Both blushed violently.

"And so," said Father Time, "you are back again. And who is this with you?"

"I hope," said the young enthusiast, "that this is the future Mrs. Santa Claus. We've been engaged for some time, you know,

and on leaving your presence the other day I told her all my plans and purposes, as it wouldn't be fair for her to unite her life to mine without knowing the line of work I have cut out for myself."

"Good!" exclaimed King Time. 'That's a capital idea. Of course you need a partner. I congratulate you. I presume from your appearance here that, in spite of all the objections I have raised, you still intend to accept the position."

"Well, I hope so," replied his protégé. "But the picture you drew the other day staggered me a little. I suppose it's true, too. That's the worst of it. Still, I shall be willing to accept the place on one condition. This, of course, is a permanent thing with me, and I, on my side, have got to have something binding."

"That's reasonable enough," said King Time. "I expected some such thing from you, as I thought I hadn't mistaken my man. If your condition isn't too hard, I shall be glad to accept it. What is it, anyway?"

Thereupon the future Santa Claus produced a carefully prepared scroll. "Would you mind signing this?" he said.

King Time read it carefully from the beginning to the end. It only took a moment, it was so short.

"Well, well!" he cried, "you're no fool, are you? You don't intend to let the other people have all the fun. But I'll sign. Here, Recorder, get out my seal."

This is what the Great King signed, and which is still good:

To All Children, and Fathers and Mothers of Children, Greeting:

This is to certify that no matter how much sham and hypocrisy may attend each Christmas giving and receiving, the spirit of genuine love and good fellowship shall always be underneath it all. Good as long as I live.

Witness my hand and seal.

[SEAL.]

KING TIME.

#### OLD MOTHER HUBBARD—FROM FIRST TO LAST.

#### By Moses.

And all the generations of Mother Hubbard were these: Blue Beard begat Cinderella, and Cinderella begat Puss in Boots, and Puss in Boots begat Beauty-and-the-Beast, and Beauty-and-the-Beast begat Mother Goose, and Mother Goose begat Mother Hubbard.

And it came to pass that when she was full of years a certain dog came to her and pressed his nose against her hand, and her bosom was stirred, and she loved him.

In the first month, that is the month of Nisan, Mother Hubbard moved from one flat to another, there being within it a certain cupboard, which pleased her sight.

Now it happened on a time that she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone.

And the dog was gathered together on the outside waiting for something to happen.

Then Mother Hubbard went in and lingered awhile.

And the dog, who wist not what she was doing, barked as became him and as was his wont.

And Mother Hubbard wist well what he wanted, but nevertheless came out empty handed.

This was on the seventh day, and the cupboard was bare.

And so her poor dog got none.

# By Geoffrey Chaucer.

Whan that old mouther Hubbard wenden her waye Ginglen her cupboard Keye al on a daye

To gette her poore dogge a fresshé bonne, How could she dreme or thinken there was nonne? Yette wringen al her fingres in despairre She didde, al payned to finde the cupboard barre.

# BY EDMUND SPENSER.

Old Mother Hubbard, her whose moniment Sits on the hill all carven out of stone, One silken day unto her cupboard went To get her waiting dogge a wanton bone. How shall frail pen describe her, all alone Nor show her hap who rashly tore her hair To find the semblance of a bone was none? In her fair eyes two living lamps did flare When she found out the cupboard—it was bare

# By John Milton.

Meanwhile, old Mother Hubbard, her thoughts inflamed Of highest intent, puts on fleet steps and towards the cupboard door

Explores her solitary flight. Sometimes she skirts the hall, Sometimes the den; as when far off at sea a fleet descried Sails on for some far famed restaurant, So now old Mother Hubbard held her way To get her dog a bone.

The cupboard reached, she put her hand inside, Pursued her groping way with fond design; But all in vain—for not within the dim And shadowy shelf was there the hoped-for bone, The while the dog deep bayed the cupboard—bare!

### By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Most gracious lords, the woman's tale I tell Abounds in wisdom for the age of man. Little doth it become me to speak out Since Bernard Shaw put me where I belong; And yet what monstrous crime 'twould be to fail To give to Mother Hubbard all her due. Twas in the Ides of March, or thereabouts When blustering was the wind (or maybe not), She hastened to the cupboard with her thoughts Full bourne upon the bone she strove to get. "How now!" cried Mother Hubbard, as she felt Amid the pots that cluttered up the shelves. Aye, marry and forsooth, 'twas even so, The cupboard bare betrayed not a bone—The dog who followed her got nary one.

# By Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Whoever wishes to be well acquainted with the history of the glo-Saxon race; whoever wishes to be well acquainted with folk lore of the Anglo-Saxon race; whoever wishes to be acquainted with the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race; ever wishes to sound to its depths the poetic feeling of the o-Saxon race, must read the tale of Mother Hubbard. This in all its nudity, now lies before us. We shall, later on, to the editor of this work, and point out some few discrepin his chronology, point out some few defects in his style, out some few defects in his knowledge of history. At we shall confine ourselves to Mother Hubbard. We may be to do the fullest justice to this story. But we assert, assert it with all the strength that is in us, that Mother

Hubbard alone is the heroine. The editor seems to believe, and we are entirely willing that he should believe, that the dog was the hero. It is sufficient for us, however, to point out a fact that every school-boy knows. We affirm that Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. But when she got to the cupboard she discovered that it was bare, and so her poor dog got no bone. This is the story. No one dares to contradict it.

#### By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Old Mother Hubbard, her feet in languid luxuriance lingering. Yearned for the succulent softness sweet on the bone she wished to be fingering.

All her exuberant tresses clinging in a wan rhapsody flowing; So, toward the cupboard, straight through the hallway, set both

her feetlets a-going.

Pale was her face, O, much paler than moonlight a-streaming Full on the bank, with its redolent roses at rest.

Fluttering heart, hands dilated, could she, Oh, could she be dreaming?

Bare in its horrible hauteur, the cupboard did not stand the test.

And now like the clouds of the purple night, all of them lowering,

There dwells round the dog the gloom of the battle unwon, Thine eves may be tender, but deep are the looks all a-glowering,

Thou famished beast, thy succulent nourishment—none.

# By W. D. Howells.

Mrs. Hubbard closed the door decisively, yet there was also about her action a subtle gentleness, for she felt that the dog's eyes were fastened upon her, and in that fine alchemy of thought transmission which we feel inherently at times, she divined almost instantly that the dog wanted a bone.

It was natural for her to reflect upon her cupboard, whose shelves contained nothing but the latest editions of the *Tribune*, although she had reason to believe that on one of them, on a plate which had been handed down to her from her great-grandfather, covered with faint blue spots and nicked in eight places on the left edge (counting from the windmill), there was a bone left over from the last dinner she had given to her deceased brother's last wife. She went and looked, the dog following. But as she returned from the cupboard his tail instinctively drooped. He knew it was no use. The bone was not there. Turning away, he was soon lost to sight in the garbage pail next door—the one on the right—two hundred and eighty-seven feet away.

# By Laura Jean Libby.

A cry rang out on the sunlit air.

Pearl Habbertomtom shuddered, on her way home from the factory, and her face blanched with fear.

Old Mother Hubbard's dog might have gone and been loose for some time, and Harold Heavyweight, hero, was nowhere in sight.

Then she drew herself up with the air of a queen.

"Never!" she exclaimed, "shall I permit my pure patrician blood to grow cold. Have I lived in a Harlem flat all winter for naught?"

But even as she spoke, she tiptoed to the window of Old Mother Hubbard's four hundred thousand dollar cottage, given to her by Henry Lifter, king of the grafters, and the sight she saw made her shake like an aspen leaf, or even two.

Mother Hubbard had just been to the cupboard, and was returning empty handed.

Her dog was the fiercest one in the neighborhood. He had just returned from a private sanitarium, pronounced incurable.

Pearl well knew that if he got out all would be over. Transfixed with terror, she waited.

There was no bone for the dog, whose cruel, ugly, hellish fangs snapped ever and anon.

Suddenly Mother Hubbard started for the front door.

"Harold," murmured Pearl, "where art thou?"

Then, as the door swung open, she felt a hot, fetid breath on her strangely beautiful face.

"I should have went before," she murmured, as she sank back into the arms of her saviour, who, unbeknownst to her, had been fixing the plumbing in the laundry, and now spring, sprang, sprung to her rescue!

#### BY BERNARD SHAW.

#### PREFACE.

I could explain it myself if I would, but it is better to have the world disbelieve in me. The playgoers flock to my plays because they dislike me so and think I am funny when I am simply untrue to myself. Let it be so. There is money in it. To me there is nothing more tragic in life than the humorous, nothing more humorous than the tragic. Here's another.

## Аст І.

An English home. Horrible furniture, horrible bric-à-brac, horrible books, horrible pictures, horrible everything. In one end of the room is a door. Beyond the door is a cupboard. It is half open, and contains a secret. This secret is known only to one of two persons occupying the room, a noble dog, and a woman, the unpleasantest work of God. On the whole it is an extremely nauseating group, only the dog relieving the situation. He is, as usual, half famished. The woman waits her opportunity.

The Dog (looking pathetically up to her)—I am very hungry.

The Woman (alias Mother Hubbard, smiling kindly, keeping herself well in hand)—Well, dearie! You shall have enough—your fill for once! What say you to a tenderloin of beef, garnished with vegetables? To a tender fowl, basted to the point of rapture; to a nice dish of lump sugar, topping off with a delightful shin bone?

The Dog (his mouth watering at the thought)—Ah! You are too good! Can it be that you have all this in mind for me?

The Woman (playing with his feelings, and gloating over him)—And more! Do I not hate thee enough to love thee well? Am I not a woman, and therefore to be believed? Wait. In you cupboard—

The Dog (frantic with joy, his tail vibrant)—Is what?

The Woman (her eyes feasting on his expression as she goes to the cupboard, and swiftly returns, thrilling him with a look)—Nothing!

The Dog—Fiend!
The Woman—Fudge!

(Curtain.)

#### THE DINNER.

THE idea of the dinner is to spend as much money as possible on food for a given number of persons who haven't the courage to refuse to attend. Competition is not only the life of trade, but of society, and it is only by competition that dinners have come to their present state of indigestibility.

The first dinner party given was in the Garden of Eden, when Eve asked Adam to be present at an informal apple opening, and since then the idea has been steadily growing. There is supposed to be nothing like a dinner to promote social inter-

course. Social intercourse is the ability to talk without thinking, and the food that taxes the stomach most takes all the more blood away from the brain, thus rendering the function much easier to social novices. This is why men can usually be persuaded to attend a dinner, when they would run from an afternoon tea.

The ability of the average human being to enjoy a modern dinner depends upon the proportionate size of his brain to that of his stomach. A man with a large brain and a small stomach has no innings at a dinner, but the process of evolution is rapidly developing a race of beings who are all stomachs and no brains, and who absorb food with the same ease that they use their tongues to talk with. The proper accompaniment to all dinners should be wind, women and wittles. The gentle breezes of ordinary dinner talk should be succeeded by after-dinner speeches in the shape of well-worn witticisms that arouse gales of merriment. As for the women, they should never be absent from a dinner, which, without them, is fit only for politics; and as for the wittles, anything that under no circumstances a man would ever cat by himself is considered to be the best form.

A lover is known by the pulse he keeps.

For a literature to be successful, the people who write must know almost as much as those who do not write.

Religion is like a serial story—to be continued in our next.

## THE WALL STREET POINT OF VIEW.

HAVING been down in Wall Street for several weeks, and being obliged now to write for a living, I am prepared to give to all the result of my experience. I am one of those philanthropic souls who, when they have a real good thing, ache and burn to impart it to the world.

One of the first things to learn in the Street is the terms that are used. When you have mastered all the terms, you are then a "financier." We will therefore plunge at once into the heart of the subject. It is distressing enough to have lost your money, but not to be able to define your transactions in fitting language is extremely humiliating.

Wall Street is made up, first, of operators. An operator is a man whose business it is to make money out of other people, or to lose money that other people make. When you begin to speculate you immediately become an operator.

Operators are divided into two classes—bulls and bears. When you first go into the Street you are a bull. After you have been there a little while you are a bear. Then you become a looker-on. A looker-on is anyone who has seen better days.

A margin is the money you put up when you first go into the Street. Increasing your margin is what you do after you have bought any stock.

"Going short" is selling out something you haven't got, with



the idea that if you should ever have to get it, you will lose what you have got.

A "blind pool" is an organized band of robbers, who usually get together on Sunday, having found out that you have been buying a certain stock, and agree to keep on selling it until you haven't a cent left in the world. When you are one of a blind pool, however, it is then a solid array of the ablest financiers in the country.

"Rigging" a stock up is what happens to it immediately after you have sold it out at a loss.

A tip is something given to you by an insider as a guide. It is the evidence of things unseen, the substance of things hoped for, and it always turns out the opposite from what you expected. An insider is anyone who has acquired a certain amount of ignorance about a particular stock.

A "gilt-edged" security is anything which some other fellow has more than he wants of, and wishes to sell to you.

There are a great many more terms used in Wall Street, but these are all I learned. At this point my collateral gave out. Collateral, by the way, is what you leave behind you when you leave the Street.

Before marriage a man holds an umbrella over a woman's head to keep her from getting wet—after marriage, to keep her hat from getting wet.

A Trend of Modern Thought met a Great Idea.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Where are you going?" said the Great Idea.

<sup>&</sup>quot;I'm going to make a successful novel," said the Trend of Modern Thought.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Let me go with you."

<sup>&</sup>quot;No, thanks. You might spoil the whole affair."

### THE WOMAN OF HIS CHOICE.

HITTLER let himself in mechanically with his latch-key, hung up his hat and coat in the closet under the stairs and walked soberly up to the second floor. He remembered afterwards that he was wondering at this particular moment just what there would be for dinner, and just how much he would enjoy it.

On the landing in the hall above he was confronted by a tall young woman, very trim and very stylish. It took only one glance to see that she was pretty.

"Who are you?" asked Whittler.

"I'm your wife."

"My wife! Why, I never saw you before."

Whittler began to wonder whether he was alive or not.

"Oh, yes, you have seen me before. It's all right. Come in here and sit down and we'll talk it over."

Whittler looked at her again.

Yes—he had seen her before, but to save his life he couldn't remember where. He felt that there was something wrong. Perhaps he was being buncoed. Perhaps this person was a female burglar in disguise. Perhaps she had escaped from some asylum. He would be careful. He wouldn't irritate her. He smiled.

"Ah, yes," he replied, "certainly. Excuse me a moment. I just want to go in here and brush my hair."

"Certainly," said the lady. "I know what you want. By all means do it. Time is no object to me. I've got all the time in the world. Look around and see if you can find her."

Whittler, although startled to think that the lady had guessed his very thought, lost no time in following out his impulse. If he could only find his real wife, she would explain. He passed on rapidly through her dressing-room. Not there. Then in through the other bedrooms in rapid succession. Not there. Then he started at the attic and went over the entire house down to the

cellar. Not there. Well, he thought, his wife had stepped out somewhere. Doubtless she would be back presently and explain all. In the meantime he would seek his new guest. He found her standing in the hall waiting for him.

"Well," she said pleasantly, "you didn't find her, did you?"
"No."

"Nor you won't. She's gone for good. I'm in her place."

"Who are you?"

"Your wife, of course. The lady of your choice."

"My choice?"

"Certainly. You had your pick out of all the other women you saw and you chose me."

"Did I? When?"

"Yesterday morning. Don't you remember? I'm the girl in the car."

Whittler passed his hand across his brow. He had seen her before. Yes, he remembered it all.

"So you are," he ejaculated. "Of course I remember you. But how in the world did you come to be my wife?"

"Because you wanted me to. Do you recall what you were thinking of when I got in? Be honest now."

"Why, yes. I was thinking of-of-my last wife."

"Exactly. You'd had some trouble with her, hadn't you? Just before you left home—words."

"Yes."

"And you were reflecting that she wasn't much good, anyway."

"So I was. How do you know?"

"Oh, I'm a mind reader. Well, you were kind of sore about your wife. Don't you know you were? You thought sadly that she was getting passée. She hadn't been up to the mark, and then, suddenly, while you were thinking how disappointed you

were in her, you happened to look up across the car and you saw me."

"So I did. I remember it perfectly. Let me go on. I saw how pretty you were, how beautifully gowned you were, and I said to myself: 'By Jove, there's a girl I wish I had for a wife.' Didn't I?"

"You most certainly did. And here I am."

"But I don't understand how the thing is done."

"Don't bother about that. It was a syndicate."

"A syndicate?"

"Yes. A syndicate for the renewing of wives by discontented husbands. It's the latest thing. The idea is to promote the happiness of all mankind."

"But where's my other wife?"

"Oh, she's all right. You see, she was getting along in years, anyway. So the syndicate turned her over to a rich old duffer who cared for little else than a good housekeeper. She has a good home. Don't you worry about her. Think of me."

Whittler gasped.

"Well," he exclaimed, "this is certainly sublime. I suppose I must accommodate myself to the change. By the way, how's dinner?"

His new wife smiled.

"Let's go down and see. Can you cook?"

"Well, I suppose so. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you see, when I came the servants all left."

"What! Why, they've been with me for a long time."

"I know it. But I had some words with them—and one thing led to another and I told them to get out. No impudence for me."

"Perhaps if you had been careful of them—used a little tact, for example—they might have staved."

"Possibly. But that's not my way. Come now, get to work.

Fix this fire and skirmish around and cook something for dinner."

Whittler looked at her hopelessly.

"My dear girl," he exclaimed, "I'm not used to this sort of thing. I'm a hard-working business man. You're a woman and should look after these matters. You cook and I'll wait."

"Not one bit of it! I'm not that sort of a wife. I'm not a cooking wife. I'm attractive and bright and young. You selected me, didn't you? When you said you wished you had me for a wife, you didn't require a list of things that I could do."

"Certainly not; but, my dear girl, one takes certain things for granted."

His new partner laughed a merry peal of laughter.

"Well, you are a soft one," she exclaimed. "Here you agree that you are disappointed in the wife you have, and just think! Out of all the women in the whole town that you see, you pick me to take her place, and now that you've got me you are not satisfied. If that isn't like a man!"

"But," replied Whittler, "this is all so sudden. If I only had time to think it over! Perhaps if we could have arranged for a preliminary trial——"

She stopped him short.

"A preliminary trial!" she exclaimed. "And what, pray, do you think of me? Here I am, an attractive, stylish young girl, with loads of admirers, obliged to be tied down to an old baldheaded codger like you."

"I'm not bald-headed!"

"Well, you're almost, and you'll be entirely before I get through with you. I say, what do you think of me? I suppose about all you expect of me is to run after servants, make beds, mend your clothes and be a household drudge, instead of going to matinées and balls and parties. Well, I'll fool you. I'll have all the fun I want, and you'll pay for it."

Whittler rubbed his eyes.

"Am I dreaming or not?" he groaned.

His new wife caught him by the few remaining hairs of his head. He was already beginning to hate her cordially.

"Yes," she exclaimed. "You are dreaming. And the best of it is that you can't wake up."

"But I must wake up."

"Nonsense. Haven't you selected me for a life partner? And aren't you obliged to stick by me? Well, I just guess you are."

She poked him in the stomach.

"But I shall die if I don't have something to eat. I feel a terrible gnawing already."

"No, you won't die. I'll keep you alive."

"If you touch me I'll holler."

"You can't."

"I can, and will."

"Try it and see."

"All right. Here goes."

Whittler tried in vain to hallo, and was just about to give it up when he felt some one shaking him violently.

He opened his eyes. His own dear wife looked at him sympathetically.

"There!" she said. "That's what one of those club dinners has done for you. Was it awful?"

Whittler put his arms around her in the very ecstasy of love.

"Darling," he murmured, "it was the worst nightmare I ever had—but—I deserved it!"

It isn't so hard to be poor as it is to be poorer.

Pity chided Love for breaking a woman's heart.

"You introduced me to her," said Love.



"CONFOUND A WOMAN, ANYHOW."

#### A TIE GAME.

GIRL," said Tinkerton, savagely to himself, "who will do a thing like that doesn't deserve to be loved by any man."

He pulled down the frayed edges of a big, fluffy, white sweater over his knees, which almost met his chin as he sat on the ground up against a big tree, and then picked up his wellworn driver, and pounded it angrily up and down on the hard turf. Off in the distance, sharply silhouetted against the green side of a hill, were two figures intent upon their game.

"Confound a woman, anyhow!" he muttered. "She might have waited. One of these high-handed, devil-may-care creatures, ready to fly off at the least thing. Just because——"

He paused suddenly, his eye upon one of the figures. She had raised half-way to her shoulder an instant before what he

took to be her driving mashie, and in the swift half-circle that she made had sent the ball flying a good seventy-five yards clean and true toward the green.

"That was a daisy!" he ejaculated. "I taught her that stroke, too."

He got up and walked over to the green. The two figures came up rapidly. He bowed. "How are you, Howard?" he said to the man, half-carelessly. "Good afternoon," he said to the girl. She took an iron out of the bag, as she nodded to him with a saucy smile.

"You mustn't interrupt us!" she cried. "Don't you know it's against the rules? And you'll spoil my score."

He did not reply, but his heart jumped fiercely within him. Spoil her game! As if he hadn't made an engagement with her to play with him at eleven o'clock that morning, and as if, just because he had been twenty minutes late, she hadn't gone off with another fellow. He stood there and watched them putting, with rebellion in his heart. He wouldn't go away now. Not he! He wouldn't give Howard the satisfaction of knowing he cared a rap. And she? Well, she might have waited. It was the first time he had ever failed her, and surely his excuse had been a good one. She should at least have given him the benefit of the doubt. But no, she had gone off with this other fellow, and left him to shift for himself.

They putted out, and he walked to the green. A man in Tinkerton's frame of mind may always be counted upon to do the wrong thing. Tinkerton did it.

"You didn't wait?" he said, interrogatively.

"For what?" She smiled back. "Oh, yes, we were to play, weren't we? Well, some other time. It doesn't matter, you know."

He recovered himself by an effort. He had said the wrong thing, he knew, and he also knew her so well as to see that she

was angry with him, and took this woman's way of showing it or rather not showing it.

He smiled. It was hard to make that feeble smile come to the surface, but he did it.

"Certainly not," he replied. "Some other day will do. Don't let me spoil your chances of a record." And he walked off over the links toward the club house, bowing as self-consciously as the man always does when he feels that he is no match for the woman.



SHE TURNED AND FACED HIM.

Tinkerton walked into the back room and tossed off a high ball. "Hello, George," he said to a little, sandy-faced man who poked his nose through the door. "Join me?"

"Thanks," said George, half sadly. "Can't do it, old man. Tournament, you know. Aren't you in it?"

Tinkerton half turned around. "Tournament?" he said. "I didn't know this was tournament day."

"Oh," replied George, "the boys and girls got it up just for fun this morning. Everybody in, you know. Better play around. May win."

Tinkerton strode out on the porch. "Hang that high ball!" he said. "It will lower my score by ten. Never mind. There's nothing else to do since that girl—"

He sat down and waxed reminiscent. "How the devil was I to know," he said to himself, "that that kid brother of mine would fall off his wheel and break his arm and keep me back half an hour? But that isn't what hurts me. To think that girl couldn't trust me a minute. To think she couldn't wait until I had come and explained the matter. Well, if she's that kind of a girl, she can go, that's all. Plenty more in the sea."

The worst of it was that Tinkerton knew there were not.

Just then his caddie came up. "Here, Bud," he said, impulsively, "take the bag and get out ahead. I might as well be floating around the links as eating my heart out."

He got up, took a ball out of his pocket, put it on the tee, swung around, and followed with his eye the white spot as it circled through the air. "That's short of a hundred and fifty," he said to himself, critically, as he strode out over the red-coated green.

And the girl?

She knew she was wrong the moment he left her. She knew she should have waited for him, and she knew so well—by his face, by the intonation of his voice, by something—that his

reason for being late was a good one. She had been impulsive. She hated herself at times for that. But she couldn't have helped. He didn't come, and, and—well, it was horrid of him, she thought, to keep her, HER, waiting—to subject her to this slight strain of her vanity. She was not used to being kept waiting. And so she had gone off with the other man. And yet-she was wrong. Oh, yes, she knew she was wrong. If she only had waited, and had him explain. It must have been something serious. What was it? But wasn't it horrid of him? To show so plainly? He shouldn't have done it. He should have waited for her to explain herself. Oh, these impulsive men, to go off at a tangent! She wanted him to be calm and patient, and then, when they were alone, why, it would be all right in a moment. Now it might not be all right at all. She set her teeth together. She didn't care. She was mad. She was mad at herself, at him, at everyone. The world was all wrong.

"It is your stroke," Mr. Howard was saying, politely.

"Yes," she said in answer, "so it is." She chose her club deliberately, and lofted over the bunker as if it were the easiest thing in the world, and as if that particular bunker had not always before been her Waterloo.

Two men passed by.

"Miss Gillson is playing the game of her life," said one man to the other, as they watched the stroke.

She was sitting on the porch as Tinkerton came up from the last green, with his score card in his hand. There was a group around her. George was dancing.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed to Tinkerton. "Miss Gillson did it in ninety-nine. Isn't it great? The best yet. That makes her score eighty-nine net, with the handicap off, and there's no one else out except you. Say, what's your score?"

Tinkerton turned red. "Rotten!" he said. He took George aside. "It was the high ball that did it," he whispered.



"YOU DIDN'T WAIT."

George looked at the card. "Hello!" he said, "why, you're eighty-nine. It's a tie!"

There was a hubbub. "Play it over!" "Toss up a cent!" and other suggestions were heard. At the end she came forward, and they faced each other.

"It's your game," he said, quietly.

"Not at all," she demurred. "Why should it be?"

"Play out one hole if you want to," said George, "with a handicap, of course. That'll settle it."

Tinkerton only smiled. "It's your game," he repeated.

"But why?" she asked.

He looked her in the eye. "My score doesn't count," he said. "It's one of the rules that a player in a match game shall have his score kept by some one else."

"And you?" she queried.

"I was alone-as you know," he replied.

"I don't care," she exclaimed, her old impulsiveness rising up. "I shan't accept the prize—I don't think it's fair. Just because——"

The captain of the Greens Committee came up. "If you will allow me," he said, "I would suggest that you both play over one hole, and decide the matter in that way. It is a rule that the scores in a match game should be kept by some one else beside the player, but I think in this case we all know that Tinkerton is perfectly square. What do you say, Miss Gillson?"

She smiled back. "I am willing," she said, "if it is agreeable to Mr. Tinkerton."

It was a supreme moment. Tinkerton felt that he had the situation well in hand. He looked at his watch.

"Pardon me," he said, somewhat hurriedly, "but I must go. My young brother fell off a wheel this morning and broke his arm, and I promised to be back in two hours. I shouldn't have come at all if I had not had an engagement."

He turned to her.

"But though I must run along," he said, "if agreeable to you, I will select a substitute to decide the matter. Howard, will you take my place, and decide this important matter?"

"Why, certainly, old man," said Howard.

Tinkerton bowed.

"Good afternoon," he said. She said nothing. There was nothing to say.

Tinkerton's younger brother sat up in bed, with three feet of shingle on one arm, and rings under his eyes. Tinkerton had been reading to him for half an hour. "What horrible stuff they do put out nowadays," he said, throwing the book down. "Say, Jimmy, you'll be more careful next time, I guess, when you try to play horse with a trolley."

"You bet I will," said Jimmy, feebly.

There was a knock.

"Come in," said Tinkerton.

She came in.

"They told me," she said, "to come right up—that you were reading to Jimmy. You poor boy. I'm so sorry."

She went over and put an arm around him. He was only fourteen.

Tinkerton offered her a chair. She turned and faced him.

"Well," he said, slowly, "who won?"

There was a ring in his voice. It meant more than the game.

She put her hand forward instinctively to meet his.

"You did," she said.

A woman's word is never done.

#### BRAINS.

**B**RAINS, hitherto deemed desirable, are gradually coming into disrepute. The predominance of the Smart Set in our national life renders them almost wholly obsolete. If a minority of us can get along without stomachs, according to medical

authorities, brains would seem to be de trop, in the widest application of that generality.

Brains are said to secrete thought, in itself a drawback to modern life. The brain makes for worry, which undermines our strength against disease and dissipation. A man who worries can smoke only fifteen cigarettes a day; who does not worry, forty. Why, therefore, be so obstinate in advocacy of the brain?

Educational systems, so long cast in the shade by lack of funds, are now conducted entirely without brains, and are making more money than ever.

We must expect that the brain will flicker on for some time to come before it dies out entirely. We cannot

even hope for the millennium all at once. At present the brain is fostered almost entirely by young girls and old maids, who employ it in lieu of brute force. Brute force has now made the brain look like thirty cents, and regulates the price of meat, eggs, ice, hair tonics and votes.

Nothing succeeds like a profitable lack of brains and enough brute force to compel respect. Though we may not hope to eliminate the brain entirely, the future looks rosy. As long as brains stand directly in the way of making money we need have no fear for the ultimate result.

In the meantime let us not falter in the grand work, but go on building libraries, endowing colleges and writing popular novels. Thus, by reducing our brain activities to a minimum, we shall eventually all succeed in becoming as brainless as are at present the chosen few.

#### DIRECTIONS.

THE stranger who had just come to town was wandering around somewhat hopelessly when he met one of the oldest inhabitants.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me where Easy Street is?" he said.

"Certainly, sir," said the old inhabitant. "This is Milk Lane. You go along here for a couple of blocks until you come to Kindergarten Place. Then you turn sharply and walk through College Row, or you can go by it if you haven't time. You will then come to Know It All Park, but don't loiter there. Walk directly through the Park until you come to Experiment Boulevard, being careful to avoid Bottle Alley, Siren Centre or Gambler's Square. Turn from thence to your right—always keep to your right—until you strike Hardship Street. You will know it because it begins with low, scraggly buildings, improving slightly as you go along. Keep straight on."

"And from there how far is it to Easy Street?" asked the stranger, eagerly.

"Well," said the old inhabitant, looking him over carefully, "you seem to be about as good as the average stranger who has courage enough to venture into these parts. You ought to get there in from forty to fifty years."

#### MODERN LOVE.

**H**<sup>E</sup> bent over her in all the fullness and richness of his newly developed passion. They had met but a short time before, and had been mutually attracted by each other.

"I love you," he said, "in the real, true, old-fashioned, simple way. I ask for nothing but to look into your eyes and feel that you are true to me."

"But do you feel," she replied, "that you will be able to love me as a woman ought to be loved, even in these modern days?"

He smiled a reassuring smile.

"Yes, darling," he replied, "hearts are ever the same. I shall continue, of course, to be an active member of my clubs, as I find that the associations there are necessary to keep in touch with my fellow men. My business will occupy me during the day and sometimes into the night. Occasionally I shall have to get away for a few weeks' vacation, and it will be absolutely necessary, in order to keep myself in condition, to play golf, ride horseback, and a few other games of which I am a devotee. But, my own heart's darling, the time that is left is all yours—every minute of it. And now let me ask, how is it with you? Do you think you will be able to love me in the right way?"

"Assuredly," she replied, the light of a supreme devotion in her eyes. "I, too, have my clubs which it would not do for me to neglect, as their awakening influences keep me in trim to be a companion to you. Then I shall have to keep up my wardrobe, which requires constant attention. I am also writing a historical novel, which I hope will be dramatized, and I hope to make my social life a grand success, besides giving up as much time as possible to getting rid of our church debt. But aside from these things, dearest, I am utterly and completely yours."

And they embraced in the old-fashioned way.

# AS WE JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE.

WHEN YOU ARE ENGAGED.

I T is surprising, in this scientific age, that no organized method has been introduced in such an important matter as asking a girl to say yes. While in other directions we are systematizing our lives more and more, lovers, who in the majority of cases have had no previous experience, are allowed to blunder along in the most aimless and inconsequential and fruitless manner.

Not that we should depart from that laudable incoherency, that delightful foolishness, which are ever-recurring symptoms of a world-wide malady. Indeed, these emotions are entitled to the utmost respect. Though inexplicable, they are none the less in-



evitable; though apparently incongruous, they are none the less necessary, and should be recognized, sifted into their component parts and developed along established evolutionary lines.

To descant upon a subject with which the majority of mankind are so familiar requires some degree of assurance, and we must approach it with that caution which is necessary when one is undertaking the task of enlightening a possible superior. Authors, as a rule, should hold together, and write only upon subjects of which their readers know less than they, because the chief value of an interesting lie depends upon the ignorance of the recipient. There is then no chance of being contradicted. We are safe.

With engagements it is different. We have all had more or less experience, and each one feels fitted to give his own advice. There are, however, a few points upon which too much light may never be thrown.

With a man, the engagement period lies between the time when he first begins to act like a fool, up to the time when he realizes his folly. Being engaged is a dream. When a man is married he wakes up.

Now, in considering this period, let us do so (if we can) without emotion, in that calm, broad, scientific spirit in which all momentous questions should be treated. Politics, battles, mapmaking are as nothing compared to it. We must first, then, abandon ourselves to a proper definition:

ENGAGED: A short period in the life of a man or woman (usually, but not necessarily young) in which the appetite declines, the pulse doubles, and everybody else suffers. During this time there is occasional but no long-continued sanity. The subject moves as in a dream. If a man, he spends money like a magnate, and if a woman, she believes everything she is told. Syn.: Won, Landed, Caught.

Just as there are good and evil in the world, so there are

successful and unsuccessful proposers. It is doubtless our constant endeavor—within our dim lights—to reduce the unsuccessful to a minimum, nay, to a total eclipse. But to get the highest results, the necessity for following certain prescribed rules is not always duly perceived. This knowledge is of slow growth, but we must make a beginning some time.

Temperament, worldly standing, age, intellectualities in love affairs are all subjects too big to grasp at one handling. We may hope now only to indicate modes of proposing and their relations to the end in view.

It is a threadbare fact that the element of foolishness is paramount in all love matters, and as we examine this element, its transcendent importance becomes plain.

When we see an ill-favored, wizened, insignificant, will-o'-the-wisp of a man united to a quivering mountain of a woman—both living in that absolute harmony of soul-fusion which is the despair of mere material intellects—we gasp, and wonder what magic, what mystery of affinities, drew these two together. What did he say to get her? What did he do that she should (figuratively) fall into his arms?

In truth, he won her by the measure of his incapacity, and this is the secret of love's success.

What a man's inherent, recondite strength is, the woman always knows. It is an insult to her intuitive woman's mind for him to display it to her at critical moments. She measures—and always accurately—the depth of his love by the height of his idiocy. Herein, somewhere, is the key to the citadel.

To win the maiden of his choice, then, a man must be, for the time, a very proper fool. This might not be a difficult rule many have a natural gift in this direction—were it not that a particular kind of foolishness is essential.

There is a fine, special strain of idiocy, not natural, not always achieved by patience, but seemingly spontaneous, complete,

leaving nothing to be desired, that the true lover vaunts as his own particular attribute. How, by premeditation, by design, by



conquest of hitherto unknown sources of power, may this be attained?

The time is short. While you are planning, arranging, sorting your emotions, laying out ways and means of attack, lo! the other fellow has come and taken her away.

Is this, then, to admit our case to be altogether hopeless? To assert that love, so evanescent, may not be reduced to a system? Never!

Your other lover—alas for him!—has succeeded the first time. You, the unhappy, the truly agonized, more fortunate defeated rival remain, the world before you. To succeed the first time! That is lasting failure.

Yet err not upon the other side, and acquire a habit of frequent proposing without tangible result. This is the last end of man—to be rejected without pain.

There is a point somewhere along this road, between the first providential failure and what might be the last sad success,

where a man has the right to propose and to be accepted. Idiocy has come to him in its true solution. He is then the right kind of a fool. And when he finds this spot, let him strike while the iron is white—he has earned a lasting peace.

It is not to be expected that, during this period, a man will be guided by reason, but it is just as well to know where we stand. There is always a method to any madness.

First, the ring. The blind folly of man has been the cause of more trouble about the ring than almost any other agent. There is only one safe way. A man should always surprise his fiancée with an engagement ring which she has previously selected herself. This is not only a good beginning, but it will be the cause of future harmony. By showing his idol that he knows she doesn't trust him, her lack of confidence will be neatly turned into a source of happiness.

This point settled, the engaged couple may be considered well launched upon their brief career, and we may well stop to consider why and how the length of this period has such bearings on this blessed, dovetailed idiocy. The engagement is usually thought to be a time—not indeed of probation—but of delightful tintillation, of honey-sweet expectancy, when the steeds of responsibility are given slack rein, and we move along the road of life in a wondrous abstraction. Yet hold! There must be a limit to all this, beyond which it is not safe to go. At the end of a week's engagement a man is always convinced that nothing can ever come between them. At the end of a year he is still sitting up nights, but (alas!) he is doing it by a system. The best time for a man to wed is that opportune moment when he becomes thoroughly convinced that he will never understand HER. Then let him marry her quick, for he has arrived at a permanent and settled basis of reasoning.

We would not be brazen iconoclasts and shatter too suddenly this beautiful image by any untoward inference; yet in an

quarrels there may be jealousies, which often inevitable. Yet when a man is attempt the disastrons alternative of ewith it! But there are sorts and condit ye lover, the right sort. Let yours be shall be called a fool for your pains, for you—HER highest praise.

This is only the man's side, after fellow, he needs help, sympathy, encoblissful hour, but we may never teach it all, always.

## WHEN YOU ARE M.

SINCE the world began that raucou inventing new systems of philosomassing immense piles of material for I making and unmaking nations, methoous diseases to die of, building railrowith the money of widows and orphanan art, reducing lies to a system and n machinery. But in that little affair of of manly voice effort at the altar or b



WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED.

atmosphere surcharged with electricity there must be, perforce, occasional storms—and quarrels come to make Love more brilliant by contrast.

And what is to be done with them? How shall a man act? There is but one rule that seems to be best. When you are right always give in; when you are wrong stick it out. This is the only way you can be sure of retaining HER respect. With quarrels there may be jealousies, which are sometimes desirable, often inevitable. Yet when a man is jealous he should never attempt the disastrous alternative of concealing it. Let him out with it! But there are sorts and conditions of jealousies. Choose, ye lover, the right sort. Let yours be an epic jealousy, and you shall be called a fool for your pains, which is HER best word for you—HER highest praise.

This is only the man's side, after all. Poor, floundering fellow, he needs help, sympathy, encouragement, in this awful, blissful hour, but we may never teach the woman. She knows it all, always.

## WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED.

SINCE the world began that raucous animal, Man, has been inventing new systems of philosophy to explain himself, massing immense piles of material for historians to misrepresent, making and unmaking nations, methodically evolving continuous diseases to die of, building railroads in geometrical lines with the money of widows and orphans, refining thievery into an art, reducing lies to a system and murdering by bal hearing machinery. But in that little affair of the heart, the control of manly voice effort at the altar or before a peace he is just about the same as he always was.

The fact is, his only safety s in an utter for consequences. He may evolve ald schemes new





stars and dissect the atmosphere, with all the cautious zeal and painstaking toil demanded by science. But when he gets married the less he knows about it the better. There is no argument with Cupid. Swallow the medicine quickly and ask not to see the prescription.

There have been some attempts made to satisfy the demands of a scientific age. It would be quite wrong, of course, to assert that our eyes have been blinded and our ears made deaf by the hum of the matrimonial bureaus. Yet they exist sporadically and some few (bloodless!) creatures doubtless eke out a miserable existence from their profits. They will never, however, become dangerous. There is, to be sure, a good, steady commerce in hearts. But it is carried on, not by syndicates, but by individual families. It is strictly private, like rum in a prohibition State.

The main current of matrimony, however, flows about as it did. Doubtless there is better material nowadays—in spots. Get far enough away from Newport and Fifth Avenue and you may notice it. But this has naught to do with methods.

Time was when a fellow went out with a club and bagged a bride before breakfast. Now his bride bags him before dinner and he goes to his club afterwards. But in each case there is no attempt at order—no system. It just happens as it always has. The victim and the result are the same.

Marriages are sometimes affairs of the heart; weddings, of the pocketbook. Marriages are popularly supposed to be made in heaven, but the wedding bills are paid on earth—first, by the bride's father, and often afterward by the same. This depends upon how much money he has and how much nerve the bridegroom has.

The annals of time have failed to preserve a record of the first wedding. There can be no doubt, however, that it was held in a cave, and that papa paid the freight.

Weddings are of two kinds—the kind where the groom wants a quiet wedding and doesn't get it, and where the bride wants an unquiet wedding and gets it. By an unquiet wedding is meant one that speaks for itself.

The ideas of a bride and bridegroom differ about weddings. The Desert of Sahara, the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean are all reasonably wide, but they are as nothing compared with the space that separates the bride and groom on the subject of a wedding. The groom's idea is to sneak off some morning before daybreak, when no one is up, and have the knot tied by a quiet and orderly justice of the peace, and get away on an early train before the affair has been noised abroad.

The bride's idea is slightly different. She likes to begin early just as the groom does—but about three months earlier. And if her mind is a total blank on any one subject it is on the lilies of the field. While the bridegroom is keeping himself under cover, avoiding his club, and beginning to take on that feeling of utter insignificance which afterwards is trained into second nature, the bride is pluming herself for the coming display. While the mind of any bride is not likely to be systematic, still she naturally divides her wedding into four periods: The Trousseau, The Present, The Actual Day and The Wedding Trip periods. The only time she does penance is during the Trousseau Period, when she is at the mercy of the dressmaker, but the rest of the time she is the only real object of interest to friends and enemies alike.

The only period during which the groom is recognized is when, after the ceremony, the old man takes him aside and whispers that, in his humble opinion, it is all "d—n nonsense!"

While weddings are usually held in churches, where the bride, assisted by the man who has been waiting for months to get it over with, is married by a clergyman, this is not always the case. Where the "parties" have been married once before—not

to each other, but to some one else—the ceremony may be performed by a justice of the peace, or a clergyman who has been awakened suddenly in the dead of night. This is none the less a social function nowadays if the people are leaders and divorced.

As a rule weddings are sadder than funerals—one never knows for sure what will happen afterwards.

At the end of a year a man first begins to notice that he is married. He is then doing things to order. About this time he leaves off trying to understand his wife and begins to study the cook. He thus travels along the line of least resistance, and learns what is most important to know. Besides, man likes variety, and when he turns his attention from his wife to his cook he is pretty apt to get it. The subject changes often enough to suit the most carping householder.

This is the servant girl period. So far as man is concerned married life consists of a succession of problems that he gives up, and this is the first one. After viewing it from all standpoints, and learning enough names to stock an anthology of love poems, he retires from the arena and gets his meals at a restaurant—with his wife.

We need experience in our daily lives, as it serves to sharpen our sense of amusement over the follies of others. But experience goes even further with a married man, and enables him to be amused over himself. Thus a man married is two beings. He is what he would have been if he hadn't married. And he is what he is. One laughs at the other, but never loud enough to be heard. He knows better.

Marriage in time may be reduced to a system. Let us hope not. When we have systematized all the forces of nature, when we have shackled electricity, put a rudder on the world, and started a universe factory for the manufacture of new planets to live in, let us be satisfied and not then attempt what we do not understand. We are the joyous, tearful, courageous, weak, erring

mistakes of yesterday. Let us rather be this than the cut and dried automatons of tomorrow.

### WHEN YOU GO ON YOUR HONEYMOON.

A MAN'S honeymoon is a thing that may happen only three or four times in his life and never becomes what we may term a settled habit. It usually requires, therefore, a certain kind of originality to cope with it. All great joys need to be borne with patience and with due humility, but the honeymoon, coming as it does on top of the courtship, when we are more or less unnerved anyway, leaves us usually in an incompetent condition. Instead of controlling our happiness, instead of being able to lay it out in highly colored sections like the plots at a smart railroad station, we are carried along by it powerlessly like chips in a seething current.

It is well to look our honeymoon squarely in the face. If it is a good, honest honeymoon, nothing will be lost and much will be gained.

One of the peculiar inconsistencies about the average honeymoon is that the best is none too good, when, as a matter of fact, there is no period of our lives when it makes so little difference to us as to what our surroundings are. Then again we almost invariably select some place that is really worth seeing when we are in no condition to look at it.

Washington and Niagara are both desirable and highly interesting places to know about. But when we go to these places on our honeymoons we know so much less about them when we have left than when we arrived, that it really seems a shame to gild ourselves with so much that is superfluous.

Every man ought to marry a widow at least once in his life, merely for the experience; and when he does he may be sure of

the right kind of a honeymoon. But to the novices we would make our appeal, and that is not to exhibit yourselves unduly in



public during a honey-An otherwise sober and sensible citizen, who has about him sterling qualities, does not necessarily constitute himself an ass when he puts on a frock coat. lavender trousers, a silk hat, and with a flower in his buttonhole leads a sweet voung thing out over the highways and principal railroad systems of the country. But he will do much better if he settles down at some out-of-the-way place for a few weeks until the glamour wears off, and his wife learns the number of lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee. By-and-by when he gets so that he can look at other girls, and feels that, after all, woman is a lovely creature, no matter where

you meet her, and when his wife begins to catch up with her mind and resigns herself to her fate, then let him lead her out

into a Pullman car, where they can both sit in separate seats and really enjoy themselves as if each of them didn't have a chattel mortgage on the other that covered everything.

This is the right time to take a conventional honeymoon—about ten years after the wedding—when Love is still with you, of course, but when he has come down off the stage and is sitting so far away up in the gallery that he doesn't disturb in the least the principal actors in the play.

# WHEN YOU FIRST BECOME A FATHER.

THE average novel writer when he wishes to describe a set of emotions for which he has no appropriate name usually refers to them as being "mingled," and this, perhaps better than

anything else, reflects the condition of a man when he first becomes a father.

Coupled with the feeling of intense pride that comes to you as one of the "interested parties" in such a momentous event is the kindred feeling of utter insignificance you also have, which acts as an antidote.

After being ordered out of the room by the doctor and the trained nurse, you wander aimlessly down a side street, although you cannot for the life of you tell what there is to be ashamed of—and as you approach your office you grow more and more uneasy.

And yet, while there is guilt written all over your face, there wells up in your heart a veritable fountain of intense egotism, which is immediately on tap to the first moment of confidence.

You assume a careless, devil-may-care air, and carry your

indifference to the point of intensity. And then in response to inquiries—for your face itself is a story bearer—you announce, as if it happened daily, like the weather report and the time table, that it is a boy, or a girl, as the case may be. Thus you run the gauntlet, and finding that the world still moves and breathes and everybody is inclined to settle down, you watch your chance, and get the first unmarried man you can find to consent to listen to you. You pour into his sympathetic ear the whole story. You tell him how much the baby weighs, who it looks like, how you felt, and how you feel. You describe your aspirations for that child, talk about love and duty and education and training, order a small bottle, supplement it with another, get more confidential, and finally leave him, with a sense of your own intense importance which only another interview with the doctor and the trained nurse—and the baby—can wipe out.

But all things have an end. At the end of a month, while you are at your desk at profit and loss, some one comes in, slaps you on the back, and shouts: "Well, old man, how's the baby?" And you reply, absent-mindedly: "Oh, he's all right!"

THE BABY.

A NEW baby weighs from five to ten pounds, and after the first week or ten days, if normal, gains one-half a pound a week. It is not usual for it to have any hair on its head, but if it does, this resembles the back of a blonde caterpillar that has had

hard luck. Its head is abnormally large compared with the size

of its body, which gives it a grotesque appearance. Its eyes, always blue in color, are expressionless, and as they cannot be focused on any object for some weeks, are meaningless to the observer. It has practically no nose, but what might not inaptly be termed only a malformation of that useful appendage. Its mouth is very large, and when wide open (which is not infrequent) extends to both ears. It displays no signs of intelligence up to two or three months, the false smile on its face, sometimes mistaken for conscious cheerfulness, being only the pathological symbol of colic. It reveals but one instinct—the lowest in the scale—that of hunger, and its cry is discordant and without any vibration of intelligence. The only known superiority it has to its owner is in the extreme flexibility of the upper and the lower or ungular phalanges of the feet, inherited from its anthropoid ancestor.

Yet this little animal, the cause of sleepless nights and long vigils, of doctors' visits, of financial distress, and a source of almost endless anxiety, with nothing to recommend it to our sense of beauty or our intellectual sympathies, is the fond object of the adoration of millions.

It seems absurd.

And so easy is it to show how unreasonable is the love of the average parents for their babies, that I feel almost like apologizing for even briefly indicating their strange inconsistencies.

The only argument, of course, that could possibly be advanced by the joint owners of a baby is that it appeals to their imagination. In itself it not only has no claims upon our admiration, but if it were possible to reduce it to the size of a beetle, and then examine it under a magnifying glass, it would not begin to compare in beauty and interest with that other complex being.

But because of its possibilities the parents render up their homage. And what are these possibilities?

Since Washington there have been twenty-five Presidents. During this interval how many millions of American babies have been born, and what was the chance of each to become a President or a lady of the White House? But in these astronomical figures it is not necessary to be exact. Throw in all the members of the Cabinet and their wives. Add a proportion of Senators (not Congressmen, however, for the sense of public duty is too strong ever to permit a parent to wish his offspring to be a Congressman), put in what millionaires and retired heroes there are and have been, and even then the chance of the average baby to achieve distinction is so remote as practically not to count.

It would seem as if imagination should not be dragged in to do duty in a case like this, if parents will but look around them at the evidence presented on every side. Here is Jones, clerking in a hardware store at twelve dollars a week—where he will probably end his days—yet, doubtless he was once a Presidential possibility. Here is Miss Robinson, the third lady to the left in the comic opera chorus, once the darling of her mother's eyes—a future duchess. How many toboggans there are—from the cradle to the grave.

A baby is a being endowed with all the preponderating possibilities of mediocrity. If a boy he will probably make more trouble than he is worth. His tendency will be to go from one extreme to the other; there is always the possibility that he will be away nights while the gas is burning superfluously in the front hall, smoke cigarettes, gamble, drink, acquire creditors, be a yellow journalist, land in jail, or, what is perhaps as bad in the long run, develop Y. M. C. A. tendencies. If a girl she may become an authoress, marry a poor stick, go on the stage, or be an old maid full of whim-whams. And if either, there are whooping cough, measles, diphtheria, smallpox and what not in store. The increasing number of operations for appendicitis is alone enough to make the baby quail, could he know the future.

The woman of society is apparently the only one who has solved this problem. With her powerful brain, so highly developed by constant afternoon teas, lawn parties, sociables, dinners and other functions, where she has the benefit of the intellectual stimulus of her own set, she undoubtedly perceives the truth. Should she be afflicted with such an incongruous and undesirable thing as a baby, it is promptly turned over to salaried functionaries, thus enabling her undisturbed to pursue her high ideals,



### WHEN YOU FIRST DECEIVE YOUR WIFE.

IT seems too bad that men should have so much conscience about first deceiving their wives, because an important and necessary step like this ought not only to be done as early as possible, but with as much skill as may be; and it isn't always easy to exert the best skill when one is nervous about a matter of tactics.

A man never begins to deceive his wife until the necessities of the case drive him into it. And it usually happens that the critical moment arrives unexpectedly and takes him unawares. He is unprepared, because he is unfitted for the task. Women are not handicapped in this way. They begin to deceive their husbands long before the engagement—say the first time they meet. A

man, however, blunders along until he is aroused into action by some unforeseen emergency. An old college chum arrives from out of town, and they must make a night of it together. There is a dinner on at the club; or he wants to go a-fishing.

Most men, also, start with the idea that they will bluff it out. In their hearty, honest way they will tell the truth, no matter what the consequences are. By-and-by, however, they begin to get tired. They find that "telling the truth" leads to no end of trouble, and they resign themselves to their fate.

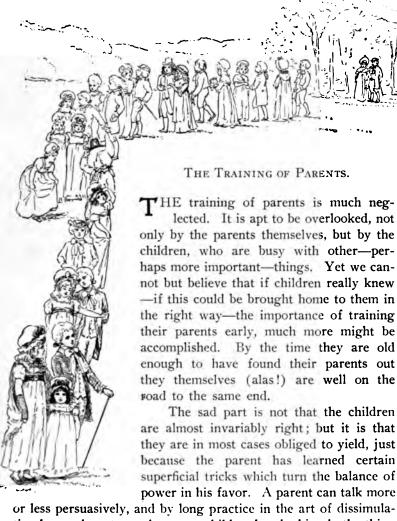
As a matter of fact, deceiving one's wife in a genuine, honest, honorable way is one of the chief duties of a married man. Old stagers do it by habit. But the young ones blunder and make mistakes.

They should learn, in the first place, to cultivate not only the innocent but the injured air. The innocent air is good to begin on, but if the wife's suspicions seem to be aroused, then the injured air should be brought into play.

A man cannot begin too early to deceive his wife. If he should acquire the fatal habit of telling her the truth, their whole future happiness might be menaced. Let him start in, in the first flush of his newly married life, and he will never live to regret it. When he has lived with his wife for about fifty years, he will wake up some day to discover that, after all, he hasn't been deceiving her at all—that from his first lie she has been quite well aware of what has been going on.

This is why it isn't wrong to deceive one's wife. You can lie to others and they will sometimes believe you. If you don't lie to your wife, however, by-and-by her suspicions will be fully aroused, and she will begin to despise you.

When a woman gets the idea into her head that her husband is always telling the truth, the foundations of home life are undermined.



which he is much better able than the parent to decide about.

Parents need looking after—now, perhaps, more than ever. There are too many theories about education nowadays for a child to go abroad with any degree of safety. He is almost sure to be lassoed with one, and the parent almost always draws the noose.

What we learn as parents we oftentimes regret, and wish it were not so firmly fastened within us—and then we turn around and foist it upon our young ones, with idiotic conceit.

But how are parents to be trained? That is the question.

Children should begin young. They should also stand together. They may not hope to eradicate utterly the sophistry, the deceit, the artificiality, the injustice of the ordinary parent all at once, but they can make a show, at least, of maintaining their own rights. Children are themselves often to blame, because they yield too easily. They do not know their own power, and having no other model before them, they try to hold their own by using the same weapons which they see their parents wielding to such effect.

"All men are liars," said David. All children become so by mimic emulation.

Children should teach their parents, first, what to omit. Almost everything that is taught at present may be omitted. To appreciate this, we have only to think how much children might learn if they were not educated. Not to go to some schools is a liberal education in itself.

Of course, it is almost hopeless for children to do much with parents without the aid of the latter. Parents have too great a start. They have acquired too much ignorance to have it rubbed off the slate by a mere baby. This is always the penalty of stupidity. It knows too much. We parents, then, should co-operate with our children, and should endeavor to place ourselves in that humble attitude of receptivity which is the only way to acquire true wisdom. It is bad enough, indeed, for us to have all this slowly and laboriously learned fund of misinformation, but to

hand it down raw to our offspring is a crime against nature. And we should not only guard them against learning anything from us, but we should prevent them from any outside interference. If we can only stop teaching our children, we may then rightfully consider that a great step in our own training has taken place.

The child, left alone, will then teach himself. But this is an ideal we may never hope actually to reach.

WHEN YOUR BOY COMES HOME FROM COLLEGE.

**E**VEN to those of us who have been tempered, more or less, by the wisdom of experience, the consciousness of our own inferiority is not always present. Absorbed in matters which seem to us of some importance, we forget ourselves, and go on for long periods unmindful of our shortcomings.

It is always well, therefore, that you, sir, should have your boy come home from college occasionally, if only to wake you up and give you that tone of humility that only a supreme event of this kind can inculcate.

More or less dimly, perhaps, you are prepared for the worst. And yet there are always some calamities that never can be fully realized until they are well upon us. You expected, no doubt, that he would evince a certain superiority. With goodnatured condescension you were ready to tolerate his kindly patronage and deal with it as gently as may be. But in a short time you are made to realize, alas! that the tables have been turned upon you. Whatever of kindly consideration, of gentle toleration, there is between you, is all on his side. It is he, after all, who is prepared to make things easier for you. He listens to your remarks with kindly sympathy. He bears with you, and in a very short time you begin to perceive that you are on the defensive.

There are certain axioms of advice which you had thought to thrust upon him. You discover, however, that long ago he has discounted them. These matters have all been disposed of mathematically, scientifically and classically. The Greeks confront you. Numbers disconcert you. Philosophy baffles you. The last word has been said.

Among all the vicissitudes of life, however, there has always been one to whom you could go and glean comfort—one who believes in you, looks up to you, respects you. And you go to his mother now in the full confidence of long habit.

In a fine flush of resentment you impart to her the truth. Your boy is a prig. It has all been a mistake. If he had gone to work when he was fifteen, why, now he might be something at least bearable.

But his mother, for the first time, stares at you coldly. Her heart is on the other side.

In despair you go off by yourself, in one of those moments in which a man realizes that no one can help him. You shut your study door; you bow your head in secret shame.

And then there is a timid knock. Your boy stands before you. His face is pale. There is a paper in his hands. It is long and formidable, and you suddenly feel your own importance. You tower above him in wrath. His eye quails. And as you gather him once more by the collar in the old familiar way, you exclaim in a voice of thunder:

"Boy! how much do you owe?"

# NO CROWD.

We are but lingerers in life's Union Square.
Sleeping and waking, reading, talking rot.
Some rush along, while others bench their care,
And some are on the square and some are not.

### ESCULAPIUS UP TO DATE.

WHEN Nature first began to rear up the destructive forces, so that man would not increase too rapidly upon the face of the earth, she found that, after all her planning, man had gotten the best of her, and would multiply more than was good for him. Doctors were then added, and since this happy thought we have done very well.

It is estimated that nineteen out of every twenty "cases" would recover naturally if left to themselves, but medical science has made such vast strides that only about one case in every twenty has a chance.

There are various different kinds of doctors who prey upon human life, but they are easily classified.

The family doctor is perhaps the best known. His ignorance is not specialized, but extends to all parts of the human anatomy. He comes usually about four or five hours after he is needed, feels of your pulse, looks at your tongue, probes your diaphragm for appendicitis, writes in a mortified language on a printed slip, and goes away, with the remark that you will be all right in a day or so, or that you may possibly live three months, as the case may be. If you are young and ignorant, you are either frightened to death or suffused with a gentle glow of convalescence, in accordance with what you have been told. But if you are an old stager, you roll over in bed, call for a stiff drink of whiskey, throw the prescription out of the window, and sweat it out. A Family Doctor is nothing but a personified habit. You pay him to come and tell you there is no danger, and if he thinks there is, you drop him and move up one. You began at the foot of the class, and now you rush off and consult a specialist.

A Specialist is a man who lives in town, either on the first floor of a smart apartment house, or in a home of his own. When he lives in an apartment house you pay him fifteen dollars to

shake hands with him, but when he lives in his own home you place a first mortgage on all the property in your wife's name. As you enter his office you see a china closet full of glittering instruments, which you immediately begin to feel entering your system at various points. Your eye lights then upon a nickel-plated fountain of running water, which you surmise is to wash away all evidences of the crime. You feel at once that you are in no condition to cope with this array of science. You are all run down anyway, and a brave man would quake. But summoning up what little courage is left, you tell him what the other doctors have thought was the matter with you, and he shakes his head dubiously. Then he raises his hand warningly, and tells you to desist. He doesn't want to know what the other doctors thought.

Why should anyone with such a fund of ignorance in himself wish to have it encroached upon? You don't make this remark to yourself then, but you do about six months later.

You are requested to disrobe. You do so, feeling pale all over and hoping he may not notice it, and he pounds you gently with a hammer, peeks in between your ribs, listens at the door of your heart for murmurs, and flashes a dark lantern through your alimentary canal. By this time you are frightened to death. You feel that all hope is lost. You see a long funeral procession winding its slow way along. You are playing the leading part in it. You can feel the lavender satin, and that awful stillness, like a reunion of the Metropolitan Club. It is all over. After all, what difference does it make? Suddenly you awake from your vision, and your friend the Specialist taps you on the shoulder and says that if you will stop smoking, drinking, sitting up late nights. leave your business, and come and live in his office for six months or a year and give him all you've got, there is a faint chance that you may get well. And if you don't? Well, there is that three months' limit.

You leave him cordially and tell him you will let him know.

You and your girl will fade away. Then when you come back to earth take care to bring only yourself."

So the man looked at the stars.

But there was the girl behind him, with her soft hands in his hair, and at last he gave it up. "What are a few picayune planets," he cried, "compared with her caresses?"

And then he was obliged to acknowledge that still he was not his own master.

And after the next quarrel he went to an alchemist.

"Mix me a drug," he said, "that will cure me of love."

The alchemist smiled.

"My friend," he replied, "to be candid with you, a great many fine stories have been floating around about sundry old potions for this purpose, but they are all quack remedies. The only cure I know of is prussic acid."

The man smiled grimly. "I don't want to die quite yet," he said. "I want to get rid of this love feeling. It's the worst agony I ever experienced. It blows hot and it blows cold."

"Well," said the alchemist, "go and ask that clown over yonder. Maybe he'll tell you."

So the man went to the clown and told his story.

"Want to know the answer?" the clown grinned.

"Yes, yes," said the man, impatiently.

"Marry the girl," said the clown.

Fame is like a light—some strike it with a match, others use a candle, while some others use lamps. But in the end they all flicker out.

The unhappiness of the wealthy is expressed concretely in ostentation.

THE LAST WORD.



THE youthful couple who had just moved into the suburban town stood irresolutely at the door of the church.

His Imperial Majesty, gracefully concealing his cloven foot behind a flower bed, smiled pleasantly at them from the rustic seat near the entrance.

"Pardon me," he said pleasantly, "but I wouldn't go in there."

"Why not?" chorused the man and his wife.

"You'll find it somewhat of a bore. You"—addressing the man—"will be put on commit-

tees, and have to pass the plate. If you go to the theatre too much, have a wine supper occasionally, or are seen on the links on Sunday morning, you'll have it rubbed into you. And you"—addressing the woman—"will have to belong to sewing circles that you don't care for, and foreign mission societies which you don't believe in."

"I never thought of that," said the man.

"Nor I," said the woman.

"There's a good deal of humbug about it," said his Majesty. "And besides, it's expensive. They are begging all the time. It's pew rent, and the church debt, and the choir, and incidentals—there's no end of it. Better stay out."

"We will," exclaimed the man and the woman simultaneously, and prepared to withdraw. But at this moment the pastor,

who had overheard the conversation, appeared on the scene with outstretched arms.

"My dear friends," he observed, with the utmost confidence, "please allow me to observe that my church is *the* church of the place. And it is only through my church that you can expect to get into society."

And they hurried in precipitately.

# CINDERELLA UP TO DATE.

THEY had just returned from a wedding, and the two sisters were discussing all they had seen with their usual volubility. Cinderella alone remained silent.

"Yes," said one sister, "we, who have been through a private seminary and a college, have been taught to observe, and it is natural that, between us, nothing should escape our observation. Is it not so? Let me ask you, then, if you took it all in?"

"Indeed I did," replied the other sister. "I noticed first the gowns of every one of the relatives, and by inwardly comparing their styles and make I could tell within a hundred dollars of just how much each relative was worth. Not only this, but their actions toward each other revealed to me but too plainly just what their opinions of each other were. And then, the bride!"

"Yes, the bride!" exclaimed the other. "She was dressed—"

And in thirty-five minutes by the clock she described what the bride wore.

"And you," said the first sister, turning to Cinderella, "tell us what you saw."

Cinderella was silent until she spoke.

"I saw all you saw, and more," she said.

The sisters gazed at her superciliously.

"Indeed!" they chorused. "What did you see that we didn't see?"

"I noticed the groom," said Cinderella.

# AFTER READING A POPULAR NOVEL.

NOTE.—Anyone supplying the correct answers to these questions will be given a trip to the North Pole.

Why did the town nestle among the hills?

Why did she feel a mantling blush steal over her cheeks?

How did it happen that a strange sense of unrest swept over him?

What was it that she swept out of the room?

Why did she never look more strangely beautiful than upon that evening?

What made him fleck the ashes from his cigarette?

How long did her heart stand still?

Who deserted the ballroom, and why?

Why did the cold wind that fanned their cheeks feel so good? Why did it seem to her as if all the light had gone out of her young life?

What made the house stiller than death that night?

When confronted by the lawyers, why was he visibly affected?

Why was she the life of the whole gathering when her heart told her that all was lost?

Why did the dog look up at that moment and wag his tail, as if he too understood her?

What choked his utterance?

What made her look back on that day all the rest of her life? Why was there a long pause?

Why were her hands so nerveless when she let the telegram drop?

What made her suspect that he had been drinking?

Why did he clutch the photograph so wildly?

What made her feel intuitively?

Why did his voice have a ring of triumph as he spoke?

Whose arm was she on when she went up the aisle? And why was her face, though pale, so radiantly beautiful? And why did the organ peal?

# THE LAPSE OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

CHE was seventeen when she said:

"Life in its ultimate aspects presents problems which the socialists and the political economists have not yet been able to solve, and even the most liberal philosophy halts at. In its biogenetic aspect, ontology presents so many diverse mysteries as to make us feel that the highest morality may only be achieved through an infinite series of constantly developing experiments."

She was twenty when she said:

"As I grow older the utilitarian view impresses me more and more. It is true that in its harsher aspects it is more or less revolting. But if to acknowledge a supreme selfishness lies that way we must accept the inevitable."

She was twenty-five when she said:

"The common things of life are in reality only common because of their closeness to us. If viewed as integral parts of the totality of phenomena, they are lifted into their true sphere, and should receive their proper apotheosis. Love is one of these."

She was thirty when she said:

"The human mind cannot hope to solve the mystery of life. It is only through the heart that we can reach the desired haven. I feel that I have wasted my time."

She was forty when she said:

"I would give everything I possess—old boots, shoes, hopes, fears—all, to be loved passionately, foolishly, unreservedly, even intermittently, by almost any kind of a creature that wears trousers!"

#### THE COLD BATH.

I T is stated upon reliable authority that the cold bath is good for man; that it tones up the system, invigorates the skin and imparts a healthy action to the circulation.

We are not sure but what it does other things than this. At any rate, it would seem as if the cold bath ought to do more for its victims. If there be a law of compensation concealed somewhere about Providence, the man who can fearlessly plunge into cold water all winter, attired only in an atmosphere of sublime courage and a cringing smile, ought at least to be otherwise free from care. He ought to have a happy home, a large retinue of servants to keep him good-natured and about a million a year.

We ourselves have hitherto indulged in the habit of cold baths to an extent. We have awakened in the morning with a dull and growing sense of impending doom, and before we have had time to become fully conscious of our bodies, prospective chills have crept up and down our mind.

Finally, with a supreme effort, we have risen from our warm bed, and in the frappéd gloom of early dawn have slipped noiselessly to the scene of suffering.

This winter, however, we have determined to be martyrs to the cause no longer. Henceforth we shall lie in our comfortable bed, indolently scornful of that ruggedness that we willingly relinquish.

We do not know what is going to happen to our circulation. If we grow more nervous then so be it. If our appetites fail us we will bear up.

But give us for once a shudderless winter. Let us, if need be, stand upon the brink of the grave and not any more with our spines quivering in agony upon the brink of a deadly polar porcelain bath tub.

# VON BLUMER'S NEW AUTO.

44 ▲ T last our happiness is complete."

There was a light of supreme joy in Von Blumer's eyes, there was gladness in his voice, there was a suppressed, but none the less real, attitude of unqualified satisfaction in his whole manner, as he spoke to his wife.

"Yes, darling," he continued—the word darling now being used by him only on rare occasions that demanded some unusual emphasis—"at last we can live. I have bought an automobile."

Mrs. Von Blumer caught her breath, and raised her eyes in sudden surprise.

"What!" she exclaimed. "An automobile! Why, you told me you never would buy one—that they were always getting out of order, and were a source of endless trouble."

Von Blumer looked at his wife with superior condescension.

"Perfectly true," he replied. "More than true. What I have said about the automobile in general I still maintain. But, of course, I did not at that time know anything about the Roadrun."

"The Roadrun?"

"Yes, the Roadrun. By the merest chance I was talking with a friend yesterday who has one of these inimitable machines, and he took me out for a little spin. I experienced a sensation that I never had before."

"You didn't break down once, or have anything happen?"

"I should say not. That would be impossible with the Roadrun, which has none of the defects of the other inferior machines, and unites all their best qualities."

Mrs. Von Blumer sighed.

"I hope," she said, "that you have not believed too much."

Von Blumer smiled.

"Fortunately," he replied, "this is not a question of belief, but one of personal observation, founded upon the laws of logic.

Being of a mechanical turn of mind, I was able to demonstrate for myself in a few moments the absolute invulnerability of the Roadrun."

"You a mechanical turn of mind!" exclaimed Mrs. Von Blumer. "Why, I can't even get you to do the simplest thing about the house. I had to send for a plumber yesterday merely to put in a rubber washer."

Von Blumer rose. His pride had been touched. There was pity in his voice—pity for one who had hitherto so far misunderstood him.

"My dear," he said, "I do not, of course, expect that you will appreciate all those sides to my mind that you are ignorant of. My time is a trifle too valuable, I hope, to fritter away as a man of all work about a house. But when it comes to mechanics, when it comes to logical adjustment of intricate machinery, that's where I live! It is true that I've never had much actual experience, but with a Roadrun I don't need it. My natural mechanical mind will now have a chance to give me a source of recreation that I have long been in need of."

"When is this automobile coming?" queried Mrs. Von Blumer.

Von Blumer took out his watch in much the same manner as if he were timing a race horse.

"It will be here," he replied, "in just two hours. It is waiting for me now at the station, ten miles away. I shall be there in an hour. It will take me fifteen minutes to start and threequarters of an hour on the way. Expect me, therefore, at three o'clock."

"You are not going to run it home yourself, are you?"

"I most certainly am. At one minute of three you will hear the toot of a horn in the distance. Thirty seconds later you will hear the rhythmical vibration of one of the smoothest running

machines in the market, and at precisely on the hour we shall be face to face once again. And so, au revoir."

He was gone. And Mrs. Von Blumer, expectant, but a trifle uneasy, went about her household duties with a feeling of suspense. Half past two came, quarter of three, five minutes of three, then three, three-fifteen, three-thirty, four and five.

What could have happened? Had her unfortunate husband been run over? Had he met his death at some lonely roadside? Almost beside herself with anxiety, she walked the floor. There was nothing to do but wait, as Von Blumer had given her no address.

Suddenly there was a sound in the distance—a horn. She flew to the window. Down the road came a huge affair of red paint and brass lamps in front, and behind it, linked by a rope, was a smaller affair built on the same pattern. In the smaller one sat erect the single figure of a man—her husband.

Before she could get out to him the cortège stopped in front of the house, the rope was cast off, and Von Blumer had waved his thanks to his land tugboat.

"What has happened?" said Mrs. Von Blumer, breathlessly. "I was worried to death about you. Is this the automobile you said would never break down?"

Von Blumer, hypnotized by his new purchase, did not reply. He got out and stood silently by his wife's side. Then, at last, he swept the auto with a gesture, as he said:

"Isn't it a dream?"

"If it's going to act like that, and has to be towed around by other people," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "I should say that it was a nightmare. What is the matter with it, anyway?"

Von Blumer laughed.

"Nothing," he replied, "absolutely nothing. It was all in the batteries. They have, understand, nothing to do with the machine."

"But if they have nothing to do with the machine, what do you have them for?"

"What I mean is this—they are not a part of the machine. They are furnished by some one else. We have two sets of them, you understand, so in case one set doesn't work, the other will."

"And they both-"

"Now wait. In this particular instance, owing to the utter idiocy and diabolical stupidity of some fellow who put 'em in—wait till I get hold of him!—the wires were uncovered, and that made a short circuit. Of course, the batteries exhausted themselves. They gave out on me when I was three miles away. But, you understand, they have nothing to do with the machine itself. I'll simply telephone for a new set, have 'em put right in, and away we'll go."

"How did you know about this?"

"Why, that fellow in the machine that towed me in told me. He's an awful nice fellow."

Von Blumer's eye glistened.

"I tell you, my dear, that's one of the greatest things about automobiling. It shows better than anything else how people are ready to help their fellow creatures."

"Umph!" said Mrs. Von Blumer, "he's probably been caught himself so many times that he knows how it feels."

"Now if that isn't just like a woman," snapped Von Blumer.
"Always a pessimist. Never a true sport. Always looking for trouble. But wait until we get those new batteries in. I'll show you what the Roadrun can do."

He almost ran into the house in his new excitement—an excitement his wife had not seen in years. Then ensued a hurried conversation over the telephone, from which he emerged in a few moments, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Man's coming right up from the repair shop," he chuckled, "with a complete new set of batteries and about a mile or so of covered wire. My pet, just have a little patience. It won't be long now before we'll be imitating the birds of the air."

They went out on the piazza and sat down, waiting for the repair man to come. In front, the new machine, glossy and beautiful, stood as if waiting to spring into life. Suddenly Von Blumer's expectant eye fastened on a figure coming along the street.

It was Caterby, his next door neighbor.

If there was anything that Caterby hated it was an automobile.

"You might as well," Von Blumer had often heard him say, "run a locomotive through the streets."

Von Blumer turned to his wife. A sudden fear possessed him.

"Here comes Caterby!" he exclaimed. "Say, we mustn't let him know there's anything the matter with our auto. He'll guy the life out of me."

"I thought you said there wasn't anything the matter with it," responded Mrs. Von Blumer.

"There isn't, of course; only those batteries. Let's see; we can tell him we're waiting for the cool of the evening. But, oh heavens! If he sees that repair man working on it in the street, what'll he say? Here he comes. Mum's the word."

Caterby paused in front of the house. First he looked at the machine, then at the Von Blumers.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. "Good afternoon. Whose is it?"

"Mine," said Von Blumer.

Caterby grinned—a fiendish, malignant smile.

"So you've got the fever?" he said. "Well, I'm sorry for you."

"You'll be sorry for me all right," said Von Blumer, "when you see me skipping about the country, just wherever I want to go."

Caterby sneered in a polite, neighborly manner. He was by nature a skeptic. Besides, he loved a horse.

"I'll see you later," he remarked sententiously. "Why aren't you out now? I'll bet it's busted already."

Von Blumer contrived to motion secretly to his wife. He felt that all the lying ought to be done by himself exclusively.

"To be candid with you, old man," he said, with a confidential air—implying by his manner that there might be something wrong, in order to bring in his climax—"there is something the matter."

"I knew it," said Caterby. "What is it?"

"It's this," said Von Blumer. "I'm trying to get my breath. I came out from the station so deuced fast that I'm really afraid to go out in it again. I haven't gotten thoroughly familiar with it, so I'm going to wait until the cool of the evening."

Caterby turned into his own gate.

"Well, old fellow," he observed, "I wish you joy. But all the same I'm sorry for you." And he disappeared.

Mrs. Von Blumer turned appealingly to her husband. Being a true woman, she felt a certain amount of responsibility for him. She felt that she must stand by him.

"If he sees that repair man, what will he say?" she asked.

"I know it," said Von Blumer. "It will be impossible to explain. But I'll tell you what. I'll have the repair man put in those batteries after dark."

"But Mr. Caterby might pass by or see him then."

"Then I'll get that machine up the road first and into the barn."

"You can't do it yourself."

"But I can get help."

So Von Blumer telephoned again to have the man come with the batteries about nine o'clock, and when the shades of evening fell, he and the hired man went silently out into the

street, while Caterby was concealed in his house. And they pulled and tugged and worked like galley slaves, until at last, by a supreme effort, the two thousand pounds of machinery on wheels had been slowly trundled into a place of seclusion.

At ten o'clock the repair man came—at double rates—and put in a new set of batteries.

Then he gave the crank a few decisive turns, and, lo, "chug," "chug," the auto was once more alive.

Von Blumer's exultation knew no bounds.

"There!" he cried, as he followed his wife upstairs to get a few hours' much needed rest. "Now we're off. I told you there was nothing the matter with that machine. It is the safest and surest in the world. Tomorrow morning we'll start off bright and early and take a spin of forty or fifty miles."

The next morning, after breakfast, Von Blumer preceded his wife to the barn. He was arrayed in a brand new, glistening automobile cap; on his hands was the latest thing in gloves.

Von Blumer opened the back of the car with the air of an expert. He unscrewed two plugs and dipped in a long, thin piece of whalebone.

"What are you doing now?" asked Mrs. Von Blumer.

"Measuring the gasoline and water. That's all you need. A cent a mile for gasoline and water at nothing. Then here are a few trifling places to oil."

"Aren't you afraid you'll spoil those gloves?"

Even as she spoke a lot of black oil squirted out of some hidden spring and covered her husband's hands.

He smiled brightly.

"Nothing!" he observed. "Absolutely nothing. One must expect this sort of thing."

He turned the crank confidently.

All was silence.

He turned it again—and again.—and again. Silence. Then he examined critically each cog-wheel. He felt of all the wires. He pressed the hose. Then he turned the crank again.

Mrs. Von Blumer leaned against the barn door, as, regardless of his clothes, he threw himself on his back and looked up at his new purchase from that humble attitude.

"I guess," she said, "that your old machine is no good. I don't believe it knows how to go."

Her desperate husband, maddened by his disappointment, sprang to his feet and faced her.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, "this is too much. Here I purchase, merely for your pleasure, one of the finest automobiles in the world, and just because I haven't got acquainted with every infinitesimal detail, you act like a baby. But I'll show you. You just wait!"

He rushed into the house, and rang up the repair man. What he said does not matter. But in the space of thirty minutes the repair man rode leisurely up on his wheel. He led the way to the barn. He pressed a button. He turned the crank. And there again was the old familiar "chug," "chug."

"How did you do it?" said Von Blumer, a trace of humbleness in his voice.

The repair man smiled.

"I guess," he said, "you forgot to turn on the current. You want to put that switch back."

"Of course," said Von Blumer, with tears in his eyes. "I knew there was nothing the matter with that machine. Come, my dear, get in, and I'll show you what it can do."

Mrs. Von Blumer, her face pale with fear, but game to the last, got in. Von Blumer pressed a lever.

They were off.

Down the road they went at a great pace. They switched around corners. They dashed along turnpikes.

"How is it?" said Von Blumer, as, with his teeth clenched, one hand grasping the steering apparatus, the other on the clutch, he bent forward like a jockey winning a race. On and on they went. It seemed as if they were covering the whole State.

"Splendid! Have you any idea where we are going?"

"Not the slightest. That's the beauty about these machines. If you get lost, you can cover so much ground that you can always get home."

They were coming to a hill.

Von Blumer smiled gayly.

"Now I'll show you," he said, "how the Roadrun takes a hill. Have you ever seen a fly going up on a wall? Well, that's just the way this machine acts."

They went forward with a scurry and a whir. Then, as the celebrated Roadrun felt the elevation, it gradually slowed down.

"Now watch!" chuckled Von Blumer. "Here goes for the hill climber."

He turned back the lever, and brought it forward again.

The machine gave a series of bronchial snorts—evidently snorts of displeasure. There were a few gasps and then—silence.

Mrs. Von Blumer grasped her husband's arm.

"We are backing down hill," she cried.

"We've lost the power," said Von Blumer, as he gazed fearfully behind, still, however, retaining his presence of mind. "Don't worry," he added. "Here goes for the brakes."

He jammed down first the foot brake and then the emergency brake. But for some reason, unknown even to Von Blumer's mechanical and logical intellect, the auto resented the intrusion of a brake. As long as it couldn't go forward, it was bound to go backward. And every instant it gathered impetus.

Von Blumer, in the space of thirty seconds, began to get a first-class idea of his past life.

Suddenly a man came out of a house and shouted at him:

"Back your machine in here-in here!"

Von Blumer obeyed mechanically. The auto flew down over the curb and over the sidewalk into the man's front lawn. Mrs. Von Blumer sprang out.

"I'll never ride in that thing again as long as I live," she sobbed.

Von Blumer, experiencing that revulsion of feeling that sometimes comes after a crisis, jumped down and faced her.

"Nor I," he exclaimed. "I'll sell the blamed thing for thirty cents. Darling, I'm an ass. I've had the fever and I'm over it. Horses for me."

Regardless of their savior, they embraced.

And then, as if by mutual impulse, they turned to the quiet, amused man, who looked at them with a fatherly eye.

It was Caterby.

Von Blumer gazed at his neighbor in grim astonishment.

"Where did you drop from?" he exclaimed. "We must at least be two hundred miles from home."

Caterby smiled a large, charitable smile and waved his hand at the house next door.

"I told you how it would be," he said. "Why, in one of those instruments of the devil you can't even keep track of yourself. You've been going around in a circle. Don't you see that's your house, and this is my house?"

Happiness is the feeling we experience when we are too busy to be miserable.

# HOW TO MAKE A SUMMER RESORT.

**B**UY about ten carloads of assorted lumber, and move it to any stretch of sand on the American coast, far enough away from a railroad station to make a stage line profitable.

Arrange the lumber so that it will stand up and keep off the rain, and nail together with a few tenpenny nails. Paint the whole any bright color.

Now, from what is left over make a board walk four miles long and four feet wide. From what is left of the board walk erect a row of bath houses. Make each compartment so small that a guest will have to live at the hotel for a week before he is thin enough to undress in it. Put at one side a shelf with the splinter side up, to sit down on when tired.

Go to a hardware shop and buy an electric plant, and string one wire in the hotel office, another on the cupola on top and the third on the flagstaff in front. Let the rest of the place, including the piazza and surroundings, be in total darkness.

Order from a department store one good sized towel, and divide it into as many pieces as there will be guests, say one for every three guests.

Buy from an auction room a set of beds that no one else wants, and from the navy yard some discarded armor, which makes fine summer hotel bed springs. Have the space between the bed and the sides of each room fully wide enough to admit a good-sized skeleton.

Now go to any reputable burglar agency and secure a complete band of skillful robbers, including a head robber and a robber for each dining-room table.

After this has been done buy one small cow, one large pump and arrange with a canning factory to furnish enough fresh vegetables each week to supply one-half the guests. Secure

from a deaf and dumb asylum one man with a sixty-carat rhinestone, to stand behind the counter.

Go to the back of the structure, dig a cellar large enough to accommodate all the male guests, cover it with blinds, label it "barber shop," and fill it with the worst beer, wine and whiskey that the ingenuity of man has been able to devise.

Your summer resort is now ready for use. All you need is to advertise judiciously, and never allow any guest to escape with a red cent in his pocket.

#### AN INTERVIEW.

I PRESSED the lily of the valley in the front door of Cupid's residence—rather a neat device, by the way—and there was a merry twinkle inwardly that announced my presence.

An elf in vellum bowed low.

"My master," he observed, "is not well to-day, but he is always glad to see an amateur in affairs of the heart. Enter."

I found our old friend and benefactor sitting in an invalid's chair.

"Well, well," I exclaimed. "This is sad. What's the trouble?" Cupid smiled grimly.

"Nothing serious," he said. "I was over in Boston the other day and caught cold. Nasty place that."

"I didn't suppose," I ventured, "that you were so delicate."

"I'm delicate," said Cupid, "but wiry. A night in Newport will drive me to drink. I find that as time goes on I am more easily worn out."

"But I had no idea that you were any sort of an invalid."

"I'm not!" said my host testily. "But this modern life is telling on me."

"Have you tried some of our modern remedies?"

"Well, I should say! Christian Science nearly did me up. I was worse after it than before. Then I tried the gold cure. No use. I'm nervous. People affect me."

"But surely-"

Cupid rang the bell. "Bring us a siphon of nectar and some Scotch," he said. "Yes," he continued, "that's what I mean. Take girls, for instance. I used to be fond of girls—girls in general, you know. Of course there are some I take to yet. But as a whole, they're not what they used to be. Those Puritan maids were great! Now—well, take the summer girl. She ignores me almost completely, and manages by herself."

"What you need," I observed, "is a good long rest."

"Nothing of the sort," said Cupid. "Solitude? Bah! What I need is the right folks."

"You seem in a bad way."

Cupid sipped his glass. It apparently revived him. He turned in his chair. A radiance came over his face.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "I just happened to be thinking of that last trip I made, and it put me in a pessimistic mood. London, Paris, Boston, Newport, Waldorf—— But it will be all right. I'll pick up in the next few days, because I'm going——"

"Where?" I asked.

"Slumming," said Cupid.

# THE WAY OF IT.

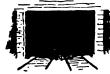
Once I met four philosophers
Who argued all day long;
And each one thought that he was right
And all the others wrong!



THE ROAD THAT VANDER BUILT.

This is the Road that Vander built.

This is the Tunnel, black as night, That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



This is the clouded, feeble Light That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night, That shuts in the Road that Vander built.

This is the Engineer, whose sight Is never reached by the feeble Light That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night, That shuts in the Road that Vander built.





This is the Wreck and bodies torn, That's caused by the Engineer (?), whose sight Is never reached by the feeble Light That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night, That shuts in the Road that Vander built.

These are the Mourners, all forlorn, Who weep for the Wreck and the bodies torn. That's caused by the Engineer (?), whose sight Is never reached by the feeble Light That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night, That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



This is The Board that smiles in scorn
Because of the Mourners, all forlorn,
Who weep for the Wreck and the bodies torn,
That's caused by the Engineer (?), whose sight
Is never reached by the feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



This is The Public, shaven and shorn
By the self-same Board that smiles in scorn
Because of the Mourners, all forlorn,
Who weep for the Wreck and the bodies torn,
That's caused by the Engineer (?), whose sight
Is never reached by the feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built.



And this is the Dividend-paying Horn
Filled by The Public, shaven and shorn
By the self-same Board that smiles in scorn
Because of the Mourners, all forlorn,
Who weep for the Wreck and the bodies torn,
That's caused by the Engineer (?), whose sight
Is never reached by the feeble Light
That blinks in the Tunnel, black as night,
That shuts in the Road that Vander built,



# THE FOLLY OF BEING BORN POOR.

MAN is guilty of much that is incompetent and stupid and in bad taste. He is miserably unskillful in places where it would be reasonable to expect from him a certain measure of acuteness and prescience. But there is, perhaps, nothing in which he displays his folly to a greater extent than in being born poor.

He is apt to excuse himself for this lamentable weakness by asserting that it is not his fault, and by various axioms which he uses to bolster up his vanity. Poverty, he asserts, is no disgrace. The love of money is the root of all evil, and he assumes a respectful attitude toward the horny-handed son of toil, as if that individual were the most exalted of beings. Inwardly, however, he despises him. He longs for luxury, for that careless abandon that comes with moneyed ease, and there are moments when he hates himself for his own lack of forethought.

The worst of the matter is that those who permit themselves to be born poor are the very ones fitted by nature to enjoy wealth. They invariably have kind hearts and generous dispositions. They have self-control in an eminent degree. They deprecate money for its own sake, and only care for it for what it will bring. Undoubtedly they possess extraordinary qualifications for its proper dissemination. There is never a snob among them, nor one who, under any circumstance, could ever go back on his former friends. On the contrary, one of the principal uses they would make of their money—if they only had it—would be to have their friends enjoy it.

It certainly seems a cruel perverseness of Fate that all these people should be cut off from that for which they are most eminently fitted.

On the other hand, with respect to those who are born wealthy, there can be no doubt that they are generally unfit, incapable beings, extremely undeserving of their lot. It would seem

as if, having expended all their genius upon being born rich, there was none left to help them make a proper use of their possessions. They are very likely to be snobbish; selfishness is with them more or less an art in itself—an art in which it is necessary to maintain the illusion that one is interested in others, when, in reality, one's own personal gratification is the only thing one is striving for. They are also likely to be dissipated, and somewhat cruel, and to betray a strange lack of sympathy.

These are the miscreants who, having seen to it that they were born rich, now rest upon their oars, while we, the real people, toil on, the galley-slaves of injustice, or our own folly.

We have made a fatal error, and we are now paying for it.

And so, to those yet to come, we would give fair warning. See to it that the family you are born into, no matter what their natural unintelligence may be, is more than comfortably off. Only in this way can the race ever hope to reach its highest ideals.

#### MILLINERY.

A WOMAN will go into a milliner's, and by mistake pick up a ten-dollar hat, and trying it on will think how well she looks in it, until the saleslady comes up and tells her that's an odd hat that was left over from last season, and then the woman will throw a silent fit, and with the remark that she was only looking around for something to wear to the market on rainy days, nod her head in a certain direction with unerring instinct, and say:

"Let me see that."

And the saleslady will thread her way through the orchard of nickel-plated trees, and taking down about eighty-five cents' worth of feathers and straw, aigrettes and beads and green basketwork and ostrich feathers and June roses, that's marked at fifty

dollars because it's fresh from France, she will lift it on to the woman's head, with the aid of a helper, and say:

"There, madame, that's our latest importation. It certainly does look stunning on you."

And all the mirrors in the place will begin to reflect the glories of that hat, and the woman will turn and twist, look at herself front and back and sideways, walk up and down, first on the starboard and then on the port tack, and hitch up her back hair and pat the sides, and concentrate her whole mind on the creation for as long as two minutes. And then she will say:

"No duplicates?"

And then the saleslady will draw herself up with an air of injured pride, and exclaim:

"Oh, dear, no. There is nothing else like it, I assure you. It has only just arrived on the steamer. It conforms so nicely to the lines of your face. I don't think I have ever seen a toque that was so becoming."

And then the woman will sigh, and eventually size up her husband in the distance, and wonder if he can possibly stand it. And when at last she begins to hedge at the thought that, after all, there is a limit to Henry's endurance, she will say, with a voice of careless indifference:

"You might send it home on approval."

Which will evoke from the saleslady a pathetic but forbidding smile.

"I am afraid we cannot do that, madame, with this hat. I should like to oblige you, but it is entirely new, and we expect it to be sold before the day is over."

"Very well. Show me something else."

Every tree in the milliner's orchard is thereupon stripped of its foliage, and in the course of about an hour and thirty minutes the woman decides. All the mirrors settle back with groans of relief. The saleslady assures her that she has a great bargain.

Nothing so good for the money has ever gone out of their establishment. And that evening, when Henry has settled back with his cigar, the woman will say:

"Henry, to-day I have made a great sacrifice for your sake. I saw a hat for fifty dollars that just exactly suited me. But I thought it was more than you could afford, so I didn't get it."

And Henry will straighten up and say:

"Fifty dollars for a hat! Well, I should say so! How much did you pay?"

"Well, guess."

"I should think you might have gotten a good one for eight or ten."

"Now, don't be absurd."

"Well, how much?"

"Just think—only twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight dollars for a hat! My stars! Why, there isn't a hat in Christendom that's worth twenty-eight dollars. You never paid so much before."

And then the woman will put her arm around him with a gentle smile as she replies:

"But you know, dear, that during the last year the prices of all necessaries have risen."

Philosophy consists in knowing how to be happy though selfish.

If all men had been born equal there would have been no Declaration of Independence.



# ON THE THRESHOLD.

THERE were six of them, and one day they sat and told fairy stories, sitting on the wire built by the strange people that lived in the flat country below.

And this is one of the tales that were whispered to the sighing of the wind and the music of the butterflies:

As the methodical old stork was slowly making his way across country to where the lights of the large city were casting their reflection upon the sky, a tiny hand was thrust out of the wrappings below him, and a tiny voice was heard to exclaim:

"Wait—hold on, old man!"

The stork, in his surprise, almost dropped his freight. Never before, in all his experience, had such a thing occurred—had he been addressed in the midst of such an important journey, by his involuntary guest.

He paused precipitately in his flight.

"Um—ah—yes—what can I do for you?" he asked at last.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Why-er-that is, I'm just filling an order."

"Where?"

"Let's see. I must look at the address."

The embarrassed bird paused in mid-air, shifted his burden momentarily to his left wing, put on his spectacles and gazed at a paper.

"Ah, yes-8001 Fifth Avenue."

"Must you take me there? Tell me, my good stork, haven't you any choice in the matter? Can't you let me choose? They say there's a baby born somewhere every minute. Can't you—just this once—as a special favor, you know, place me right?"

The stork reflected. Such a proposition had never been made to him before.

"Why, yes," he said at last. "I suppose I could, of course. In fact, I should be only too glad to oblige you. Where would you like to go?"

There was a slight, thoughtful stirring below.

"Perhaps, Mr. Stork, you can advise me. You see this is really an important matter. It concerns my whole future. You must have had much experience. Give me the benefit of your advice. For example, who is this person you were hurrying me to—possibly she might do, after all."

"She's a very nice person. Very wealthy, much given to society, and, well, hum——"

"Out with it!"

"Well, to be candid with you, she regarded you as an intruder, and had secretly made up her mind to leave your care to others."

"Exactly. Do you know, I had an indefinable feeling that such was the case. Who else is there on your list?"

"Let's see. Here's a nice farmer's wife. Country air, rich milk, fresh vegetables, outdoor exercise and all that sort of thing."

"She's a hard worker, isn't she?"

"Oh, she's a regular slave."

"Would she want me?"

"Well, probably not—they rarely do, you know—but if you came, she'd do the best she could by you."

"No, thanks. I have a peculiar feeling that I would be doing chores most of my life. Who else?"

"Well, here's a poor woman on the East Side. She has eight others, but if you went to her you'd be loved all right, I can guarantee that. The more she has the more she loves."

"Would she want me?"

"Why, that would never occur to her. She would accept you as a matter of course."

"No! No! She has enough already. Besides, what chance would I have? Why, I'd be nothing better than a pickpocket in fifteen years. Anybody else?"

The good stork sighed.

"Plenty," he observed. "Here's a nice college graduate! My! but she's well educated. She's an intellectual wonder."

"Could she bathe me properly, feed me properly and clothe me properly?"

"Dear me, no! She doesn't know anything about such matters."

"Well, go on-any more?"

"Oh, yes. But---"

"I know of what you are thinking. They are an incompetent lot, aren't they? Dear old stork——"

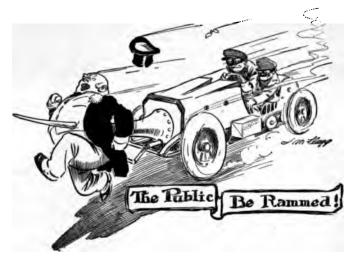
The baby arms reached up and clasped themselves pleadingly around the grizzled bird's neck.

"Do me a real favor, will you-now?"

The stork bent over. With a premonitory flap he had already begun to turn in his flight.

"Yes—" he said. "Just once—as an exception. I'll do what you say. What do you wish?"

"Only this, dear stork. Take me back to where I came from."



"LIFE'S" CELEBRATED AUTO RACE.

I.

### THE ARRANGEMENTS.

FTER some delay in arranging the preliminaries, Life is at last able to announce that Fifth Avenue has been secured for the

next International Auto Race.

The authorities were at first inclined to object, but when we pointed with pride to the fact that the Automobile Club of America was with us, and that several of our youngest and most reckless millionaires were actually suffering

for a new sensation, they joyfully yielded. The start will be made from Washing-

ton Square, and the contestants will go up Fifth Avenue to One

Hundredth Street. Then they will turn round and go back again.

This is one lap of ten miles.

There will be thirty laps in all, making the regulation three hundred miles.

There has been some dispute about the hour of the start, no one being able to tell exactly what time of the day Fifth Avenue is most crowded.

Three-thirty P. M. has at last been decided on, however. Reggie Asterbilt, when told of the coming race, said:

"This is a splendid idea, and I am surprised that it hasn't occurred to any of the boys before.

"It is a great mistake having these races on country roads. It takes so much advertising to get a crowd. But in Fifth Avenue we have a natural race track with all the people on the spot.

"There's only one thing I would suggest: and that is that we automobilists be amply protected."

"From your machines?" he was asked.

"Oh, no! We don't mind dying for the glory of the contest, but there ought to be a sufficient number of policemen on hand to keep the vulgar crowd from throwing stones and remarking, 'Git a horse!'"

When he was assured that this would be done, he immediately entered his car.

Billy Bonder was very enthusiastic.

"You can count on me, of course," he exclaimed.

"I've been sitting around the clubroom for three days, with nothing to do but smoke cigarettes and look at the ticker. My chauffeurs are at present all in the hospital, but never mind! I'll drive my car myself. This ought to wake New York up."

Dicky Von Rocks could scarcely contain himself.

"I have a new French car coming," he exclaimed, "that is eight hundred horse power, and I expect to get about two hun-



VERY POOR TIME WAS MADE DURING THE PRELIMINARY TRIALS IN ONE OF THE TEN SECOND CONTROLS.

dred miles an hour on it. Good for you! I'll win the race if it takes a leg."

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The start will be made next Thursday afternoon.

There will be a timekeeper on the Flatiron Building, and any machine caught going less than fifty miles an hour will be barred out.

Five thousand policemen will be on hand to club promptly to death any citizen who protests against the race.

Being a public thoroughfare, no vehicle can be ordered off the Avenue during the progress of the race. But, of course, if they get smashed up it will be their own fault.

It is a great deal more important that we should find out who owns the fastest car in America than that a few indiscreet idiots may suffer from their own folly in getting in the way.

Every car must weigh at least fifty pounds.

The proceeds from the grand stands will go toward a chauffeur hospital fund, for the benefit of the chauffeurs who may be disabled in this glorious cause.

# OUR MOTTO:

"Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Pedestrians."

II.

#### THE ACCOMPLISHMENT.



N spite of the fact that for weeks past the society columns have been full of the Great Auto Race on Fifth Avenue, and people had been warned generally that they had no business on this great thoroughfare, several thousands tried to cross, and had it not been for the great durability of the machines entered, these machines, with their owners, might have been permanently injured.

As it was, only the pedestrians were disabled, together with a number of impertinent carriages, belonging mostly to the middle classes, that

had had the extreme temerity to venture on the Avenue.

It will be remembered that the race was to take place at three-thirty, this being the most crowded part of the day.

This would also give the contestants time to don their evening clothes.

As a matter of fact, the race was delayed nearly fifteen minutes, owing to an almost criminal weakness of the authorities in daring to listen to a protest made by several citizens.

And this in spite of the fact that the race was to be held under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America.

The protest was to the effect that Fifth Avenue was a public thoroughfare, that it belonged to the citizens of New York, and that automobiles under the most favorable circumstances were a nuisance, anyway.

The Judge was actually listening to this, when Reggie Aster-

bilt heard about it, and telephoned his Honor that if the thing went any further his name would be taken off the waiting list of Reggie's club.

That settled the Judge, and the race proceeded.

Machines from all the principal foreign countries of the globe were represented, including one from New Jersey.

The contestants got off one minute apart. The start was made from Washington Square. Time as follows:

Billy Bonder	in his	200	h. p.	Slaughterer	3:45
Reggie Asterbilt	"	99	"	Death Dealer	3:46
Archie Rockster	. "	149	"	Slamhard	3:47
Octavius Isecstein	"	88	"	Passover	3:48
Willie DeWreckles	s "	190	"	Splinterer	3:49
Allie Dollarmark	"	5	"	Smasher	3:50

The course was to One Hundredth Street and return, one lap, a distance of ten miles, the race being thirty laps. The first lap was made by Billy Bonder in five minutes, and this in spite of the fact that he swerved eight inches at Twenty-third Street, almost completely demolishing the Flatiron Building.

This matter will be taken up later by the Automobile Club, who will be able to prove that it wasn't Billy's fault—that it was done by a draught.

At the end of three laps three contestants had dropped out, for it is to the everlasting shame of New York that a prominent Fifth Avenue jeweler was permitted to put some of his largest collar buttons on the course.

This dastardly act, besides being the cause of numerous tire troubles, resulted in a serious accident to Octavius Isecstein, who, in attempting to scoop one of the buttons up, was thrown from his machine. It will be several days before he will be able to smoke a cigarette.

Archie Rockster punctured his goggles at Fiftieth Street, and, getting off the track, went through Central Park and tore up

several statues. For this act he is entitled to the gratitude of all lovers of art.

In the last half of the twenty-ninth lap it was evident that the race lay between Billy Bonder in his two hundred horsepower Slaughterer and Allie Dollarmark in his five horse-power Smasher. They were coming neck and smell past Forty-second Street, with Billy breathing hard, having just run through a hansom cab, when some one opened a bottle of champagne in the



THE FLATIRON BUILDING IN DANGER.

Waldorf, which diverted Allie's attention long enough to give his machine a convulsive clutch.

This caused Billy Bonder to win the race, Allie putting in a protest that wasn't allowed, on the ground that the wine was last year's vintage.

The cup is ten feet high, made by Biffany and Company. It represents a lifesize bas-relief of Reggie Asterbilt, in the act of tossing off a cocktail, seated in his new Merciless Murderer, now on its way from Paris. The cup will have to be won three times, however, before its ownership is permanent. Arrangements are now being made to have the next race on Broadway at the hour when all the common people are going to work.

The steward of the Automobile Club, when interviewed, said:

"This race seems to demonstrate that the small car of minimum horse-power, while perhaps not capable of running over so many victims successfully, is better able to win. First, it can rush through smaller holes, and second, it is capable of just as much smell as a larger car."

The total results of the race, up to the hour of going to press, are as follows:

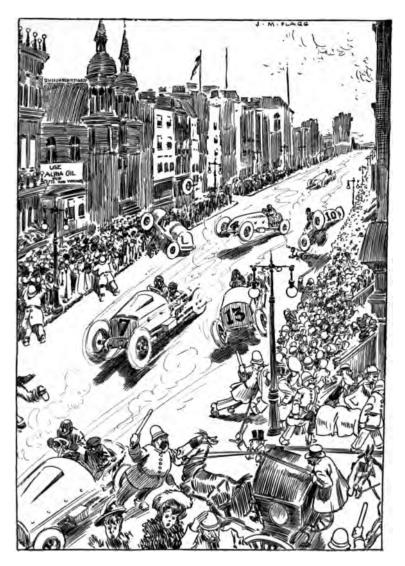
That the hospitals have never done such a large business.

That the ordinary cabs and carriages still used in New York are 'way behind the times, few of them being able to get out of the way.

That the gossip of the clubs, which has lately lagged lamentably, has a fresh start.

That the authorities are still with us, and that the Automobile Club of America is all right.

Women are better conversationalists than men; they have less to talk about.



FIFTH AVENUE AT 3:50 P. M.

#### BOY WANTED.

FIVE o'clock on a dull day in the city. The stock market was closed. The race track was uninviting. All the best people were away. Castleton and Caterby sat lounging in their club. There was absolutely nothing doing. Both were intensely bored. They were in that idle, almost irritating mood, where the slightest incident, no matter how trivial it might be, would have been interesting, could it be turned to account.

The talk slowly drifted from one thing to another.

"Well," said Castleton, with a yawn, "I suppose we'll have to eat again soon. There's nothing better to do. Let's order dinner at once, so that we won't have to wait."

"I feel just now," replied Caterby, "as if I never could eat another thing. Guess I'll go up into the woods and scare up an appetite."

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," said Castleton. "I often wish I had my boyhood appetite back again."

"So do I. Ah! when I was a kid how I could eat! I don't believe there is anything in the world to beat the appetite of a country boy."

"Well," said Castleton, contemplatively, "I'll wager that some of these city youngsters can do as well."

Caterby puffed in silence.

"That's so," he said at last. "By Jove, do you know it would be fun just to see how much one of them could hold, wouldn't it?" Castleton straightened up.

"Wouldn't it?" he said. "Say, old man, I'll tell you what I'll do. Each one of us select a boy and see how much he can eat. I'll bet you ten dollars my boy can hold more than yours."

Caterby's face brightened. Anything to break the monotony. "Done," he said. "How will we arrange it?"

"Well, each pick out a boy, take him into a restaurant and

let him select what he wants. The one whose boy eats more than the other will win."

"But we'll have to take one boy at a time."

"Why?"

"Simply because, if they ordef together, they'll both probably take the same things. We want it to be a natural test."

"All right. I'll toss you for the first choice."

Castleton won the toss.

At this moment he looked out of the window. A newsboy was passing on the opposite side. He was thin and gaunt and hungry-looking—just the type.

"There's my boy," said Castleton, "just as if Providence had placed him there."

He opened the window, whistled, and then the two men went out on the front steps. The boy flew across the street.

"Paper, sir?"

"Young man," said Castleton, "would you like a good, square meal—just as much as you can crowd in?"

The boy opened his eyes wide. It was a sudden blow.

"Is dis a guy?"

"No-honest."

"No kiddin'?"

"On the square."

"Sure I would."

"Then come with us."

Castleton led the way over on the next avenue, where there was a good middle-class restaurant. The two men and the boy entered and took a table. A waiter came up.

"Give this young man," said Castleton, "just what he wants—all he can eat, and I'll pay for it. Here, kid, can you read?"

The boy nodded.

"Then order from this bill of fare. Now, don't be afraid. Order anything you want—order the whole thing if you wish."

The boy gasped. But his not to reason why—his but to eat, and die in the cause if need be.

He ordered oysters, soup, fish, roast beef, potatoes, coffee. With amazing rapidity it all disappeared, while his two patrons jotted it down in a note-book. At last he was through.

"Have you finished?" said Castleton.

"Yes, sir."

Castleton paid the bill. They rose.

"And now," said Caterby, "for my boy."

He smiled.

"I've got you beaten," he said. "Why didn't you urge him on? I can pick out a boy that will eat more than that."

"But you must remember," said Castleton, "that the conditions are that you shall not tell your boy. What we want is a natural test."

"That's all right," said Caterby. "I understand that. I won't say anything to the boy, of course."

He smiled blandly.

"But there's no reason why," he continued, "I shouldn't tell this boy of yours. He has finished. All I've got to do is to ask him if he knows of a boy who can eat more than he has eaten, and I'll be willing to bet even ten more that he does know of such a boy. Old man, I win, sure pop."

He called the boy, who was just making off with his bundle of papers.

"Here, kid, come back."

The boy returned.

"We may as well tell you," said Caterby, "that this is to decide a bet. My friend here bet he could pick out a boy who could eat more in one meal than a boy I could pick out. Now, you know a lot of boys. Put me on to one, will you? Get him for me."

"So dis is to decide a bet?"

"Yes."

"And you want a kid dat'll eat more'n I did just now?"
"Yes—that's it."

The boy grinned. The situation was just beginning to unfold itself. He didn't know before that there was any money up. "Den take me," he said.

#### TWO BABIES.

THE home baby and the hotel baby met on the northeast corner of the park entrance.

"I am surprised," said the hotel baby, "to see the way you dress. Are you not aware that those loose gowns are no longer in vogue in the best corridors?"

"Oh, I just slipped this on, lounging around," said the home baby. "Nothing like being comfortable, you know."

"I suppose," said the hotel baby, "that you would never hesitate to sacrifice good form to comfort. With me it's different. I have to maintain a certain standing. My mother, for example, never dares to go down to the table without her full complement of rings on. It is just as necessary that I should preserve the family appearance."

"Dear me," said the home baby. "How tiresome. Can't you sneak away at times down the coal hole, or out in the back alley and let yourself loose?"

"Never!" said the hotel baby, with dignity. "Somebody is always watching me."

"I tell you what you do," said the home baby; "you come home with me. The outside world cannot see us there. We'll kick up our heels and just have a real good time."

The hotel baby drew himself up to his full height.

"God will see us," he said reproachfully, "and you know, you little unregenerate heathen, that He doesn't approve any more of people who live in homes."

#### AN AFTERNOON CALL.

In the Reception Room.

MRS. PETERBY—I was so afraid you would be out. (Just my luck to find her in!)

MRS. WHITTLER—Isn't it fortunate that I stayed in this afternoon. I'm so glad. (Served her right! She thought I wouldn't be in and that's why she came!)

MRS. PETERBY—Yes. I looked for you the other day at the Gushington Reception. (I know she wasn't invited.)

MRS. WHITTLER—I couldn't go. I had to go to the Granby wedding. (I know she wasn't invited. What a hat! She's had it trimmed over from last year, I know.) I hope you'll pardon my mentioning it, but what a pretty hat you've on.

MRS. Peterby—(Well, I'm glad she noticed it. She has got some taste, anyway.) Do you really like it? I must tell you a secret.

MRS. WHITTLER—(What a simpleton she is.) Do! I'm dying to know it.

Mrs. Peterby—I trimmed it myself! (I begin to wish I hadn't told her. She never would have known it.)

MRS. WHITTLER—I simply can't believe it. (As if any fool couldn't see that.) My dear, you're really wonderful. I don't know what I would do if I had to trim a hat.

MRS. PETERBY—(The cat!) Oh, I just did it for fun! It's so nice to know you can do things. (I guess I'll change the subject.) How is the baby?

Mrs. Whittler—Oh, splendid.

MRS. PETERBY—The dear, sweet little darling. (I hope he's out.) Can I see him?

MRS. WHITTLER—(I wouldn't have her see him for the world in that old dress.) He is asleep.

Mrs. Peterby—Oh, I'm so sorry. (What a relief!) There!

I hear him crying now. (He wasn't asleep at all. Deceitful old thing. I'll make her show him.)

Mrs. Whittler—He must have just waked up. I'll tell the nurse to bring him down. (I'd just like to show him to her. I know she'll be green with envy.)

MRS. PETERBY—Oh, it seems too bad to put you to the trouble. (I'll get even with her for that hat.) Now, don't, I beg of you, go to the trouble. Can't I go upstairs and see him just as he is in his nursery? The dear little fellow.

MRS. WHITTLER—(Oh, dear, what am I to do? I know she just wants to poke her nose into everything.) Why, certainly. But perhaps I would just better step up.

Mrs. Peterby—Now, don't you do it! I understand perfectly. (She can't help herself.) I'll go along with you.

# In the Nursery.

MRS. WHITTLER—(Dear me, his dress is frightful!) I am afraid he isn't very tidy. You know how children are. (I'll never forgive her for this.)

MRS. PETERBY—(How can she let a child go so?) My dear, he is just as he ought to be. You dear, darling little thing. I just love you. I think you show such good sense. (I shall never forgive her for that hat.)

Mrs. WHITTLER—(What is she up to now?) In what, my dear?

MRS. PETERBY—Why, in not keeping your baby dressed up in old clothes all the time. It's so much better this way. (There!)

MRS. WHITTLER—(The spiteful thing!) It's so good of you to say so.

### At the Door.

MRS. PETERBY—Well, good-by, dear! I'm so glad I found you in. (What a waste of time!)

MRS. WHITTLER—Yes. It's been lovely. (She's worn that dress for at least nine months!)

MRS. Peterby—And you'll come and see me soon, won't you? (I hope I won't be in.)

MRS. WHITTLER—Oh, yes! (It will be a long time before I set foot in her house.) Good-by, dear!

MRS. PETERBY-Good-by, dear!

# THERE AND BACK.

HAT I want," said Witherby, "and what I propose to have, is a trip to the woods. I want to sit in the heart of the primeval forest and commune with myself. I want to be a companion to the black bear, and feel myself in tune with the tall pines. My dear, will you join me?"

Mrs. Witherby sighed.

"Are you sure, dear," she said, "that it would be best? Perhaps——"

"That's just like a woman," said Witherby. "Always throwing cold water on the most perfect system for having real fun. But this time, my dear girl, you shall not thwart me. I've seen Robinson and he's going to let me have his camp in the Canadian woods. My outfit is coming. Rubber blankets, hunting suits, rubber boots, guns, rods and everything are on hand. Here are my tickets. And we start to-night."

Witherby's determined face looked down into his wife's. There seemed no help for it.

"Very well," she said quietly. "If it must be, my dear, why, it must be."

The next afternoon at three, two people on a buckboard were rolling and pitching over a corduroy road. On the front

seat sat their guide, who had met them at the station by appointment. As they plunged on like a ship in a storm, Witherby pointed out the beauties of nature to his wife.

"There," he said, as he threw both arms around the guide's neck to avoid falling out, "is a genuine deer run. These beautiful animals are so gregarious that they troop through the woods in single file. Isn't it so, guide?"

"Naw," said the guide, "that ain't no deer run. That's a log road."

"Well," said Witherby, "we'll see plenty of 'em by-and-by, anyway. I've read about 'em in books."

By-and-by they came to a clearing and stopped. They were greeted by a miserable little cabin on the edge of the woods.

Witherby danced with joy.

"At last!" he exclaimed, as he took out a glistening bowieknife attached to his waist, "we are here. I wish I had a deer to skin."

In the distance a rifle shot rang out, and there was a peculiar whizzing sound.

"What's that?" asked Witherby hoarsely.

"Unless I'm very much mistaken," said Mrs. Witherby, turning pale, "that was a bullet. Wasn't it, guide?"

"Yep," said the guide sententiously; "you'll get used to that after awhile. These amachoor hunters are right plenty this year. All you have to do is lay low and you'll be safe enough."

The guide started a fire, and they sat down to their evening meal. In the meantime Mrs. Witherby had been investigating.

"Where are we going to sleep?" she said, coming back to the fire.

"In the lean-to," said the guide. "That's where everyone has to sleep that comes here."

The lean-to consisted of a low structure open at one end, the floor of which was covered with a layer of balsam boughs.

"Isn't it grand?" said Witherby. "How we will sleep. Hello, what's that?"

He slapped his hand on his face.

"Punkies," said the guide. "Guess we'd better have a smudge."

The punkies proved to be minute insects, so small they could scarcely be seen with the naked eye. Soon, however, they were enveloped by a dense cloud of smoke from the smudge, and some relief was experienced.

At nine o'clock at night, after a meal of smoked meat, ashsprinkled potatoes and canned peaches, eaten from tin plates, they prepared for their rest.

Witherby was tired. His spirit was also somewhat tamed. "Do you think it would be advisable," he whispered to the guide, "to remove any of our clothes?"

"No, sir," replied that individual slowly. "You'd have a nice time sleeping on those boughs in bare legs, wouldn't ye? And you'll get bitten enough, anyway, when the fire goes down."

The next morning, shortly after daybreak, a solemn and silent couple, their eyelids red with smoke, their faces and hands scarred with punky bites, rode precipitately through the forest, back to the station. At last Witherby turned his bleared eyes toward the partner of his joys and sorrows.

"My dear," he said, "what is your idea of heaven?"

"What?" said Mrs. Witherby.

And her husband sighed an anticipatory sigh as he replied: "New York City."

To some men their home is almost as sacred as their club.

"You didn't tell them positively you would go, did you?" he asked.

"Oh, no. But I can telephone."

Her husband rose to his feet.

"Well, dear," he replied, "don't do it, please. Do you know, that cocktail and this excellent dinner have put me in just the right mood for an evening with the boys at the club."

#### BROTHERS.

TWO strangers once met each other on a highway.

They were about to pass without salutation, when, simultaneously, each seemed to recognize in the other some semblance to himself.

And so they stopped and talked.

"When I first looked at you," said the one, "you seemed totally unlike anything I had seen before. But a second glance convinced me that this was not so. It then came to me that in reality you were very much like myself."

"The same thing occurred to me when I looked at you," replied the other. "Who are you, anyway?"

The first stranger smiled a singular smile.

"I am," he replied, "an illusion. Men are always seeking me, but when they find me, I am entirely different from what they thought. And what, pray, are you?"

"I am also an illusion," replied the second stranger. "Men are always trying to avoid me, and yet, when I overtake them, I am entirely different from what they thought. We are, then, both illusions."

"Yes."

"And what is your name?"

"I am called Happiness. And yours?"

"I am called Unhappiness."

#### HIS REWARD.

44 THE best way to propose to a girl is not to think of what you are going to say beforehand."

Castleton muttered this sternly to himself as he walked swiftly along with defiant stride. "Yes, sir," he exclaimed, "it's the only way, and I am not going to make a fool of myself. I've made too many after-dinner speeches, learned them by rote beforehand, and failed at the last moment, not to know that these premeditated outbursts are absolutely unreliable. I don't know what I am going to say, and I don't care. It's sink or swim. I want that girl to marry me, and I'm going to tell her so. But, hold on! I musn't think of a word of it."

Castleton began to whistle, set himself more firmly together, and hurried on to the scene and the issue which were to determine his fate. Seductive phrases of persuasive love presented themselves to him at every step, like sirens to the ancient mariner, but he fought them off one by one. He was determined that his mind should be a blank, and with grim courage he hurled himself up the steps and rang the bell.

When he finally faced her, it was harder—a great deal harder—than he thought, but he never flinched. He had made up his mind that he would say what came to him when the instant arrived, and he plunged like a bold swimmer into an unknown sea.

"Dorothy," he said, calling her by her first name for the first time, as he turned and faced her, "I—the fact is, I am dead in love with you. I want to marry you, and that's all there is to it!"

She looked at him swiftly and then lowered her eyes. He could almost feel that she trembled slightly. He felt a sudden sense of relief, even in this brief moment. He had done it and nothing had happened. The earth continued to revolve.

"Yes," he said, gathering courage with every word, "I don't



SHE LIFTED HER EYES TO HIS.

know when I began to love you, but I think it was the very first time we met. I couldn't help it exactly, and indeed I didn't want to, for I don't know of anything finer than just to let yourself go when you don't want to stop. I remember how beautiful you looked to me on that first day, and how your grace and charm have grown on me every day since, until all I can think of is 'Dorothy,' 'Dorothy' all the day long."

He reached forward and took her hand. It was all so easy now. The floodgates of his soul were open.

"All that is beautiful, and tender, and harmonious in the old world," he said, "seems to have entered my heart, and, indeed, it bends so with the weight of this great love, that unless you, my darling, accept it, I am afraid that it will break. Can't you say something to me, Dorothy? Something to show me that what I am saying is not all in vain? Can't you tell me that you do love me just a little, and that there is some hope for me? Beloved, speak to me!"

She lifted her eyes to his. There was an uncertain look in their clear depths.

"I wish I could believe it," she said, doubtfully. "But I just know you couldn't talk that way to me unless you had been practicing all your life on other girls."

# HER JOURNEY.

SHE was undoubtedly a beautiful girl.

When she came out of her house in the little suburban hamlet in which she lived, with a small hand satchel in her hand, Jones, who had come out of his house at the same instant, to catch the same train, ran nearly a quarter of a mile to help her with her satchel.

"Ah, good morning," said Jones. "Let me take that; but I insist!" And they trudged on toward the station together.

Jones hated to carry anything. He never would do it for his wife. But this, of course, was a different proposition.

When she got on the train bound for the Metropolis, the car was crowded.

She was, however, as has already been remarked, a beautiful girl. And so a dozen men sprang forward.

"Won't you have this seat?"

Her pretty lips closed in a dignified "thank you." All the married men who had been too late sank back to their papers, each of them envying in his heart the one who was now obliged to stand. She was such a beautiful girl.

When the train rolled into the Metropolis she passed through the station and out into the street, where she stood on the corner and lifted her dainty hand to the first motorman who clanked by. This motorman was particularly cruel and hard-hearted. He was about to give his car an unusual burst of speed. Suddenly, however, he slowed up—and stopped. He, too, had noticed that she was a beautiful girl.

The nearest man in the car was industriously reading the paper as she entered, but by some subtle alchemy of the soul he rose at once and offered her a seat. It took him but an instant to divine how beautiful she was.

She got off at a dry goods store. Three men tumbled all over themselves to give her passage way. Two men on the outside got off to give her room. Two more men who were getting on bowed and waited obsequiously while she alighted. The conductor, who had been shouting "step lively" to everyone, acted as if any kind of hurry was the last thing in the world for him. The man at the door of the dry goods establishment swept it open as if she had been a queen. The floorwalker hurried to her side as if she had been a magnet, although a moment before two old ladies had been looking for him in vain. She was a beautiful girl.

She stepped to the ribbon counter. "I would like to see,"

she said, and then followed some minute description of the thing desired, couched in feminine terms.

"What's that?"

She went over the description again.

"Maggie, have we got----?"

"Naw, don't think so."

"All out. Next week, maybe."

"Well, have you---?"

"Naw, we don't keep such t'ings."

The beautiful girl—and she was a very beautiful girl—passed on, while Mamie, the first saleslady she addressed, turned again to Maggie, the second saleslady.

"Say, she t'inks because she's a good looker she's entitled to the earth. Well, I wouldn't show her a t'ing."

### PHILOSOPHY.

WHEN man first became convinced that there was no cure for Love or Dyspepsia he invented Philosophy.

The gentle art of fooling other people is all that the average man aims at. Only in this way can he make enough to live on.

The philosopher, however, is on a higher plane than this. He believes in fooling himself.

All philosophers are, therefore, a great success in their own line.

Philosophy is, in fact, divided into two parts—the real and the pseudo. The real philosophers are all dead. The pseudo are either on the yellow journals or are Christian Scientists.

To be a first-class philosopher all one needs is a readiness to believe any old thing in particular, and an incredibility about everything in general. Also some one else to support you.

Philosophy never appears at christenings, weddings or funerals, or when there is a note coming due.

# HAROLD AND HIS PA.

THE NEW BEAU.

WISH you hadn't gone away, Pa. I'm awful worried."

"About what?"

"About sister."

"What's the matter with your sister?"

"I'm-I'm almost ashamed to tell you."

"Come, boy, out with it?"

"You won't be mad, pa, and go back on me?"

"Never, Harold! As long as you keep me informed on the affairs of the family, I'll never go back on you."

"Well, sister's got-a beau."

"How many times has she been attacked, son?"

'Why, pa, he didn't attack her. He came in just as quiet as could be. But I'm awful worried, pa."

"What for?"

"I'm afraid he's going to marry her."

"Now, Harold, I can tell you all about that in a minute. When did this beau first come?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"And what did he have on?"

"Well, pa, he had a blue satin necktie, and a frock coat like the one you wore once to a wedding."

"So you thought that another frock coat like that meant another wedding? You needn't worry, my boy! No man who wears a blue satin tie in the afternoon will get within a hundred miles of my approval."

"But, pa, he came again last night."

"And what did he have on then?"

"Oh, a coat with long tails, and a big white shirt with pearl studs, and a waistcoat. And he sent up his card first."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, I was round as usual. I came in and said good evening, and asked if he was a regular or an accident. And then I went out, and by-and-by I looked in through a crack in the door, and——"

"Well, Harold, out with it! What was sister's beau doing?"

"Sitting on the sofa by her, pa. And say, he had a real soft look all over his face. I heard him say he liked the opera real well. It was heavenly, he said."

"Then what did your sister say?"

"Why, she said she thought it was real nice to hear one man say he liked it, when there were so many who didn't. And then—oh, pa, I just can't tell."

"Go on, go on, my boy! I'm real strong."

"Well, he smiled a real soft smile—you know what I mean, don't you, pa?"

"Yes, yes. One of those mushy smiles."

"That's it! And he kind of reached over and took her hand. It made me awful sick, pa."

"It did? And what did you do?"

"I just had to leave; and went and leaned over the banister, and felt pale all over. Do you suppose, pa, he, he——"

"Well, what you think?"

"Kissed her?"

"I wouldn't be surprised, Harold."

"And to think she'd let him—a thing like that!"

"My dear boy, remember that your sister is just learning. She's gathering some valuable experience."

"But, pa, suppose he should marry her?"

"My son, have no fear! It's all right. Your dear father has been there himself, and he knows it's all right. I'll tell you the real time to worry, my boy."

"Yes, pa, when?"



"I CAME IN AND SAID GOOD EVENING."

"In about two years from now you will see a fresh-looking young man wearing a sack suit, with a bunch of cigarettes sticking out of the right-hand pocket, sneak into the back parlor after dark some time. Your sister will then begin to toy with her food. Even your dear old pa, Harold, will be worried then."

"I don't see why. But it's all right now, is it, pa?"

"Perfectly. That blue satin tie has fixed it all."

## THE SERVANT-GIRL PROBLEM.

44 SAY, pa, I heard mamma talking yesterday about the servant-girl problem. Is that like the problems we have at school?"

"No, not exactly."

"But what is the difference?"

"The problems you have at school, Harold, can all be solved."

"But mamma said she thought she had solved this one."

"Oh, yes—but that was yesterday when the new cook came. To-day, when the new cook packed up her duds and lit out to restore the balance of power at the Servants' Agency, your mamma doesn't feel that she is any nearer solving this problem than she ever was."

"Oh, my, how funny! Tell me, pa, what is a balance of power?"

"It's very simple, my son, when applied to the servant-girl problem. You see, when you have a cook, which sometimes happens, she has the power. You've noticed that, haven't you?"

"Why, yes, pa. I've noticed that you and ma speak low and act sort of meek and humble. But tell me, what does the cook do with the power when she has it?"

"She turns it on, slowly at first, and then a little more, until the safety gauge begins to get uneasy and lift up."

"But I don't see where the balance comes in."

"That's because, my boy, you have not yet experienced the joys and sorrows of married life. The balance is what you had at the bank to begin with."

"Then you don't always have it?"

"Oh, no. After you have bought a few dinner sets and paid some agents' fees, to say nothing of car fare and wages, your balance begins to fade away."

"And then do you feel happy?"

"Supremely so, Harold. You laugh and shout, and the glad tears of joy begin to fill your eyes."

"But I can't understand why you should be so happy."

"Simply because, my dear boy, another cook at this moment begins to loom into sight."

"Loom! Where have I heard that word before? Oh, I know. Why, pa, I thought only vessels loomed into sight."

"That's only because you are young, and are not versed in metaphor."

"What is metaphor?"

"Metaphor is transplanting a thought so it blooms in another color, and can thus be seen better. Now you know, Harold, if domestic life were only a dry-land performance, it wouldn't be proper to say that a new cook looms."

"Then, pa, what is domestic life?"

"It is in reality a dark and stormy sea, one on which it is perfectly proper for a new cook to loom."

"And while the new cook is looming, pa, what are you and ma doing?"

"Why, we are sitting on a raft, having been tossed for days without food."

"Without food or drink you mean, don't you, pa?—that's the way it reads in the story-books."

"No, Harold—not this time. This is real life, you know,

and one of the peculiar things about it is that without a cook there may be nothing to eat, but there's usually something to drink."

"But are you so much thirstier then, pa?"

"Of course, Harold. Being without a cook always drives one to drink."

"But tell me, pa, about the cook that looms. What does she do after that?"

"It depends, Harold. If she sees your signals of distress, and you have cash enough, she may throw you a line and give you a tow."

"But does she ever tow you into a friendly harbor, pa?"

"No, Harold, never. This isn't what you are there for. You are there to toss and swear, and swear and toss, and be picked up and dropped by all the cooks that loom."

"What an awful thing, pa! It makes me shudder to think of it. But tell me honestly, don't you think the servant-girl problem will ever be solved?"

"Certainly it will, Harold. When the millennium comes."

"Millennium! Why, pa, what is a millennium?"

"A millennium, my dear unsophisticated little boy, is a place where you don't have to wash your own dishes."

#### GEOGRAPHY.

44 PA, I've got something to own up to."

"All right—unburden yourself."

"Will you scold me?"

"Not if you are real penitent. What have you been doing, anyway?"

"Well, I haven't got my geography lesson right, and the teacher says I should study it more at home."

"Your teacher is right. You musn't be an ignoramus, my boy, no matter what else you are."

"What is an ignoramus?"

"Oh, anyone who doesn't know his lesson. A doctor may be an ignoramus, or a member of the Senate, or even an expert in a popular murder case."

"Gracious! I don't want to be one, pa, and I want you to help me. Will you tell me about geography?"

"Of course, my dear boy. Just ask me what you want to know."

"Well, pa, where is New York?"

"It's situated on the first floor of the Waldorf-Astoria."

"What's that? A country?"

"No, it's a caravanserai."

"Oh, my, what a word! What is a caravanserai?"

"You wouldn't understand if I told you. It's a sort of a place of public irreverence where people go who are too rich to live in homes. Ask me something easier."

"All right. Tell me where Washington is."

"It's a small hamlet, located at the foot of Wall Street."

"Why, I thought it was a glorious capital."

"Yes, every four years—on inauguration day—it's the most glorious capital in the world. On other days it is what I have said."

"How nice to know that. Now, pa, what part of the world is the United States in?"

"It is in that part, my son, known as the Rockefeller belt, which extends from latitude 32 north to 32 south.

"Is it very far from Boston?"

"What? The United States?"

"Yes."

"Oh, no! It's just south of Boston. Boston people often visit the United States—when they come to New York."

"And how about Chicago, pa? That's a place I have heard of."

"Yes, my boy, everyone has heard of Chicago, except the people who live in St. Louis. Chicago occupies the rest of the country."

"How is that?"

"I will explain. Tammany Hall, the Waldorf, Wall Street and the Standard Oil, together with Mr. Carnegie's house, occupy one part of the Rockefeller belt, and Chicago occupies the rest."

"Oh, my! I hope I shall remember all those names. But isn't Philadelphia somewhere near Chicago?"

"Oh, no. Philadelphia is about two hundred years away from Chicago."

"But, pa, I thought every country had cities."

"It has, my boy. That is one of its complaints. The State of New York, which is a sort of half country, has been troubled with Albany for some time, and The Rockefeller Belt, which is really a country in a way, has long had Kansas on the knee. It's hard to explain all these distinctions to your young mind, but remember what I have said, and some day you will understand."

"But what is a city?"

"A city is a collection of individuals banded together for mutual discomfort."

"Is Brooklyn a city?"

"Well, hardly. Brooklyn is a polygamous trolley run, entirely surrounded by pressed brick."

"And what is a State?"

"A State is a large piece of wooded and cleared land, almost entirely covered by mortgages and owned by politicians."

"And what is a country?"

"Oh, any place where an Irishman or a Jew hails from."

"Dear me, my head is so full! I guess I have learned enough. My, but you are a great man!".

"Thank you, my boy, I know something. If you digest all I've told you, you will be at the head of your class."

"That's so, pa. What a surprise I will be to my teacher."

# THE GAME.

PA, what do you do when you are detained at the office at night?"

"Why, I work very hard, of course. What do you suppose I do?"

"Well, I always thought you worked too, until I heard mamma say that you didn't."

"Indeed! I wonder what your mamma knows about it."

"She says she knows a great deal more than you think she does."

"That's real nice of your mamma to say that. Tell me, Harold, what is her idea of the way I pass my evenings when I am detained at the office?"

"Well, she says you don't always do the same thing. Sometimes you go to the club, sometimes you go to the theatre, and sometimes you play poker. Say, pa?"

"Well, my boy."

"What is poker?"

"Poker, my boy, is a game where you sit at a table all the evening with a lot of other men to see who shall win the last round of jack-pots."

"What a funny name. What is a jack-pot?"

"It's a thing to hold money. You see, one man opens it and then some one else takes the money."

"But, pa, why do you sit all the evening to win the last round? Why don't you play the last round right away and win the money, and then come home to mamma?"

"Because, my son, for two reasons: It isn't the rule of the game, and it isn't any fun."

"But don't you ever get tired, pa?"

"No, my boy. If I stayed home with your mamma and read the evening paper aloud, I should get very, very tired. But I can sit up all night and play poker and not feel a bit tired."

"But suppose you lose all your money—doesn't that make you tired?"

"Oh, yes, but I don't feel it until the next morning, when I awake out of my trance."

"Trance! Why, pa, that is what they do at a spiritualistic meeting, isn't it?"

"Yes. A game of poker is almost always accompanied by spirits, and every one of the players may go into a trance. It is often called a séance, to distinguish it from a prayer-meeting."

"Dear me, pa, how much I am learning. Tell me some more. When you lose all your money, who gets it?"

"Oh, some one I play with."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Certainly. He may be the best friend I have in the world."

"Doesn't it make him feel funny to take your money away from you—especially when he is such a good friend?"

"Why, yes—but if I didn't have the money he wouldn't be such a good friend. Besides, the next time I may get it all back."

"Oh, I see. Then you may not lose so much, after all."

"Oh, no. At the end of a year I may come out even—that is, if it wasn't for the kitty."

"What! Pa, you don't mean to say you have a pussy cat! Is it a real, live kitty?"

"Well, not exactly, Harold, but it is pretty active."

"What does the kitty do?"

"It's the kitty's business to take part of the money all the time."



"YOU SEE, ONE MAN OPENS IT, AND THEN SOME ONE ELSE TAKES THE MONEY."

"But what does the kitty do with the money?"

"Oh, the kitty has a high old time; buys all the cigars and other things for the crowd. The kitty keeps setting 'em up all the time."

"I am afraid, pa, I don't know much. What does setting 'em up mean?"

"That means providing the happy medium, Harold. You know every spiritualistic meeting and every poker party must have a happy medium."

"I see. Say, pa, will you take me with you some night?"

"No, sir!"

"But why not?"

"Because it wouldn't be a fit place to take a young boy like you."

"But if it's fit for you, why isn't it fit for me?"

"You go and ask your mother, Harold. She knows so awful much, perhaps she can tell you that also."

## THE RACES.

44 W HY, pa, how tired you look."

"Yes, Harold, I am tired."

"And your shoes are so dusty, as if you had been walking through lots of it. Where have you been, pa?"

"I would tell vou, Harold, if I thought I could trust vou."

"You can, pa, honest Injun. I won't say a word to mamma."

"Well, I have been to the races."

"Races! What are they like?"

"Well, the races are a place where a lot of people go, and then stand around and wait for their horses to come in."

"And do their horses always come in?"

"Not always, Harold. I didn't wait for my horse, but if I had, I don't believe he would be in by this time."

"Well, that seems an awful funny thing to do. Is it any fun?"

"Oh, yes, if you don't go too often. It's a great deal of fun if you go about once every two years."

"Well, I'll bet it costs money."

"What makes you think that, Harold?"

"Because mamma says that everything you do when you are out of her sight costs money. But what do the races look like, anyway?"

"Oh, there's a big ring for the horses to run around in."

"Like a circus ring?"

"Yes, only a great deal larger and more expensive."

"You mean the ring itself, pa?"

"Yes, I mean the way you look at it also. You can look at a circus ring for a dollar, but if you look at a racing ring long enough, you always go broke."

"What a funny word! What does going broke mean? Is it like breaking a horse? I've heard that used on a farm where we go in summer."

"Well, not exactly. You see, some one else breaks the horse, and then the horse breaks you. Going broke is what happens to a man just before all his friends go back on him."

"But do people always go broke at the race track, pa?"

"Not always, my son. Sometimes you do the right thing. It's the way you nod to the bookmaker.

"Well, well, how funny! Who is the bookmaker? Does he make books?"

"Yes, he makes books on the races."

"And are they interesting?"

"That depends. Sometimes they are bound in long green, and at others they look like thirty cents."

"But what do they contain?"

"Mostly fairy stories, my boy."

"And how does the bookmaker make them?"

"It's this way: You nod to the bookmaker, and if you nod right, you win. But if you nod wrong, he wins."

"But what makes you nod?"

"Oh, several things. Your private judgment tells you to nod a certain way. Then you start off to the bookmaker to give him the right nod, when you meet a man."

"Who is the man?"

"He is the friend with a tip. He tells you your own private judgment is 'way off, and begs you to nod his way."

"And do you do it, pa?"

"Yes-almost always."

"What happens then?"

"Well, the horse you bet on nods all the way around the track, and the one your private judgment bet on wins all the money."

"Then what do you do?"

"Well, you kick yourself."

"How strange! I should think you would get some one else to kick you."

"Oh, no. Everybody is too busy. Just after a race all the people are divided into two classes. One class are shouting themselves hoarse and the other are kicking themselves."

"What a queer thing to do! They could have people there just on purpose to kick you, couldn't they?"

"Oh, certainly. But you would rather do it yourself. You love to, and if you go to the races often it becomes a habit. It's chronic with some people."

"My, how little I know for a boy of my age. But tell me, pa, what do you do then?—after you have nodded wrong?"

"Well, you wait for the next race to try and square yourself."

"What is square yourself, pa?"

"I can't explain exactly, but it's something like trying to

square a circle—at the races. You see, you have lost money on the first race, and you make up your mind that this time you will get it back."

"Oh, I know. This time you do what you said you would do before—you nod according to your private judgment."

"Well, not exactly, my son. You start off to do it, but you don't."

"What happens then? Do you meet another man?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"Well, he is a man with a system."

"Oh, my! What is a system?"

"A system is a way of going broke mathematically; that is, by arithmetic."

"And does it always work?"

"Always, my boy-if you try it long enough."

"Then why do you pay any attention to the man with a system?"

"This time, Harold, I don't know the answer. All I know is that you do."

"Then you lose again?"

"Yes."

"Say, pa, I'll bet the next time you start to nod according to your private judgment, you meet another man."

"You are a bright boy, Harold. You have hit the nail on the head."

"And who is he?"

"He is a man who is in the business. He has spent his entire life in studying the horses, and he knows which horse will most certainly win."

"But does he really, pa? Now, no joking."

"Yes, my boy, always! That is, except just this one particular, special time when he tells you how to nod."

"Isn't that too bad? And you nod wrong again."

"Yes. Again."

"And then what do you do?"

"Can't you guess? You are such a bright boy."

"Let's see. I-Oh, yes, I know."

"Well, what?"

"You walk home!"

"Good! When you grow, my dear boy, you will be a regular Sherlock Holmes."

# SCHEDULE FOR AN UP-TO-DATE NEW YORKER.

# 8:00 A. M.—Jump out of bed.

8:04—Bath and shave.

8:08—Dress.

8:10—Bound downstairs to breakfast.

8:15—Bolt breakfast and read headlines. Say "yes" and "no" to wife four or five times.

8:21—Sprint to Elevated.

8:25—Wait one minute for train and swear at delay.

8:50—Rush into office. Dock three clerks for being three minutes behind.

9:00 to 12:30—Do a great business. Telephone eight times, write 400 letters, see ten men.

12:34—Hurry to restaurant.

12:36—After waiting nearly fifty seconds to get waited on cram down a sandwich, a piece of pie and a cup of hot coffee. Time wasted in doing so one minute and thirty seconds.

12:42—Back at office.

12:50 to 6:00—More business. Telephone twelve times, see eighteen men, answer four telegrams and write 150 more letters.

6:15—Rush to Elevated to get Express. See it coming in distance and jump up four steps at a time. Last man in.

6:45—Run upstairs to room. Strip off business clothes in three minutes. Pull on evening clothes in three minutes more.

6:52—Fume because dinner is two minutes late.

6:54—One hour at dinner. Awful bore. Fidget all the time. Guests.

7:53—Smoke.

8:00—Theatre. Leave wife at second act to go to Club.

9:40-Hearts at Club.

10:15—Hearts too slow. Change to Bridge.

12:00—Home and meet wife on stairs. Kiss her good night and jump into bed. Nearly eight hours left in which to toss over business plans for to morrow.

## DYSPEPSIA: THE WORLD MOVER.

DYSPEPSIA is commonly regarded as one of the many attendant human ills, as one of those superfluous miseries thrown in at the last moment to make good measure against us. In reality this is about the only harm that Dyspepsia is guilty of—it makes the recipient ungrateful for what it does to him, and leaves him railing against a benefactor.

Dyspepsia never attacks an unworthy subject, and when it grasps a man cordially by the stomach and sticks by him as no other friend, you may be sure that that man has got something in him that is worth while.

Dyspepsia will pass by every time some coarse, vulgar, unfeeling, healthy, animal creature and go and linger in the stomach of refinement and culture and intellectuality. I have known a man to eat a Welsh rarebit and drink a bottle of beer every night of his life until he was eighty, and Dyspepsia never came near him. That man was no poet. That man did not

rise and fall on the tide of his emotions. That man was minus aspiration. He had no capacity for suffering. He did not know what it is to long. Dyspepsia never goes near a man the seat of whose brain is located in his stomach. It wants a good, clear space to work in. It picks out a man with a lofty brow and an inherent capacity for achieving, and then just attaches itself to him as another obstacle to make him assert himself.

That is what Dyspepsia is here for—to take a little, weazened, thin apology for a human being, with a spark of genius in him, and make him so uncomfortable that he cannot help but work. Whoever heard of anybody who really did things who was entirely free from Dyspepsia? Napoleon had it. Sam Johnson's life was one long gastronomical repentance. The world was wiser every time Carlyle groaned, and the early morning pie crust of Emerson has created an intellectual halo over every State in New England.

Dyspepsia is a badge of ability. It is a sign of something that is bound to happen. It breeds in the humorist a fine melancholy and gives him a background to work upon. It is the best philosophical soil known. It nurses the sensibilities, makes a man irritable and ambitious, nervous and courageous, peevish and persevering.

Dyspepsia is a respecter of persons. The more delicate, the more finely wrought the machinery, the better pleased it is to dwell there. It comes to a man and says, "I will rob you of sleep and make you think. I will force you to fight many a battle with me and win, and yet I shall not be defeated. I will be your lifelong enemy and your best friend. There shall be no peace between us until you have done all the things I have set you to do."

With a good, healthy, persistent pain in his stomach a man may conquer the world.

#### A PRIMITIVE EXPERIMENT.

44 S PEAKING of our new cook, who is coming to-day," said Mrs. Dimpleton, "are you aware that poetry originated in the most primitive times?"

"What's that got to do with the new cook?" asked Dimpleton. "Poetry," continued Mrs. Dimpleton, absorbed in the thought, "is, as you know, or ought to know, the natural expression of mankind. The original shepherds, whoever they were, always sang to their flocks. And then, look at Homer and Ossian and Cædmon. In fact, all the great literatures originated in poetry. Now you know the trouble we have had with cooks. Well, I am convinced that one of the principal reasons for this is because we don't speak their language. All the refinements of civilization and advanced education have given us a vocabulary that is far above the mind of the average servant. They seem to understand our instructions, but, in reality, they make no impression. servant will say 'yes, ma'am' and 'no, ma'am' to our delicate suggestions, couched in the polite phrases of our own circle, and then we wonder why they so signally fail. Now, my dear, down in the primitive subconsciousness of every servant is a rhythmical instinct. To arouse this instinct, to hypnotize them, as it were, with mental suggestion, we have but to talk in poetry."

Dimpleton sprang to his feet in a sudden excess of joy.

"My dear girl," he exclaimed, "you have hit it. You are, indeed, a wonderful woman. What a great idea! Why, this may solve the whole problem of our domestic life. How glad I am now that we have been practicing so much at those rhyming games."

"That's what made me think of it," said Mrs. Dimpleton, "in connection with my study of Early English Literature. You know that both you and I have been somewhat proficient at rhyming, and it occurred to me that we might easily manage our serv-

ants in this manner. A little care in wording our instructions is all that is necessary."

"Of course," said Dimpleton. "It's simply fine! I can scarcely wait."

At five o'clock in the afternoon the rear door bell rang. Mrs. Dimpleton, opening it, stood face to face with the portly Celtic person whom she had engaged at the agency the day before.

Mrs. Dimpleton began at once:

"Ah! How do you do?
Is this Sarah or Delia?
We've been looking for you,
Are you Bridget or Celia?

"Your name I've forgot—
I was actually dizzy,
I saw such a lot—
Is it Maggie, or Lizzie?"

The new arrival stared at her mistress in marked surprise, and hesitating on the threshold for a moment, finally entered the kitchen.

"My name is Mary, ma'am," she said. Said Mrs. Dimpleton:

"Well, Mary, a pleasure
It is to receive you!
I hope you're a treasure.
And now, ere I leave you,

"I'll show, as your wish is,
How my kitchen is furnished;
Just where are the dishes;
Just what's to be burnished.

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson. Copyright, 1904, by Life Publishing Company.

"PREPARE THE DINNER, AS YOU HOPE FOR HEAVEN,
AND DON'T FORGET! WE DINE AT HALF-PAST SEVEN!"

"This room holds the china;
I hope, when you grip it,
You'll remember no finer
There is, and not chip it.

"The ice-box right here is;
It drips, and below it
The pan lies—my fear is
The box may o'erflow it.

"So, Mary, just watch it!
The water, eject it!
My hobby and crotchet
It is—don't neglect it!

"And now for the present
I'll stop; 'tis sufficient.
I hope you'll be pleasant
And kind, and efficient.

"In the attic your room is,
"Tis sunny and airy.
Within it no gloom is;
Mount upward, O Mary!"

Mrs. Dimpleton opened the door leading up the back stairs, and the new cook, paralyzed with fear, obeyed mechanically. At this moment a latch-key in the front door turned, and Dimpleton, expectant and enthusiastic, entered the house.

"Has she come?" he whispered. "Did you appeal to her sense of primitive rhythm?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dimpleton, "she is here, and I think she was greatly impressed by what I chanted to her. When she

comes down, after changing her clothes, I shall give her my instructions for dinner. There's only one thing that troubles me. This morning, before this fine idea came into my head, I had already ordered the dinner, and many of the things I ordered don't rhyme. For instance, there's no good rhyme for mock turtle. I might just as well have had tomato soup, which goes so well with potato. Then, what can I do with spinach and spaghetti? You see, her name isn't Betty."

"Why not use blank verse?" suggested Dimpleton.

Mrs. Dimpleton hesitated.

"It isn't quite primitive enough," she said. "Still, it might do at a pinch. That's a good suggestion."

A few moments after the new cook had come downstairs, Mrs. Dimpleton re-entered the kitchen. Mary stared at her apprehensively at first, but observing that her mistress' face was calm and placid, continued to busy herself with her work.

"I was just about to ask ye, ma'am," she said, "what yez would have for dinner."

Said Mrs. Dimpleton:

"Aye, marry, 'tis the hour,
And thou, the actor chief in this event.
Go look! Within the ice-box thou shalt find,
All clustered round the frigid zone therein,
A group of goodly things—Anon prepare
Their succulence to greet our goodly eyes.
Rough-coated bivalves first shall soothe our tongues,
Mock turtle soup—and after that a roast.
Cook well the meat! Its outside crisp and hard,
Its inside red and glorious to the sight!
And mark ye well, fit company for this
Potatoes brown and spinach freshly green.

Spaghetti with fine cheese goes hand in hand; A salad next of crispy escarole. Avaunt desserts! We do not eat them here. We take our fruit instead, and coffee clear!"

The new cook, her eyes transfixed on her mistress, fascinated with her dramatic manner, stood in open-mouthed wonder.

"Sure, ma'am," she said, "I hope I understand you." Said Mrs. Dimpleton:

"Prepare the dinner, as you hope for heaven, And don't forget! We dine at half-past seven!"

"There," she said to her husband, as she entered the living room where he was making some notes for his own instructions, "I think I have made myself plain."

"Well," said Dimpleton, "we'll wait and see."

Promptly at half-past seven the gong rang, and Mr. and Mrs. Dimpleton sat down.

Dimpleton even now refers to that meal with a touch of regret. It was perfect. The oysters were properly iced. The soup was soulful. The roast was done to a turn, and such coffee!

"It's the greatest thing that ever happened," he said at its conclusion, with some visible excitement. "My dear, that was an inspiration on your part. You see, by putting your instructions rhythmically, they sink in. I shall have a try at her myself after a while."

An hour later, having finished his cigar, he made his way into the kitchen.

As Dimpleton opened the door, the new cook jumped nearly half-way across the floor, but observing that it was evidently the head of the house, she recovered her composure and smiled deferentially.

Said Dimpleton:

"In this culinary sphere Do I seldom interfere;

My business is to keep the house from hock;

But, Mary, please observe—

Nor from your duty swerve-

At break of day be guided by the clock!

"Be sure that clock is right; Keep it ever in your sight,

And don't forget that neither Time nor Fate

Must put you back one jot,

But promptly on the dot

My breakfast must be ready, sharp at eight.

"Some things, by Mrs. D., That don't relate to me,

Will be told you, and I hope you'll do 'em well;

But no matter what you hear,

Don't let it interfere

With the ringing of that morning breakfast bell!"

"There!" said Dimpleton, joining his wife, "I don't think I am quite so good at poetry as you, but I hope I made myself understood at least. And now for a good night's rest, in the calm assurance that at last we have a servant who not only knows her business, but whom we have learned how to manage."

And in this assurance they slept the sleep of the just.

The next morning, however, no cheerful gong sounded in their ears. Dimpleton, whose placid joy had made him oversleep, sprang out of bed at half-past eight. All the house was still—that deathly silence that meant all too well that the bird had flown. On the kitchen table, written in a primitive and ragged hand, he found these expressive words:

"I don't be workin' for lunatix."

## MY AUTO.

HAVING recently purchased an automobile from a man whom I have always considered my friend, I am prepared to give the world the result of my experience.

My machine is a low, stylish, well-bred and rakish-looking affair, fully capable of going forty miles an hour, having averaged three since I have had it.

It consists of equal parts of acetylene, kerosene, gasoline, scrap iron and red paint. The acetylene and kerosene are used to run the fashionable drug store I carry in front. The gasoline is used to furnish the power I am popularly supposed to carry in the rear. The scrap iron is used to enable the man who relieves me in my repairs to keep his family in all the luxuries of a modern house. And the red paint is to reveal the fact that I am a deadgame sport.

My machine also has many other internal arrangements, so adjusted that at any moment I can fall on my knees and swear at them with all the pious fervor they are constantly in need of. It has several cylinders, so prepared by the loving hands of the maker that in case one of them doesn't work none of the others will. It has a complete set of open-work radiators, to keep me from having cold feet. It has one of the thirstiest water tanks I have ever met outside of the theatrical profession. It has four rubber tires, with a set of magnetized inner tubes that scientifically attract all the homeless nails on the road. It has a hill climber with the motto, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again, even if you have to go back to the bottom of the hill and begin all over."

Aside from the fact that the spark plug doesn't spark at the right moment, when your admirers are gathered in a crowd waiting to see you dash off; that the motor doesn't mote, that the batteries get limp and languid when the atmosphere is not up to

the scratch, that the clutch doesn't clutch, and the engine is constantly sobbing itself to sleep instead of getting a proper move on, this is by all odds one of the best machines there is. All it needs is a well-lardered picnic basket, and a hair mattress to lie on when peering upward through the wilderness of nuts and bolts that constantly greet the eye of the tired traveler.

During the short time I have owned my auto I have been greatly attached to it—sometimes for hours at a time, in full view of the village church, but too far away from the nearest hotel to do any real good.

Nevertheless, I will, on persuasion, exchange it for a good horse. He need not necessarily have the full use of both eyes. One eye will do if he can see ten feet ahead of him on a dark night. I do not ask that he be sound in every respect. Having tried a sixteen horse power auto, I can get along with a tenth-power horse, if he can walk up a hill without taking a sudden freak to back down again at about a hundred miles an hour. I do not ask for a swell spark-plug horse. About all I need, in place of the electric, scrap-iron, red-painted, acetylene, gasoline, turbinated, fancy stock I have on hand at present, is a good honest, plain, old plug that will go four or five miles an hour on a jog-trot, and get me home in time for dinner.

#### THE ONLY WAY.

## WHAT shall we do?"

As Mrs. Tipton confronted her husband, her pale and worn face betrayed but too well the evidence of some crisis stupendous in its proportions.

"Listen," she continued, "and you will see the dreadful situation in which we are placed. This evening, as you remember, is the evening of our dinner party. Twelve people have been invited, and it is now noon. Well, will you believe it, just before

you came in the cook announced her intention of leaving us this afternoon. Oh, what shall we do?"

Tipton staggered back at this announcement. "Have you." he asked, partly recovering himself, "offered her every inducement to stay?"

"Everything. All I want her to do is to cook the dinner, and then she can go, but she will not consent."

Her husband's face took on a serious aspect. "There is one thing," he said, "that suggests itself to me. I will try it as a last resort."

He disappeared into the kitchen. It seemed to Mrs. Tipton as if hours had passed since he went away, but at last he came in with a triumphant smile. "She is going to stay," he said, "on one condition."

"And what is that?" asked Mrs. Tipton eagerly.

"This," replied Tipton; "that after she has cooked the dinner, she be allowed to preside at the head of the table."

Pride	cometh	after	a	fall.		

An unhappy marriage can be cured by divorce. But what cure is there for two people living apart?

A man looking for opportunities passed two of them on the road.

Said one to the other: "What a hurry he is in! He never even noticed us!"

DRAMAS IN VERSE.

I.

## THE MERRY MAGNATES.

A FINANCIAL FARCE-COMEDY.

The scene is laid on the steps of the Sub-Treasury, by special permission of John D. Rockefeller and Henry Rogers. The figure of George Washington is discreetly veiled for the occasion and moved to one side. The stage is filled with messenger boys, "curbers" and hurrying spectators of all kinds. As the curtain goes up, in a burst of music and amid a cluster of torchlights and a glare of Greek fire, there marches to the front a solid phalanx of Wall Street brokers. All sing.

## Song of the Wall Street Brokers.

We're an acrobatic caucus of ability
And of otherwise neurotical agility;
We're the bulwark of the nation,
And we thrive upon sensation,
And we make the most of human imbecility.

Canards and pools
Are our daily tools,
And our wits are the things we rely on.
We love to cram
On mint sauce and lamb,
And the beds that we make, others lie on.

We remove the surplus cash with great rapidity,
Of those who've earned it by their brows' humidity,
As a gambling aggregation.
We are sanctioned by the nation,
And we thrive upon the average cupidity.

To go long or short
Is our daily sport,
And there's never a priest to exhort us.
Our conscience is clear,
While the public dear
With its cash is prepared to support us.

We're a glittering gaudy success, Ha! Ha!
As everyone loves to confess, Ha! Ha!
We're a "bulwark" of civilization.
And while we are stacking the cards, Ha! Ha!
And hatching new fakes and canards, Ha! Ha!
We are dubbed "a good thing" by the nation!

A whistle is now heard in the distance, gradually growing nearer, until a huge chariot of gold and silver, made in the form of a railroad engine, is borne on the stage by an army of slaves. In the centre sits Picrpont Morgan. He waves a pigeon-blood ruby director's gavel solemnly to right and left, enjoining silence on all, and chants as follows:

### CHANT OF PIERPONT MORGAN.

O ye minions deferential,
I'm a plutocrat potential,
In my presence you must hide unseemly mirth!
I'm a money king gigantic!
From Pacific to Atlantic
I am trying to reorganize the earth!



"WE FIND THAT IT PAYS."

The bright steel rail
I use as a flail
To level the human trash,
And my coffers untold
Are filled full with gold,
For I am the King of Cash!

When governments are needy,
I'm generally most greedy,
For that's the time a cash king never sleeps;
And when I get to Heaven,
I shall introduce some leaven
And reorganize the Kingdom Come for keeps.

Each day a trust
I can make from dust,
A power that is all my own;
And the shares advance,
While my puppets dance,
And I smile from my golden throne.

#### CHORUS.

Oh, the warmth of his gold Is a power untold!
We believe it is most essential To restrain our mirth (For he's king of the earth)
And be to him deferential.

The music suddenly ceases, there is a murmur of subdued awe as the strain of bagpipes is heard in the distance. All stop short and listen, as the complacent figure of Andrew Carnegie

steps into full view. His whiskers have been dyed purple for the great occasion and he is dressed in full Highland costume, with short kilt and bare legs. He plays a prelude on his bagpipes and then advances to the front and begins his solo.

Song of the Self-Made Man. Andrew Carnegie.

A self-made man you behold in me,
Of "Hoot Mon" strain is my ancestry.
I made my pile in a way that you
With deep green eyes have a mind to view;
I dealt with others and made them squirm,
And learned how the early bird caught the worm.

I'm a canny Scot
With a broad soul plot,
But a most expressive eye,
And I made my pile
In the broad-gauge style,
For a canny Scot am I!

#### CHORUS.

A self-made man we behold in him, Of whisker sleek and of conscience trim. As millionaire he has made 'em squirm, And learned how the early bird caught the worm.

I made my pile and it then became A problem what to do with the same. My chief desire is to act a part, Which makes it plain I possess a heart; So to read my name at every turn, I'm bent on giving 'em books to burn.

I'm a non-sectarian millionaire, merry 'un, bound to give or die;

A philanthropical, newspaper topical, canny Scot am I!

#### CHORUS.

In him behold a millionaire, A million a month is his ceaseless care, And to read his name at every turn, He's bent on giving us books to burn!

A great commotion is now observed, as a sandwich man, with a sign "Borrow From Me" in front, makes his way through the throng. Crics of "Throw him out!" are heard on all sides, until he is finally recognized, and as subdued titters are heard in rear he steps to the front and begins.

Song-A Poverty-Stricken Millionaire. Russell Sage.

I'm a poverty-stricken millionaire,
My clothes, you'll observe, are quite threadbare;
I regard it as most injurious
To buy the things that I really need,
It suits me better to practice greed,
For I am by nature penurious.

#### CHORUS.

He regards it as quite injurious To be otherwise than penurious.

They call me mean, but I can afford In view of my poverty-stricken hoard, To be thus termed usurious.

I worship only the golden calf, And everything else is the veriest chaff: Extravagance makes me furious.

#### CHORUS.

Extravagance makes him furious, He'd rather be thought usurious.

When money is tight I lend it out
At borrowing rates that are high, no doubt,
Just to satisfy the curious;
But then, it is needful to use the wares
Of poverty-stricken millionaires
Who never can be luxurious.

#### CHORUS.

In order to lend to the curious, He himself is never luxurious.

And so, in my threadbare way, let me state, Tho' I have no soul, I've an interest rate That's never a moment spurious;
And I'd rather be mean and out for the pelf Than be untrue to my genuine self,
Which is, as you know, penurious.

#### CHORUS.

His rates are never spurious; He's true to himself, penurious.

He is here joined by Hetty Green, who walks up and pats him on the back approxingly, while she sings.

SONG OF APPROVAL. HETTY GREEN.

I've nodded my head At the things you've said, In emphatic confirmation! And it makes me glad To think I have had The self-same education!

They trip up and down on the stage arm in arm, singing.

DUET. HETTY GREEN AND RUSSELL SAGE.

They may laugh at our ways, But we find that it pays, So who cares!

We're a pair of penurious, strictly usurious, never luxurious Millionaires!

The stage now suddenly becomes dark, and there is a great rumbling noise immediately preceding the famous tank scene, which now takes place amid tremendous applause. In the midst of the tank, in a diamond-studded gondola, reclines the head of the oil trust, à la Cleopatra. He gracefully acknowledges the universal homage, and then steps forward and sings.

Solo. John D. Rockefeller.

You must all allow
That your deepest bow
Is due to my generosity;
For I am the Prince
(And have been years since)
Of oleaginosity!



"I'M THE GREATEST YET."

In my unctuous way
I have had full sway,
And yet without pomposity,
Of my millions galore
As they grow on to more,
Through oleaginosity!

Others there be
Who may vie with me,
Yet I say it without verbosity,
They're not in it at all,
For I'm beyond call
By oleaginosity!

From Standard oil
I was made without toil,
And without undue precocity.
I'm the greatest yet,
Although not by sweat,
But oleaginosity!

#### CHORUS.

His dividends increasing were not gathered by precocity. But—we sing it without ceasing—it was oleaginosity!

He takes his place in the throng, which now falls in. and marches and countermarches to the national anthem. Then all join hands and sing.

FINAL CHORUS—THE COMPANY.

We are magnates bold, With a power untold, Which baffles imagination;

The masses may cry
And politics ply,
But it's we who rule the nation.

(CURTAIN.)

II.

## WELCOME HOME!

A CUSTOM HOUSE TRAGEDY.

### Scene First

is laid on the deck of the incoming transatlantic steamer "Penumbria," with Sandy Hook in sight. The passengers, highly hilarious, are all chatting of their home-coming with expectant faces. Mr. Jonathan Smith, a jolly American, now advances to the front and sings the song of

Home. Sweet Home.

A merry crowd are we,
With hearts a-homeward bounding
Unto the land that's free,
With liberty resounding.

We've traveled far and wide, No more we care to roam. The sweetest word, in time or tide, Is Home, Home, Home!

The entire company now steps forward and sings:

To Yankeeland we're traveling With rapt anticipation, Where there's no petty caviling Nor deadly molestation.

Dear old Manhattan looms afar Above the deep sea foam. There's naught so sweet in love or war As Home, Home, Home!

## Mr. Jonathan Smith continues:

Let's gather now and sing.
As o'er the blue we're speeding,
The merits of the thing
That all of us are needing.

We're tired of foreign lands—
Of gallery and dome—
The sweetest sound, as time expands,
Is Home, Home!

#### By the company:

With laughter and with jollity
We chant our own ovation
Of Liberty, Equality!
We sing the Yankee Nation!

Dear old New York, we love thee well!

No matter where we roam,

There is no word that has the spell

Of Home, Home!

Young Mr. Wett Blankett, who has been across several times, now steps forward. He has on a suit of tights for the coming occasion, and in his right hand he carries a pill box in a shawl strap. A large tag suspended from this article reads in plain letters: "This is the only baggage I have." He looks sympathizingly on all, and then steps forward and sings:

Allow me to say,
In my skeptical way,
That the song which you sing, tho' euphonious,
And in each word and line
Breathing sentiments fine,
Is, between you and me, quite erroneous.

When they keep you penned off
At the wharf, and they scoff
And examine with insolence critical
Each bone you possess,
While they make you undress,
Then "home" will not seem exegitical.

When for hours you must wait,
With a gorge that's irate,
At the beck of some Jew, you'll ejaculate:
"Oh, it gives me a pang,
This dear home that I sang,
It's so far, very far, from immaculate!"

He is politely ignored by the rest, who don't relish anything said against home, and who continue to walk up and down and cheer for their country, while the steamer nears the city.

#### Scene Second

is laid on the wharf of the "Penumbria." A crowd of people is waiting to greet the incoming passengers, and dodging the freight handlers in the best way possible. Suddenly there is a burst of music as a company of leading manufacturers marches in to the tune of "Johnny, Get Your Gun." Everybody bows down to them.

## CHORUS OF MANUFACTURERS.

We've got the Government by the throat In a manner truly desirable, And every official Whose work's superficial Is rendered quite rapidly firable!

Our pockets we're lining through Uncle Sam,
In ways that are quite reprehensible,
For the picayune voter
We care no iota,
A fact (as you know) indefensible.

So each Custom House inspector, Get you ready for your work, 'Tis your duty to a man! And each passenger that's coming You must never, never shirk. Make him suffer all you can!

The Custom House officers now march up and down, most of them talking with their hands, while the head inspector pulls

out a mile or so of red tape and makes it into lassos for each man. All mark time and sing:

Song of the Custom House Inspectors.

When the noble steamer homeward is a-swinging, Is a-swinging,

As the ocean tide so bravely she doth stem, She doth stem:

While the passengers of home and friends are singing, Friends are singing,

We're waiting her to make it hot for them!

Hot for them!

We will throw them down and strip 'em of their clothing, Of their clothing,

While the politicians laugh to see such fun, See such fun,

And we'll never mind our victims and their loathing, And their loathing,

An inspector's life is such a happy one!

Happy one!

The revenue that Uncle Sam's a-making, Sam's a-making,

Is quite inconsequential, as you know, As you know.

But every "infant" trade must be a-slaking, Be a-slaking,

Its thirst for "rake-off" profits as they grow!

As they grow!

So we'll fuss about the passengers incoming,
'Gers incoming,
With a prying zeal that's never, never done!
Never done!
And we'll strip 'em and insult 'em while we're humming,
While we're humming,
"An inspector's life is such a happy one!"
Happy one!

The "Penumbria" now arrives at the wharf, and the innocent passengers freely vent their joyousness, until their efforts to land are frustrated, and they see their wives, husbands, relatives and friends beckon to them in vain from the shore. They are kept back, however, while the inspectors proceed to "do the act" and make it as uncomfortable for them as possible. This goes on for several hours, until finally the passengers, more dead than alive, are allowed to march out, or what is left of them. Although feeble, they contrive to carry Mr. Wett Blankett, who is now the hero of the hour, on their shoulders, chanting as they go.

FINAL CHORUS OF DEPARTING PASSENGERS.

Alas! How unexpected
Your greeting, Uncle Sam!
Your tradesmen you've protected!
O, hollow, hollow sham!

The Jew you have appointed To play this vulgar game, And him you have anointed To strip us in our shame.

'Tis cruel, such a joke, sir!
Fie on you, Uncle Sam!
For your own Yankee folk, sir,
You do not give a d—n!

Home, Home, sweet Home!
O, land that's not so free.
We much prefer to roam!
We've had enough of thee!

(CURTAIN.)

III.

### THE TOILERS.

#### A LITERARY EXTRAVAGANZA.

As the curtain rises, the stage is seen to be filled with a vast throng of novelists, hack writers, journalists, poets, paragraphers and hangers-on. All advance to the front.

## GRAND OPENING CHORUS.

We're a hardy band of workers, and we toil all day and night
To supply the multitude with things to read.

When it comes to filling space up we are all of us "all right"—
We can write to order just the things you need:
For we revel in the things you like to read.

We spread the language thick or thin, to suit the public eye, And as for plots, we always have a store.

We're up on what's been written, and to think we do not try—We simply revamp all the thoughts of yore:
Yes, we put new clothes on all the thoughts of yore.

We work for cash or royalties, just as the case may be;
The public dear regards us as "hot stuff."
We're talked about and hawked about, and you will all agree
We're up on every literary bluff:
Our trade itself is nothing but a bluff.

For we are the writers who write. Ha! Ha! Emotions we love to incite. Ha! Ha! We're a cluster of rare luminosity! "Words, Words," is our motto or bust. Ha! Ha! We're all of us out for the dust. Ha! Ha! And we thrive upon "ads" and pomposity!

The chorus marches and countermarches, forming the dollar sign amid universal applause, and finally parts in the centre. A herald approaches, bearing a combination flagstaff, with the English and American flags waving together, and after him, clad in a costume of pure white, steps Henry James.

Song of Myself. Henry James.

I'm a solemn sight
In my robe of white,
Which all of you must endure—
Though you secretly sigh
And wonder why—
Because I'm a stylist pure.



"BECAUSE I'M A STYLIST PURE."

My sentences long
I twist with a strong
Right arm that is safe and sure,
And commas I cram
Where the sense they'll dam,
For I am a stylist pure.

My plots are dull
And unbeautiful—
Insomnia they will cure;
But the cultured few
Say I'm an artist true
Because I'm a stylist pure.

He trips calmly to right and left, performing a modest and stately skirt dance, and concludes.

I'm a stylist pure whom you all endure for the sake of the cultured few,

Who hysterically sigh and raise an eye, and exclaim, "He's an artist true!"

Which, as everyone knows who is fond of a pose, is the elegant thing to do.

#### CHORUS.

For he is a stylist pure
Whom all of us must endure,
Because the few,
Who are cultured and true,
Proclaim it's the thing to do.

A grand salute of twenty-one guns is now heard, and a Colonial ship on pneumatic wheels rolls on rear of stage. A corporal's guard forms on the deck in a hollow square and marches over the gangway to the front of stage. The guard is composed of George Washington, John Paul Jones, Charles James Fox and other great personages. They look worn and tired, but nevertheless endeavor, while marking time, to preserve an apparent show of interest. At the head of the company is Winston Churchill.

TOPICAL SOLO. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

I'm a novelist historical,
I say it with a wink;
Within this head each follicle
Is loaded full of ink,
And I write, write, write
Eight hours every day.
I'm a h—l of a fellow for local color,
And I make the business pay.

With adjectives numerical
I drag in famous spooks.
My work is mostly clerical
And full of trite "gadzooks."
And I plod, plod, plod
In a most persistent way.
I'm great on fiction and small on diction,
But I make the business pay.

Here a great commotion takes place in the throng, and amid a burst of trumpets and the homage of all assembled there comes from the rear the demure figure of a young woman, clad in an

eighteenth century costume. She advances rapidly and coyly taps W. C. on the shoulder.

Song of Remonstrance. Miss Mary Johnston.

Good novelist historical,

I hate to interfere,
Yet to be metaphorical,
There are more pebbles here.
Oh, Winnie, ere your song is done,
Allow me, please, to state
That you are not the only one
Whose book is up to date.

## WINSTON CHURCHILL.

No, I am not the only one,
I must admit 'tis true.
The books of many others run
Close up to me and you.
The public dear is willing
To gobble by the tons
Historically smitten and rapidly written
Books by the other ones.

Duet. Miss Johnston and Mr. Churchill.

For we are not the only ones

Whose half-tones now appear
In all the "ad" departments, that the public ever dear,
May know who of the "also runs"
Are really growing great.
No! we are not the only ones
We humbly beg to state.



"WE ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES."

At this point they are interrupted suddenly by the famous writer, S. Weir Mitchell, who rides up in an automobile. He carries in one hand a bag of surgical instruments, on his back is strapped a typewriter, and under his other arm is a huge bundle of manuscript.

Solo. S. Weir Mitchell.

Tut, tut, tut, tut, tut!
You may be quite convivial,
But compared with me,
You're not in it. See?
You're both immensely trivial,

Ere the morning sun
His light has begun
In the East, a novel I've finished;
And a play or so
I write ere I go
To bed, zeal undiminished.

As I operate
Let me beg to state
A poem I may be inditing,
And when I am blue,
A short story or two
Is the loveliest kind of typewriting.

So I say, Tut! Tut!
And again Tut! Tut!
I'll excite your emulation,
For in "literachure"
I'm the Simon pure
And a monster aggregation.

CHORUS.

There is nothing he cannot do. Ha! Ha!

He excites all emulation.

He makes books to read with a lightning speed;

He's a monster aggregation!

Here advance to the front, to the music of fife and drum and under changing colored lights, a group composed of W. D. Howells, Edwin Markham, James Lane Allen, John Kendrick Bangs, Irving Bacheller, Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith.

#### CHORUS OF PERORATION.

Sing Ho! for the sound of the billows of ink As they dash on a calf-bound shore.

Sing Ho! for the many who never think But constantly beg us for more.

Sing Ho! for the rot we are turning out, And Ho! for the future that looms

On the houses and lots instead of the plots Where will stand our forgotten tombs.

For we live for to-day, And we toil for our pay;

We're a cluster of rare luminosity.

We're a gallant crew

With nothing to do

But thrive upon "ads" and pomposity.

(RED FIRE AND CURTAIN.)



IV.

# ME AND OTHERS.

## A Frenzied Fantasy of Financial Fatuity.

## Scene.

A Gas House at Midnight. A tremendous rumbling sound in the distance, indicating the approach of some important person. A grand display of fireworks takes place, and in the midst of it appears Tommy Lawson, of Boston, clad in a suit of solid brass armor. He advances rapidly to the front, preceded by a regiment of printers' devils.

Song of Myself. Thomas W. Lawson.

With a sense of proud elation I must modestly admit As a genuine sensation I am positively "It."

And with proper approbation you should view my antics when You perceive each new gyration of my pyrotechnic pen.

My name is Tommy Lawson,
And my rapier so keen
My enemies I toss on,
With agility serene.

My critics dub me silly and a monumental "blow,"
But my virtue, like the lily, is as white as driven snow.
It is true I'm out for glory, but it surely can't be wrong,
When you're stringing out a story that is short, to make it long.

My name is Tommy Lawson
I am Everybody's pet;
And I guess I've got a horse on
All the grafters I have met.

#### CHORUS OF PRINTERS' DEVILS.

He's a genuine Sensation, we admit with great elation, as we watch him throw each fit.

Here's hurrah for Tommy Lawson and the grafters he's a horse on; for he's positively "It."

They dance around him in frenzied fervor, while cannons boom in the distance, and skyrockets chase themselves through the circumambient air. The proprietors of Everybody's Magazine come in, and, after doing him proper homage, begin to tie certified checks as garlands around his classic brow, when suddenly the lights grow dim, and to the music of a Baptist hymn two solemn figures advance to the front, accompanied by a Sunday School class, and a corps of private secretaries, all holding Standard Oil lamps. The two figures bow profoundly

while the entire audience prostrates itself, and they then deliver themselves of the following:

DUET. WILLIAM AND JOHN ROCKEFELLER.

Our piety,
You'll all agree,
Is something quite astonishing;
And our chief concern
At each market turn
Is in wicked folks admonishing.

Just think how it must make us feel To have this Lawson chap reveal Our sacred lives, which, with such care, We guard with fasting and with prayer.

And yet 'tis meet that we should be Quite humble in adversity; And meek and mute, magnanimous, Accept what he hands out to us.

For oh, we guess
Our righteousness
Will stand what Lawson pokes at us;
And while the oil
Holds out, we'll toil
And pray for him who jokes at us.

CHORUS OF PRIVATE SECRETARIES AND PIOUS PEOPLE.

They are a meek and righteous pair, whose piety's astonishing, And while Tom Lawson hands it out, the wicked they're admonishing.

At this moment the strains of martial music are heard, and Henry H. Rogers, dressed as a drum-major, rapidly advances to the music of "A Conquering Hero Comes." All stand aside as he presses forward.

SONG OF SUPREMACY. H. H. ROGERS.

My eyes have all the colors of the ocean in commotion,
And I'm king of all the cash that I survey;
From the widows and the orphans is distilled my daily potion,
Which gives me strength to carve my lordly way.

With discrimination keen I can tell the fat from lean. I'm a chap of quick devices With my finger on the prices.

My heart has all the qualities, patrician, of ambition,
I am lovable in ways you wouldn't think;
I'm a brother and a comrade while the deal is in transition;
Of perfection—when you serve me—I'm the pink.

With a touch of power supreme As a trickster I'm a dream, Yet of me they also tell, oh! I'm a really first-class fellow.

Bouquets are showered on him from all quarters, while he puts William and John through the drill, and Tom Lawson mounts on a pedestal in one corner where all can see him, and begins to dictate the next instalment in a loud voice. At this moment the tramp of countless feet is heard and a large army of

policy-holders enters, each one with his policy strapped on his back. They gather round Lawson and sing.

CONCERTO OF POLICY-HOLDERS.

What means this awful fuss you're making, As in our shoes we're loudly quaking?

Oh, Thomas, Thomas Lawson, you're a human scare-head, sure. Can it be true that all insurance

Is simply sapping our endurance?

Can it be true the Companies have not one motive pure? Oh, Thomas, Thomas Lawson, are you a giant fake, A liar and a horse thief, as we stand here and quake?

The policy-holders, subdued and shamefaced, then shrink away by themselves in a corner, and prepare unanimously to make their next campaign contributions, when suddenly a vast shudder goes over the entire company as "Gas" Addicks is seen to approach stealthily, in one hand a bag labeled "Bay State Gas" and in the other a stiletto.

Song of True Wickedness. "Gas" Addicks.

Deep and dark are my devious ways,
I glory in my deceit;
I'm a perfect devil in every phase,
A villain that's hard to beat.

I make this disclosure
With much composure,
And a certain sense of urbanity;
As a Simon Pure sinner
I know I'm a winner,
Which somehow appeals to my vanity.

Calm and cool is my sinister mind,
I revel in shady tricks;
I'm an innocent party when so inclined,
And smile when I'm given kicks.

With no hesitation
Or sense of evasion
I state that I'm bad with asperity;
For 'twould be scarcely civil
To act like the devil,
And hide it all under a verity.

#### CHORUS.

He admits he's a winner with much urbanity, And insists he's a sinner to please his vanity.

This song seems to produce the right effect upon all concerned. Without more ado, Lawson comes down from his perch and puts his arm affectionately around each actor. After which they all join hands, form in line and sing.

GRAND FINALE. BY THE COMPANY.

Enough for all is the glory,
And the advertising, too,
And no matter how rotten our story,
There are plenty of fools to do.

So we'll sing and prance and revel and dance, and over our victims gloat,

While our coffers are crammed and the Public is damned—For we're all in the same old boat.

(CURTAIN.)

POSTALS FROM A HOME-MADE SON TO A SELF-MADE FATHER.

DEAR FATHER—I arrived on the college green this morning. Something is wrong with my clothes, as I was made considerable fun of. Am going to get a new suit. Will send you bill. Yours.

DEAR PA—Cut chapel this morning. All the boys do it. I am keeping away from whiskey as you suggest. Have you ever tasted crême de menthe? It settles your dinner.

Yours, Jim.

DEAR POP—You are 'way off on temperance question. Beer is the great leveler. If we all drank beer there would be no drunkards. I got away with ten bottles last night. Dead easy.

Yours, Jim.

DEAR DAD—Would you care if I got married? I was introduced to a lovely girl last night. She is older than I, but a few years don't matter. What allowance can we count on from you? Wire answer.

DEAR FATHER—If you have not yet answered my last postal don't bother. Affair all off. She went back on me in most shameful manner. After all she was only a college widow. I send bill for new waistcoats. Had to have 'em.

Yours, Jim.

DEAR GOVERNOR—Can you let me have my next month's allowance? By the way, have you ever played poker? Great game, isn't it?

IIM.

Dear Dad—How is everything around the old homestead? How's Dobbin, and are the calves taking notice yet? I love the old place dearly. Send me a hundred, will you? I'm raising a crop of peaches myself.

Jim.

DEAR POP—I've just got an invite from a chum to spend the vacation with him, so don't expect me. Say, can't you get a sec-

ond mortgage on the farm, and send me enough to buy an automobile? Yours, Jim.

DEAR OLD Boy—It was handsome of you to stand by me. I send you a registered package by this mail containing ten thousand dollars, being part of the royalties on my new book, Seeing Life. More to come. This week I marry a millionairess. But don't you mind. She's respectable. Yours, JIM.

# A JOURNEY TOGETHER.

THEY were strangers in a strange land and they met for the first time.

"Shall we take a stroll?" he said, pointing to the signpost that stood ahead of them.

"I don't care," she replied indifferently. "What does it say?"

"'Acquaintanceship Boulevard,'" he read.

"It is as good as any," she remarked.

It was a pleasant way that they had chosen, broad, cool and inviting, and the banks on both sides were lined with conventional daisies that she stooped to gather from time to time, until he strove to hurry her.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "What shall we do? Here are two paths. One is 'Friendship Road' and the other is 'Lovers' Lane.' Which shall we take?"

"Why, 'Friendship Road,'" she said. "Don't you see how much better, and broader, and nicer it is?"

And she led him on, ignoring his silence.

"There is something wrong about this road!" she said at last, half to herself.

"You led me into it," he said. "It was not my doing. Shall we go back?"

She laughed, and blushed.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Look! There is 'Lovers' Lane.' We will cut across."

And in an instant she had plunged into the thicket, with him after her.

"There!" she smiled, "how much better this is!"

"Isn't it?" he answered.

For a time they gathered wild flowers—there are none sweeter anywhere than in Lovers' Lane—albeit their hands at times were stung with nettles. Finally they came to a huge boulder, and before they knew it they had both bumped their heads.

"What can it be?" she asked.

"That," he said, "is called 'Quarrelstone.' There are more ahead; we must be careful."

"Yes, we will," she replied.

Beyond them the way grew broader, and between them and the broader way lay a gate. It was a toll-gate. They paused before it and considered long.

"What is the way beyond?" she asked.

"Matrimonial Turnpike," he replied. "Shall we pay?"

"Yes," she said at last, and a tear was on her cheek, though no one knew why.

And so they gladly paid their toll of individual freedom, and entered the broader road. Many were with them, and each couple was held together by a golden cord. In some cases the cord was thick and strong, and in others it was like a gossamer thread, that a breath might part.

He looked at her and smiled encouragingly.

"We will go along close together," he said, "and we will not mind the others."

Sometimes she stumbled and he helped her up, but oftener it was he that stumbled and she that helped him.

And they came to a road that crossed theirs. On one side

Now these plebeians turn to look at you with an unconfined cheerfulness, as you are yanked slowly by.

But, after all, perhaps your keenest agony is caused by your equals. Apparently everyone you have ever known has been waiting to see you pass. Jones, who remarked only last week with polite insolence that your machine was no good, waves his hand at you in fiendish triumph. Smith, who keeps horses and to whom you have confided with mendacious warmth the interesting fact that you never have any trouble, smiles as he greets you with a sympathetic sneer. Ladies whom you know casually bow gingerly, as if you were some public criminal, and then turn to each other with suppressed mirth. The eldest daughter of your intimate friend smirks at you blandly.

But it is only when, several hours later, you face your wife, that the last depth of misery is reached. You realize, as you look at her silent and reproachful face, that she has heard the awful news.

"Darling," you murmur, "all the world has gone back on me. Only tell me that you still cherish some atom of respect for me."

And then your wife replies, with averted gaze:

"After you have taken a bath, my dear, I will talk to you."

# IDLENESS SAT IN THE WILDERNESS.

**T**DLENESS sat in the wilderness.

And beyond was the great nation, laboring and sweating, nervous, restless, transfixed under the bondage of toil.

Idleness put on her gayest garb, and a band of merrymakers came out through the gate of the great nation and wooed her. They lay at her feet, and the homes that they once knew, knew them no more.

But Idleness sighed. It was not for these that she longed.

She looked beyond the gate of the great nation and saw a man bending over his labor. Absorbed in his task, his eyes never wandered. For years Idleness had beckoned, but he had not seen her.

One day the man slept.

And when he awoke his face was turned toward the place where Idleness sat in the wilderness. And he thought that all the beauty of the world was in those eyes, and in those arms held out to him.

But the man was stubborn, and went to his work.

Still, he dreamed.

He dreamed of her whom he had seen, and there were times when he looked out beyond the gate and saw the figure of Idleness, always looking at him, always beseeching him with tender eyes.

The man said to himself that he was doomed. He knew, somehow, that the time would come when he would leave his work and go out to this pleading figure. And he quailed at the thought. All his energy would be wasted, all his toil go for naught.

And the time came.

Idleness laughed in her new joy, and pointed to the impotent wretches at her feet. "These are my victims," she cried. "But you—you are my master. Why have you delayed so long? Know you not that I love you? I know that I may never conquer you, and it is because of this that I am ready to be your slave."

And the man wandered with Idleness through the fields.

They plucked flowers by the wayside and sat in the cool shade of the great tree that nodded down to them from the heights above. The music of the waters stirred the soul of the man within him, and great thoughts came surging to his awakened mind. His eyes beheld visions, and he came to know

Idleness in all her wayward moods. Great Nature gathered him to her heart, and there came an hour when the man looked up at the sounding dome of heaven, and said, even as one in a dream: "And this I thought my doom! How little I knew!"

The next day he went back to work.

Idleness sat in the wilderness.

And beyond was the great nation, toiling and sweating.

And there came a man out of the gate. On his face Power had put her mark, and as he strode, stalwart and erect, toward the place where Idleness sat in the wilderness all the people made obeisance to him. Among them none was greater than he, and Idleness bowed her head before his glance.

"My master," she said humbly, "I sought you out in the days of your youth, and you came to me. It was my love that made you what you are, yet you knew well that you must not dwell with me too long, and so you went back. But when you needed me you came again to me. And now once more you stand before me? What would you?"

And the man of power stretched his hand toward the great nation, toiling and sweating under the sun of heaven.

"Save my people," he said.

# WHAT IT MEANT.

HAVE lately," said Winkleton to his friend Plodderly, "become very much interested in the subject of the education of children. I am a parent, as you are, and I think it is the duty of every parent to provide suitable paths of knowledge for children's minds to travel in."

Plodderly made no reply.

"My boy," continued Winkleton, "is just six years old. I

started him in at the kindergarten at three, wishing to give him the full advantage of all the educational blessings that this country affords, at as early an age as possible. He has now finished this three years' course, and while he looks a little peaked, he has already shown promise of a wonderful mind."

"I have no doubt of it," said Plodderly.

"I have been looking up the matter," went on Winkleton, "and I shall push him right ahead through the primary with all possible speed. The spare time he is home he is occupied with some of the latest educational games, so that he is practically not losing a moment except for his meals. When he is a little older, and has gotten through the elements, I shall begin to ground him in History, Physics, Latin and Greek, Higher Mathematics, Hydrostatics, Biology, Psychology, Modern Languages, Biblical Lore, Geology, Statics and Dynamics, Astronomy, Conic Sections, Metaphysics, Sociology, Political Economy and any other branch that in the meantime may have been discovered. What are you doing with your boy?"

"Nothing," said Plodderly. "He has never been to school. He just fools around. At present he is building a dog house."

"And do you intend," said Winkleton, with a sneer, "always to keep him in such dense ignorance?"

"I hope to," replied Plodderly. "You see, I am in hopes that some day that boy may do something really worth while."

#### A CARD.

TO the man who has asked me for a small loan.

My Friend: You have asked me for the loan of a certain amount, stating that you needed it only for a short time, and that you would pay me back by a certain date.

In reply to your request, I might state that I happened to

be short of ready cash just now, and regret exceedingly that I cannot comply with your request.

But I shall do none of this. I shall refuse you the money on other grounds—grounds which I shall endeavor to make plain to you, so that the matter may not again come up between us.

In the first place, I would have you know at once that I am no moralist. My refusal is not based upon any absurd notion as to the deteriorating effect that a compliance with your request may have upon your character. Whether to let you have the money will do you good, or will do you harm, is no concern of mine. You have arrived at your present dilemma through agencies which are entirely personal to you. You may have inherited certain weaknesses which make it impossible for you to turn yourself to a proper account, or circumstances may have really been against you. But whether it is Bad Luck, Fatalism or Folly is entirely outside of my province to determine.

No, my friend, I am refusing you the loan for other reasons, purely selfish.

The fact is that I like you. Your faults, so long as they do not obtrude themselves upon me, do not matter. But your virtues have contributed much to my pleasure and satisfaction in the past, and to be candid with you, I am just grasping enough to wish them to continue to do so in the future.

The moment that we tamper with money affairs, all will then be over.

You may be a scamp or a scalawag. What matters this to me so long as this part of you does not bother me? Or if you are simply unfortunate, the same result follows.

And so, my friend, I say to you, if you will, borrow the money of some other.

But leave the rest of yourself to me.

# IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

# 44 T HAVE a great idea."

As he spoke it was more than evident that the young playwright, whose name even now was a household word in two continents, was more than ever before in his career carried away by the tide of a true inspiration.

"Can it be possible," said the manager, "that your play has already matured? Why, when we parted company last evening, you could think of nothing, and now——"

"Now," burst forth the enthusiastic artist, "it is finished—it is complete! Listen, while I tell you."

The face of the manager showed a trace of disappointment. He moved uneasily in his seat.

"Don't be too sure," he muttered. "Your enthusiasm may have misled you. But go on."

"Listen then. The plot? Bah! It is nothing. I stole it from the French. And then I fixed it up to suit myself. First, then, we have an opening chorus. The girls will come out in some brand-new color scheme which your designer can put his mind on immediately. Then some vaudeville specialties will be introduced. The scene will be laid—well, say on Broadway at midnight, or on some uninhabited island—that doesn't matter. And here's a new topical song, entitled

### 'But I cannot swallow that!'

"In the last act Chippie Bandoline, the star, is just saved from—oh, well, some one, and every girl in the chorus appears in pea-green tights."

The manager grasped the great man by the hand.

"Grand!" he cried. "Simply grand! Do you know, when you first spoke, I was afraid you were going to propose something entirely too good for the public."



#### SPRING.

THIS is honeymoon time. Orange blossoms fill the valleys. Old shoes still linger by the sides of doorsteps. Porters are flecking rice from the Pullman seats. Parsons are thoughtful or gay, according to the amount. Church aisles are waxing reminiscent. At home, in the silent spare room, the wedding presents lie clustered awaiting the return of the owners. And certain other useless but expensive ornaments are hiding their lights in safe deposit drawers.

Papa and mamma go about their duties mechanically. Papa is absorbed in the past Mamma, more cheerful, in the future.

Hands are being clasped in hotel corridors. Certain old prehistoric looks are being exchanged in shady lanes, on the deep sea, on railway trains and in other places. Money is being spent. Niagara and Washington are in the same mood.

In the smoking-rooms cigars are being puffed hastily, remorsefully. In the dining-rooms lumps of sugar are dealt out with conspicuous blushes. Waiters are smiling, old stagers are being bored, and indifference is being simulated in vain.

Silk hats and tailor-made gray traveling gowns are hobnobbing. Flowers are being placed in certain buttonholes. Kissing is a drug on the market.

Honeymoon time is here! Brides and grooms are hurrying

North, South, East, West, while the old world smiles to itself and says:

"That's what makes me go round!"

#### SUMMER.

THAT warm, vaporous, unwieldy, soft, humid, odoriferous and expensive thing called summer is approaching. landlords are creeping out of their holes, mixing attractive paints in alluring colors, and baiting their circulars with mendacious photographs for prospective victims. At seaside resorts the board walks are being mended, the bathing houses renumbered, and orders for new towels in microscopic measurements distributed in the dry goods district, while the barrooms are dug out from the sand, and what is left over from last year's beer put out for the first comers. Head waiters are coming northward in private cars for new harvests. Ticket agents in railroad stations are ruffling their tempers anew for the rush. Porters are practicing the open palm movement, and every steamship is already suffering from overpopulation. Nature, holding the mirror up to herself, is satisfied at last with her appearance. The summer girl is coming out of her chrysalis, radiant and ready for the campaign. Clerks in counting rooms are growing restless, and are toving with their pens. Even lobsters in the deep sea are getting their fans ready. The cities murmur louder than ever, waiting to perspire. Streets prepare to radiate, and only the fountains sing a premonitory song of joy. Even the tall buildings sigh as they feel themselves expanding, and murmur sadly, "We're in for it." Only the brazen statues in the park don't care.

School children are looking forward to learning something. The mosquitoes are beginning to buzz, while all the ants left



over from last year are telling "oldest inhabitant" stories of the picnic pies that Providence used to make.

Gentlemen farmers are going over their gardens with field glasses and making ready to use up their winter profits. Caddies are coagulating, and the automobile and the trolley are getting ready for their victims.

Lovers are beginning to linger in shady places, and wives and husbands are discussing lines of departure. The ice man is packing up his conscience for a long rest, and the coal man begins to nod.

Glittering rays, hot from the sun's gridiron, are shooting down on beach and caravanserai.

Board walks are groaning, and the white sand is all flustered with a myriad attentions. The blue water, never ceasing in its murmurs, laps the feet of millionaire and underling, and touches vanity and vicissitude, swelling front and peaked form, emersing all in a countless array of crystalline drops. Fat women and lean men linger in the damp sand with tender looks. Plump maids and college athletes wanton ingenuously in the eternal blue. Hollow hearts look out at distant sails, and other hearts, teeming with joy, beat in unison to the cadence of the waters.

Flies are busy in hotel rooms. Fish are making fatal errors. In the dark, cavernous depths of many a hotel piazza hands meet hands, hearts beat in moon time, and soul yearnings are being satisfied.

Bills are running up. Bartenders are busy, and good old church deacons, made mad by too sudden freedom, lose their balance in other foam than the sea.

Many a lonely rock is a party to strange oaths and sundry chirpings that it never heard before.

Cupid is working overtime.

Red coats flutter in the gentle wind. Rainy day poker par-

ties hold afternoon sessions in back rooms. Wives are writing for more money. Husbands are hurrying back and forth, wishing it were all over.

Hotel safes are complacent with riches. Clerks are smiling and registers are lined with heterogeneity.

The sun glows with expectatious pride, all ready with a new line of tans; while the west wind flaunts itself in the face of the madding crowds, and sings flippantly:

"What warm fools these mortals will be!" when summer comes.

While in the dim distance the soul of old Ocean stirs and rhythmically murmurs:

"How fickle they are! To-morrow, and they will be gone!"

# AUTUMN.

A UTUMN is here. Forests are blushing down to the roots of their trees. Leaves are deserting their parent stems. All the little insects are being tucked up to sleep under the grass. Chipmunks are busy with fall housecleaning, and are laying in their winter supplies. Bears are getting drowsy. The ozone is getting ready for business. The north wind is practicing his annual whistle.

Cities are beginning to bustle. Streets are being congested. Tailors are sitting up nights, and dressmakers are having a trying time.

Autumn is here. Footballs are being sadly treated. College campuses are keeping late hours. Sweaters are beginning to stretch themselves.

Sofas are creaking with a double weight. Grate fires and lovers' lips are crackling. Back parlors are in use again. Flies are no more.

Gas meters are beginning to hum, and coal bins to ebb and

flow. Furnaces are warming up. Only the moths are disconsolate.

Autumn! Knots are being tied. Honeymoons are being dreamed through.

All the birds are flying south and all the buds are coming north. Beaches are all alone, and all the flats are loaded.

Autumn is here and Christmas in sight, while Cupid laughs to himself and says:

"All seasons look alike to me,"

# EARLY RISING.

**E** ARLY rising has been generally extolled from time immemorial by the majority, and a few foolish ones have actually practiced it.

When the first faint flush of dawn is beginning to tint the eastern sky, it is said to be a grand and glorious thing to get up out of bed and sally forth to see the sun rise and to drink in all that peculiar freshness of nature that can only be enjoyed at this time of day. In order not to miss anything, one should walk to the brow of some distant hill two or three miles away, where a panorama of unsurpassed loveliness unfolds itself on every hand.

The feelings one has on this occasion are better imagined than described, which is an expression original with us—copyright applied for. This feeling lasts up to ten or eleven o'clock, when we begin to slow down a little, and are conscious that our knees are weaker than we ever knew. At noon we have a slight pain in the back of the neck. At two P. M. we lapse into a state of coma, and at five we feel as if our spine had been removed and all hope was lost.

We have tried several ways of rising early, but the one that appeals to us most is to get up about five in the morning, shut all the blinds, and slip noiselessly and unremorselessly back into bed.

## AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

DIMPLETON put his hand carelessly in the pocket of the coat he hadn't had on for a week. As he did so he felt a square envelope. He brought it out. It was in Mrs. Dimpleton's angular handwriting.

Dimpleton felt creeping over him that sickening feeling, that numbing chill that comes to a man in the sudden presence of supreme disaster.

The envelope contained an invitation extended to Mr. and Mrs. Whitter to take dinner with them on that very evening.

Dimpleton, slightly recovering, glanced at his watch. It was eleven o'clock. No time to lose.

He called up Whitter over the telephone.

"Say, old man," he said. "Did you know that you and Mrs. Whitter were to dine with us to-night?"

"Why, no."

"Neither did I. I just found it out. I was looking through my pockets and discovered an invitation from Mrs. Dimpleton, addressed to you and your wife. Forgot to mail it. You can come, can't you? You must come, old fellow, and help me out of this scrape."

Whitter whistled softly.

"I don't see how we can, old man," he said. "Just before I left this morning my wife told me we had an engagement for tonight and to come home early. And she said it in a tone of voice that meant business. But say! A thought occurs to me. Are you sure your wife expects us?"

"Why, she must, of course. She told me the day she gave me that invitation to mail that it was for to-night and not to make any date, and she hasn't told me you weren't coming."

"But we haven't acknowledged that invitation. We couldn't acknowledge an invitation we didn't receive, could we?"

This time Dimpleton whistled. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I never thought of that. Well, I guess I'm in for it. She is probably as mad as a March hare because she hasn't heard from you. I'll have to own up and take my medicine."

"Well, you have my sympathy. If there's anything left of you to-morrow, call me up and I'll condole with you."

"Thanks, old man. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Dimpleton thought over his predicament for some time. Something must be done. He must begin to square himself with his wife at once. Every moment's delay was fatal. But how? Mrs. Dimpleton had probably waited until that morning to hear from Mrs. Whitter. In the meantime, had she ordered her dinner yet? Probably not, as she never ordered before noon. To order an expensive dinner, and then find there was no one to eat it but themselves, would break Mrs. Dimpleton's economical heart. "So," said Dimpleton, "I will stop this now. Later on I will explain it all, and she will forgive me when she considers that even if I was forgetful I was thoughtful enough to save the dinner."

Dimpleton rang up Mrs. Dimpleton. "Is this you, dear?" "Ves"

"I have a disappointment for you. The Whitters are not coming to-night."

"Not coming?"

"No. I've just received a telephone from Whitter, saying that an unexpected matter has come up, and much against their will and inclination they cannot possibly be with us."

Dimpleton felt that his lie should be as ornamental as possible. Mrs. Dimpleton's voice was full of anxiety.

"Are you sure of this?"

"Absolutely. Whitter just telephoned. He was all broken up. Says they had been looking forward so much to this evening.

He's going to explain it all later. By the way, have you ordered the dinner?"

"No, but I was just going to."

"Well, I'm glad he called me up just as he did."

Mrs. Dimpleton's voice was tired as she replied.

"Yes—just in time. But I'm so disappointed. I had planned such a nice dinner. It is too bad."

"Yes, it's too bad. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Dimpleton figuratively patted himself on the back all the afternoon. That was a great stroke. It was bad enough to have forgotten to mail that invitation, but just suppose, he chuckled, that dinner had been ordered and no one to eat it. How he would have caught it! Now he would go home and explain it all, and be forgiven.

At half past six, a little later than his usual home coming, he stood before his wife, who was calmly seated in the library reading a magazine.

"My dear," he said briskly, "I'm not going to do anything until I tell you something. I'm not even going to wash my hands and face and brush my hair. I have a confession to make, and so here goes.

"Do you know, I forgot entirely to mail that invitation to the Whitters. When I got to the office to-day, I found it in my clothes."

Mrs. Dimpleton laughed lightly. "Why don't you tell me something new?" she said.

"New! Did you know that I had forgotten it?"

"Of course I knew. You don't suppose that I would trust a mere man in such an important matter as a dinner, do you? Not much. I waited for three days, and knowing how prompt Mrs. Whitter is, I concluded that you had been at your old tricks. So I called her up over the telephone, and found out that I was

right—no invitation had been received. Then I had to explain, and apologize for you, and repeat it. Mrs. Whitter accepted on the spot, and what I don't understand *now* is, why they should have waited until the last moment and then telephoned you that they couldn't come."

Dimpleton found himself turning deathly pale.

"They didn't," he stammered. "I telephoned him and he said his wife had an engagement, and I——"

Mrs. Dimpleton rose and faced him.

"You miserable creature!" she exclaimed. "That was our engagement. You tried to crawl out of it. Of course he didn't know what the engagement was for. I told her not to tell him, so that I could frighten you about not mailing that invitation. Oh! Oh!"

At this moment the bell rang. Their guests had arrived. Dimpleton, in his business suit, wild-eyed and unkempt, turned to his wife in her last year's high-necked gown. Like two animals at bay, they faced each other in grim despair.

"What have we got for dinner?" he said hoarsely.

"Can't you smell it?" groaned Mrs. Dimpleton. "It's corned beef and cabbage."

# NO HOPE FOR SUCH AS HE.

THE next case on the docket was a small man with a nervous aspect and a rolling eye, who clutched convulsively in his hand a large bundle of papers and muttered to himself.

"What's the case against this man?" asked the Judge.

"We have not decided, your Honor. He was found last night wandering around aimlessly in a side street, apparently in an irresponsible condition, talking in a strange tongue, intervined with some familiar phrases." "Prisoner," said the Judge severely, "what were you saying?"

"I was saying," remarked the prisoner, as he looked wildly about him, "that passementerie is all right with renaissance, when it is cut bias, but what is the use of an organdie trimmed with accordion pleats? Is a straight front worth twenty-five dollars equal to a sheer fluted edged nun's veiling, and why should two dozen hemstitched handkerchiefs be made up with flounces down the side and pointed edges extending in a line to the hips? A flock of white duck skirts is all right, but I'll be hanged if I see the value in a pongee kimona with a corded back, and who would care to trim an acre of hats with only two crates of material, what——"

The Judge, examining the papers that the man had held, gazed at him pityingly.

"Take him away to the asylum," he said to the officer. "Don't you see that this miserable wretch has been ass enough to try to solve the mystery of his wife's personal bills for the last month?"

# BORES.

THE race of bores is never extinct.

When we have arranged our affairs with satisfaction, when we have so ordered things that our pride in this personal achievement of heterogeneity is at its height, the bore steps in and tells us his story. Our control is forthwith gone—we are henceforth irresponsible.

One of the peculiar things about a bore is that he never knows himself. Presumably a camel knows that he is a camel, that is, he distinguishes himself from other creatures by certain subjective evidences. A pretty girl knows that she is a pretty girl,

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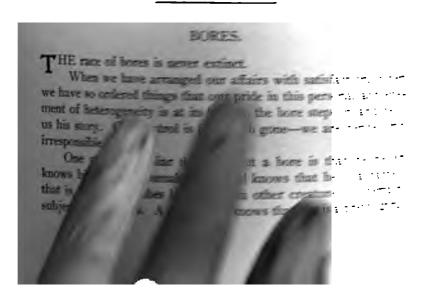
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"Take him as a contract of the contract of the



woman. He rightly argued that if a hundred pounds of Miss Rosyton was good, three hundred was a good deal better.

Fiddleback's auto, however, had feelings and prejudices as well as he did.

The way it took its owner up hills was fine, but Fiddleback knew its limitations. He knew that one medium-sized cylinder, even though it be of the best quality, was not capable of sustaining a downward pressure of three hundred pounds on a twenty per cent. grade. He had tried Miss Rosyton himself on various occasions, and he felt that it would be unfair to do the same thing with his auto.

There had been times, however, when he hesitated. He had puffed up to within sight of Miss Rosyton's house and measured her with his eye in the distance, and then turned around. He had longed to try the experiment, but at the critical moment his courage had failed him.

Fiddleback thought his secret was safe. He had carefully avoided telling his love that he had a motor car, but one evening she looked at him reproachfully.

"Why didn't you tell me you had an automobile?" she said. "I heard about it vesterday."

"It's only a dinky little affair, darling," said Fiddleback. "It's hardly worth mentioning. To tell you the truth I was ashamed of it."

"Well, you needn't be," said Miss Rosyton. "I adore them. You must come around to-morrow and take me out to ride."

Fiddleback spent the next morning in reinforcing the springs with a new-fangled arrangement that was said to strengthen them, and promptly at four, with a smile on his face and his heart in his throat, appeared on the scene.

"I hope, darling, that you are not afraid to trust yourself with me," said Fiddleback, all the time hoping that she would say that she was.

"No, indeed, dearest," replied Miss Rosyton. "I have the utmost confidence in you. Where shall I sit?"

"Oh, as near the center as possible."

She moved in, and as she sank back on the cushion, the auto settled down with a resigned air, as much as to say, "I'm up against it now."

Fiddleback was jammed into one side, where he hardly had room to work the machinery.

He started it up, however, and with a slow chug, chug, the auto began to move.

"Isn't this heavenly?" said Miss Rosyton. "And to think you were ashamed of it. I know I shall never get tired of it."

Fiddleback had planned a ride that, after the first mile, was mostly down hill. In order to do this, however, there was a place that they had to go up. He shuddered when he thought of it.

They bowled along until they came to a brook. Then they turned sharply to the left. Here was the hill—once over it and all would be well.

Fiddleback got a firm hold on everything in sight and let her out. Slowly the machine started up the elevation. Back of them was the stream.

Suddenly Fiddleback became conscious that the auto was stopping. Nay, it had stopped. It was going back. He had failed.

But he had not made the attempt without previous thought. "If," he had reasoned with himself, "I cannot get up that hill without my darling, the machine is of no use to me anyway, and I may as well know the truth once for all, even if it has to be sacrificed."

And so he was fully prepared. As the auto gained headway backward Miss Rosyton clutched her lover's arm.

"Is there any danger, darling?" she cried. "Look at the water."

"None whatever, dearest," replied Fiddleback. "Just rise up quickly about a foot and then sit down as hard as you can. Now!"

Miss Rosyton, with an instinctive sense of self-preservation, obeyed him. She rose up and came down hard. That settled the auto. Everything seemed to give at once. They stopped.

And then, as Fiddleback and his sweetheart got out and surveyed the wreck, and he put his arms as far around her as he could get them, he said:

"Never mind, darling. The next machine I get will be eighty horse-power, capable of sustaining a pressure of five hundred pounds to the square inch."

#### TOO BAD.

44 pOP, I have been up in the attic."

As Willie spoke he proudly displayed a package of considerable size that showed plainly its contents had been examined.

"What's in that?" said Slimson, suspiciously.

Willie unrolled the paper and the contents fell out. There were an old-fashioned coat with a large belt, a beautiful long pipe, a pair of glossy boots and a set of gorgeous cotton whiskers.

"There!" said Willie, "I found these yesterday, and I've brought them down for you to wear again this year. Will you, pop?"

Slimson smiled. He had evidently been discovered.

"I guess, Willie," he said at last, "that I won't bother to wear those things this year."

His disappointed son turned and gazed at his parent with surprise.

"Good gracious, pop!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that you are getting too old to believe in a Santa Claus?"

# THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE YOUNG GIRL.

THE young girl is not peculiar to any locality, but flourishes in all climates, and even under the most unfavorable conditions, though at seaside resorts, dances, and occasionally by the shores of lakes and in the mountains she attains her best growth.

The Esquibean, or Boston variety, is observed as far north as the Back Bay.

These young creatures are sought extensively by sportsmen throughout the civilized world.

The best equipment for the sport is a complete outfit of gilt-edged securities and a strong right Oftentimes when seemingly securely bagged, they get away, and when they congregate in large numbers their natural timidity is replaced by a desperate courage. They have been known to attack single and defenseless men on dark nights on hotel piazzas, and being naturally cruel they inflict great damage.



Sometimes kindness will do more to secure a fine specimen of this species than anything else. When kissed, they scream readily, but they soon become used to this treatment when judi-

ciously applied. They eat large quantities of expensive food, and will nibble at anything bright, especially diamonds, pearls and rubies.

Many of them display great intelligence, readily talking Herbert Spencer, Ibsen and Browning, but the average is about the Hall Caine or Marion Crawford level. They are very affectionate as a rule, sometimes becoming attached to several men at once.

Their favorite form of amusement is the wedding. When not the real object of interest, they like to get as near the altar as possible.

We couldn't get along without them.

#### MASS.

MASSACHUSETTS rises in Barrett Wendell's back yard, and flows thence in an easterly direction through Harvard College football field, and empties into the Back Bay. It is bounded on the north by the Transcendental Æsthetic, on the east by the Atlantic Monthly, on the south by Charles Eliot Norton, and on the west by the Chicago University.

Massachusetts is the only State in the Union where a man can be a religious infidel and retain the respect of everyone.

Massachusetts is noted for pie, pugilism and peripatetics. It seceded from Mary Baker Eddy some years ago and is now only a limited beanery, with no claims on anyone.

Massachusetts has for its trade-mark the Massachusetts face, known all over the world. A man with a Massachusetts face is welcome wherever there is a text-book.

Massachusetts raises beliefs, cranks and old maids. When a man visits Massachusetts he can steer clear of beliefs, can learn to avoid cranks, but the old maids will get him if he doesn't watch out.

Massachusetts is the only state of mind we have. It is divided into two parts—Boston and the overflow. When you are born in Boston a physician calls and presents you with a college degree, after which you are fully equipped to live in New York and look down on the barbarians of that gambling district.

# N. J.

NEW JERSEY is said to be the only foreign country within the borders of the United States. It is connected with New York at long intervals by the Hoboken Ferry Company, whose Noah's arks ply industriously across the loud lapse of waters that lie between.

Also, the Pennsylvania Railroad has electric plants with movable paddle-wheels that are constantly relieving people temporarily placed in Jersey City from the pressure of staying there all the time.

New Jersey suffers from Hoboken, Newark and Paterson. It raises trusts, eggs and personal taxes, and is the lurking place of the road-ridden commuter.

Early in the morning, flocks of Jersey commuters can be seen rising from their nests in Jersey and flying east, darkening the sky by their great numbers. At night they hurry home again, having snatched from the Metropolis almost enough ready cash to pay for their daily bread.

The Passaic River also runs through New Jersey, stopping only for garbage at all points east of the Kill von Kull. On the banks of the Passaic, able-bodied mosquitoes can be seen rearing their young, disciplining their troops, and practicing with their javelins for the spring campaign, which begins in April and lasts until about one week before Thanksgiving.

New Jersey is also afflicted by the Erie Railroad, whose cars are carried back and forth over the system every day by willing

passengers. The Erie is one of the few railroads in the world that does not depend upon its tracks to run on. From Weehawken to Greenwood Lake, over the Erie, the walking is fairly good, and no man with a pair of good stout legs, and a brave and manly heart, need fear the trip.

New Jersey is peopled by householders, and tradespeople who prey upon them. The morning after a man arrives in New Jersey, all the grocers in the State assemble before his door and fight over his prostrate form. Having selected the worst one of the whole lot, he settles back into a life of regret and unpaid bills.

To visit New Jersey in summer, take along a diving suit and a keg of chloroform. In winter, a pair of snowshoes, a family physician and a boundless courage.

#### CONN.

CONNECTICUT is infested by the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R., and the freshman class of Yale College. On one side it shines with the reflected culture of Massachusetts, and on the other, glows from the warm virtue of Tammany Hall.

Connecticut is the only State in the Union where the business men all go home to luncheon. It subsists mainly on factories and flirting.

The Connecticut River flows through the State, and is constantly emptying some of the principal members of the Hartford Club into Long Island Sound.

Hartford, a principal city, is located in one of the largest department stores in the State, and is peopled by several high-toned citizens of wealth, who sleep at home in the daytime and pass their evenings in New York. In Hartford the insurance rates rise to a height of several thousand dollars above the level of the sea, and extend clear across the continent to the Pacific.

Hartford society is divided into two opposing elements—poker players and leaders in prayer. Hartford mothers have discarded cribs, and use autos to bring up their babies in.

New Haven sleeps at the foot of Savin Rock, awakened only at long intervals by Professor Ladd's class in philosophy, and the Psi Delta Kappa as they ante up. The skating in New Haven is unexcelled, the students wearing their skates far into the summer. New Haven is often careless in its habits, forgetting to bring in its college widows at night, and has the proud distinction of possessing the only boy president in the country.

Bridgeport, first founded by Noah and P. T. Barnum, is clutched firmly by the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R., and leads a hell on earth. Its society leaders can be seen as late as seven in the morning carrying their cans down to the suspender factories where they toil, carefully avoiding their contagious trolley car system, which was given up by medical science at the close of the last century.

Connecticut is noted for its sanitariums, among others being the New England Railroad, celebrated for its rest cure devices.

In the country districts wooden nutmegs are still raised, and farmers can be seen driving bargains with their wives and children from sunrise to sunset. Wooden automobiles are also used.

The weather in Connecticut varies from a linen duster to a coonskin coat. But generally speaking, the temperature is pretty mean.

#### FLA.

F LORIDA, one of the principal gambling centres of the United States, is located just south of the Waldorf-Astoria, and is inhabited by bell-boys, head waiters and magnates during the winter months, and by mosquitoes, malaria and mangoes in the summer.

In places, Florida rises to a depth of ten feet above the level

of the sea, and, unlike some rolling stones, gathers moss all the time.

The chief industries of Florida are the roulette table and several orange groves, so situated that no matter which you play, you lose.

The climate of Florida varies, being warm enough for straw hats and cold enough to freeze you to death, all in the same day. Money is freely raised in Florida, at St. Augustine and Palm Beach, so called because of the outward, or extended, palm.

There are no germs in Florida, it costing them too much to stay overnight in the hotels.

#### HOMO SUM.

MAN: a branch of the higher order of vertebræ, inhabiting the globe for a period of several moments after the ice melted.

Traces of man have been found as far north as within several miles of the North Pole, and as far south as the Antarctic belt.

Man was essentially a scavenger, tearing down forests and spreading his own *loci habiti* over vast portions. No trace of reason has been discovered in man, but his instincts were apparently well developed, much of his work almost equaling the spider, the ant and other insects.

Man generally worked in vast numbers, and had no regard for his own life. Petrified remains of two men, one cutting the other open with barbarous instruments, show this quite plainly.

It is questionable whether man was a creature of feeling, authorities differing. The latest researches seem to favor the theory that he was naturally cruel, his cruelty proceeding from indifference.

rd society is liveled into two opposing elements—poles and leaders in trajero. Hamford mothers have distantly and use arros to from optimize halves in

ew Haven sleeps at the fact of Savon Rock, awakened only g intervals by literiess of Labil's class in this so is placed in Delta Rappa as they anterpy. The similar shades for more is some scelled, the stoletts wearing their shades for more is some New Haven is often pareless in its habits, if recommend in its college will be a at night, as I has the provide store in sessing the only by president in the source;

ridgepert. first from helding to all and him T. Freedom as ed firming by the D. Y. N. H. and H. Fr. Fr. Fr. and the a section is secured by a section of the section of the property of the section of th

emery.

Senedicat is noted for its sanitariums, among others is
the Eschand Railroad, celebrated for its rest cure deviate country districts wooden nutmegs are still raised,
to on he seen driving bargains with their wives and the sanitaries to sunset. Wooden automobiles are also unlike the sanitaries of the sanitaries from a linen duster to the sanitaries. But generally speaking, the temperature is put



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Sometimes two flirtees get together and then no flirtation is possible. With two flirters there is always something doing, but the greatest fun is between a flirter and a flirtee, when the former is a woman.

Flirtations are common only to inhabited countries. They usually take place anywhere from twelve o'clock at night to twelve o'clock the next night.

# WORLD.

THE world is the first mud ball you come to after leaving the Great Bear—turn to your right after the Dipper, and it's three doors beyond Saturn.

The world has been highly advertised as a choice piece of real estate, not more than an hour's ride from the Sun, and where you can own your own home on the instalment plan without making a deposit. As a matter of fact, a great deal of it is under water, and all the best parts taken up by society people, thus making it undesirable property to hold.

The natural features of the world can easily be distinguished on a clear day through a strong glass, and in the order of their importance are—first, advertising signs; second, ladies' hats, which are now worn large; and third, tiaras, visible only by X-rays.

The world is purely subjective in its mentality, and, in common with like infusoria, imagines it is the whole show. It has swung on its axis since day before yesterday, and is expected to last until about five to-morrow.

Those who desire to view the phenomena of its disappearance may secure seats in advance at the box office, good seats being, however, obtainable, as a large house is not anticipated, the spectacular effect not being highly creditable to the management.

#### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRIMER.

#### THE AUTHOR.

WHAT can that Man be doing? He stands upon a Platform, and everyone is Looking at Him. Is he Reading? Yes, He is Reading Aloud. He is an Author. Is it a Good Thing to Read aloud? It is if you can get enough Women to Listen at One dollar per. Look at the Author now. He has stopped Reading and is Receiving Congratulations. How Proud he is. Isn't it nice to be an Author? When there is Money in it.

#### THE KITCHEN.

Here we have a Kitchen. How funny the Kitchen looks. There are Pots and Pans everywhere. The Kitchen looks as if it had been struck by a Cyclone. And who is There in the Kitchen? Surely it is not the Cook. Oh, no. The Cook has just left. She heard there was Company coming. This is Why she Went. The Person you see so Busy is the Lady of the House. She is About to Cook the Dinner. Will she have it Ready when the Company comes? Let us hope so.

#### THE CIRCUS.

A Circus is Coming. Hear the Music. See the Elephants and the Camels. And the Beautiful Lady in the Chariot. Look at the Folks running to the Windows. 'Here comes the President of the Bank. Here are the Congressman and the Clergyman and the gray-bearded Lawyer. Are they Ashamed? No, they have forgotten to be. At Present they are too Busy looking at the Circus.

#### THE AUDIENCE.

Here we have an Audience. The Audience is Busily Engaged in looking at a Play. How the Audience laughs and Ap-

plauds. On the Stage are a lot of Painted Things with a great scarcity of Clothes, and a Funny Man who is Saying Witty Things. That is, they seem Witty to the Audience. This is What Makes a Successful Play. Legs and the Woman. Isn't it Nice that this is all the Audience Requires? Perhaps, however, they would like Something better if they Could Get It. Who knows?

#### THE PIE.

Hello, Here is a Piece of Pie! How Good it Looks. Its Crust is Hard and Firm. It has Sugar sprinkled over it. It is full of Hard Green Apples, half cooked. Here comes a Man. Will the Man eat the Pie? He is a thin, Nervous Man, and Does not weigh more than Ninety pounds. His Face is Hard and Drawn. Yes, We are sure He will eat the Pie.

#### THE TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

This severe-looking Person is a Temperance Reformer. She never Smiles. She hates Rum in any Form. She would not drink a Cocktail if she Could. She thinks it is Wrong for Anyone else not to Believe as She does. Would you like to be a Temperance Reformer? Perhaps you would if you could make Money enough by Lecturing.

#### THE BROADWAY CAR.

See the Broadway Car. It is Full of People. People are hanging on the Sides and Others are in the Distance, waving their Hands frantically. Will They be Allowed to Get on? I trow not. The Man in Front is a Motorman. See the Smile on His Face. He is having a Good Time. So is the Conductor having a Good Time. He likes to ring the Bell when he sees anyone Waving. It always Makes the Car go Faster. Are the Peo-

ple having a Good Time? No. They are not. This is a Broadway Car.

#### THE CHAUFFEUR.

Ah, here is a Chauffeur. A Chauffeur is a man who Rides in an Automobile. Sometimes he Rides as Fast as forty miles an Hour. And then He stops and does not go at all. See the Frown on the Chauffeur's Brow. He has run over Some one, and it has put His Machine out of Order. No wonder He frowns. It may take Him Two Hours to fix His Automobile. Naughty Child to get in His Way.

#### THE DOCTOR.

What is this Pretty Sight before us? Oh, I know.' It is a Schoolroom. The Scholars are seated in Rows. How nice they look. How fresh their Faces are. Hello, who is this Man coming? Why, he looks as if he owned the whole place. Yes, he is the Doctor. He has come with credentials from the Board of

Health. See how businesslike he is. Look at him as he takes out his Instruments. Why, he is going to vaccinate all the Children, isn't he? Yes, that is just what he is going to do. Does the Doctor get paid for it? Oh, sure he does. But that isn't what makes him seem so well pleased with himself. What is it, I wonder? It is because the Doctor knows he is doing such a Good Deed. He is



working for Medical Science, and that is a Great Thing for a Doctor to do. But will the Children recover? We do not know.

We think they will. Not all will have Blood Poisoning. Some will be sick for Three Weeks, some for Two Months and Some for a Year. Perhaps one or two will feel the Doctor's scratch all their lives. And now see the Children. They do not look so happy as they did. No, they are not. They do not like it. But then Children do not know it all. Only Medical Science knows it all. Ah, now the Doctor is smiling. He is almost through. He has done a Good Day's work. Wouldn't you like to be a Doctor, and do all that to little Children?

#### THE LOVERS.

Let us Look at these two People Sitting on a Sofa. One is a Young Man, and the Other is a Young Woman. How they Act! Is the Young Man trying to kiss the Young Woman? Yes. And Will He Succeed? We Believe He Will, because The Young Woman is trying to Help Him. What a pretty Picture it makes. Would You not like to be there, in the Young Man's Place? Of course You would.

### THE COAL CART.

Here is a Coal Cart. Take a good Look at it, for it is worth looking at. The Coal Cart is full of Coal. There is a Man on top of the Coal Cart. How fat He is! He must weigh two hundred pounds. He Looks Happy. That is because he is being Weighed. The coal in the cart does not weigh two tons, but it does with the Man on it. It is a Great Thing to be a Fat Man when you are in the Coal Business.

#### THE MAN AND THE TICKER.

Look at the Man jump up and down! He seems to be excited. Yes, he is excited. He hears a Noise. Look over there, and you will see where the Noise comes from. The man is in his

Office, and he is listening to the Ticker. What is the Ticker? Oh, that is a little Machine to show how much Money you can

lose in a given time. See the Man jump. He walks to his Desk and then back to the Ticker. Is he happy? Oh, no, he is too restless to be happy. He could not read a Book if he tried to. He could not sit still in a Forest to save his life. But then, the man is not trying to be happy. He is trying to make Money. And will he succeed? Oh, yes, the Man will succeed. He will make Money hand over fist—almost as fast as he loses it. See the Ticker reel off the



nice white paper. See the Man jump. Isn't it funny how much exercise he gets? How nervous he is. He has been at it so long now that He could not do anything else if He tried. Isn't it nice to know how to do one thing? Don't You wish You were the Man at the Ticker? Oh my, what was that Bang? Why, I declare if the Man hasn't shot himself. How funny! Perhaps the Ticker didn't tick right. Well, never mind. It is all in a Lifetime.

### THE DINNER PARTY.

Here we have a Dinner Party. See the People sitting around the table. How unhappy they look. What do you suppose makes them so unhappy? Perhaps it is the Food. Perhaps it is each other. Who knows? I will tell you what the Matter is. This is a Fashionable Dinner Party, and there is nothing doing. Millions



are represented, but there is nothing in it. How sad! See the Hostess smile. She smiles that way by long practice. By-and-by she will rise, and then all the Women will go into one Room and the Men into another. Will that help matters? Oh, yes, that will help matters greatly. Then the Men will tell funny stories and laugh, and the Women will chatter. Can anyone

give a Dinner Party like this? Oh, no. Dinner Parties cost money. Why, this one cost nearly Five Hundred Dollars. That is a lot, isn't it? But it is necessary to pay one's Social Debts. Hello, they are going home. Now they are gone. Can you catch what the Host is saying to the Hostess? Oh, yes, I can catch it. It is an awful bad word. He says: "What a d——d bore! I'm so glad it is over!"

### THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

Hello, here is a Bedside. Some one is in the Bed, isn't there? Yes, it is a little Girl. And who is that by the Bedside? Why, that is the little girl's Mother. See how she smiles. She is reading a book. The book is called "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures." My, what a long Name. But then the Book is long. How funny it is to see the Little Girl's Mother smiling and reading a book, when her Little Girl is so pale and wan and seems so sick. But perhaps the Little Girl is not sick. Perhaps she has a Claim. You do not know what a Claim is? That is because you are not a Christian Scientist. The Little Girl's

Mother is a Christian Scientist, and she knows what a Claim is. She is trying to cure the Claim by reading the Book. Will the Little Girl die? Yes, the chances are that the Little Girl will die. Her Claim is Malignant Diphtheria. But never mind. The Mother is still smiling, and that is a great thing. When the Little Girl dies she will say that it was merely a mistake. There was



a Hitch somewhere. Isn't it nice to sit by a Bed and read such a nice book?

#### THE FICTION GIRL.

See the Young Girl. What is the Young Girl doing? She is reading a Book. Is it a Good Book? Well, that depends. The Author of the Book thinks it is a good one, and so does the publisher. So does the Young Girl. Are there any other Books better than this? Yes, we think there are. But the Young Girl does not know about them, because they are old. Then this book is not old? Oh, no, it is new. That is why the Young Girl is reading it. See her turn the leaves. See her skip. See her eager expression. Should we all get the skipping habit, and turn the Leaves with an eager expression? Certainly we should, if we wish to keep up with all the latest Books. And it is a Good Thing to do this, is it not? Well, it is not the Chief End of man, but it is of a lot of Young Girls.

Some altars are like hotels—for transients only.

### THE CHARM OF THE ABSENT.

IT seems a pity that in our struggle for existence we should always be overtaking the thing that we most desire—thus robbing ourselves continually of the charm of the absent. Ah, if we could only just stop short every time of the actual—if we might live continually in a world of unfulfilled anticipation!

Do you remember, as if it were but yesterday, the last trip to Europe that you didn't take? Do you recall how you browsed with silent, contemplative and serenely joyful mind among those grand old Cathedrals of England; how at Rome, unhampered by the harsh voice of companionship, you sat, supremely sensitive to the ages, and drank in all the wonders of architecture; how you sailed with Cleopatra down the Nile, lingering at Philæ in a rapture of historic dreaming! And so you travelled, on and on, through eternal cities and over plains where dim shadows of past warriors seem to foregather in the dusky shades. Marathon, Athens, Florence, Naples, Paris. And it didn't cost a cent!

No discomforts of the actual traveler disconcerted you. No one bored you. No traveler ever travelled in such regal splendor as you did. Only the most glorious sunsets attended you.

Since then, no doubt, you have really visited Europe, and been subjected to all the disillusionizing horrors of continental travel.

You have tried to make yourself understood in tongues that you yourself did not understand, and your stomach, sadly in need of repairs, has cried aloud for weeks in vain for good old-fashioned New England breakfast.

You have been half sorry since then that you went at all. For every step that you took robbed you of something you had treasured up before, so that you can truly say that the trip to Europe you most enjoyed was the one you did not take.

Do you recall—as it were but yesterday—the day that you

fell in love with the girl you never met? You were young at the time—younger and wiser than ever since. And how she lingered in your dreams! How she touched your pride to do immortal things, how she aroused your better instincts! Mayhap you have married now—have settled down with some prosaic partner of a humdrum life—yet who knows but this girl you have never met still lingers in the distance?

It is well for you that you never have, never can, meet her. This would be to rob your life of much of its reality. For, after all, the actual is the unreal. It is only our illusions that are worth striving for—and never realizing.

If Heaven is what we expect of it, it must be a place of dreams unrealized. To live in it we must be absent from it. Otherwise, how could it be really Heaven?

### PATRIOTISM.

**P**ATRIOTISM is the love we bear our flats.

It is the Soldier's business to kill. It is the Statesman's business to provide enough soldiers to kill with. It is the business of the Citizen to provide enough Patriotism to pay for the soldiers. Hence taxes.

Taxes and Patriotism go hand in hand. They are fostered by politicians.

Patriotism is divided into two kinds—the true and the false. The true Patriotism lends money to the Government at double interest, increases the price of all necessaries, and buys votes. False Patriotism cuts down expenses, tells the truth and gets itself disliked.

Otherwise there is little difference, the pension list being the same in each case.

#### REPUTATION.

A MAN'S reputation is his dearest possession, yet the only reality it has is when it exists in the minds of others. The moment he attempts to create it for himself his ownership in it ceases, and it is common property. He does not know that he has it until he loses it, and when he loses it, he loses something that others have had, without their knowing that they had it.

Its health and vigor depend on how hard he works for it, yet when created it is never what he hoped it would be, but always something different. The only time he is really conscious of it is when he hasn't got it, and when he has it other people are unconscious of owning it, invariably speaking of it as something that belongs to him exclusively, though if it did belong to him

exclusively he would not not exist before a man's flourish more and be death. Strange as it may have it until after they die. it for themselves during the task for others, and, it thrust upon them when

When a man has it, he is, for those who hold it exact truth even if he displayed too much would injure it, though it he can never know the if he should ask about it, tell him, because the person himself, but received it even then he does not own and the part of it that he

have it. Though it does birth, it is almost sure to greatly improved after his seem, some men do not While not willing to create their lifetime, they leave though undeserving, have they do not need it.

never knows just what it would not tell him the asked them. And if he curiosity about it he be always something that exact nature of. Indeed, no one would be able to he asks did not make it from some one else, and it himself, but only a part, owns may differ in many

I must go slower. Now we are going along about even. I like Jones, but it would be a strain to meet him just now. I would have to gather myself for a mental effort. I would have to slap him on the back and ask him things I don't care a hang about. Then Jones might begin one of his stories.

Hello! I'm gaining on him again. What in the devil's name makes him go so slow? Perhaps he hears me coming. Maybe he's laying for me.

I never knew before how hard it is to slow down from my accustomed walk. Well, I'll keep it up. I'll get within a reasonable distance of Jones, and then stop short and wait. It's easier to do that.

But suppose he should hear me coming? He would naturally turn around and wait for me. Better stop now and give Jones a chance to get away.

I'll be hanged if I can stop. I'm too nervous to stop. I'd like to build a fire under Jones.

I'll be up to him in a minute, curse him. No, I won't. I'll loiter. I'll dawdle.

Jones, I'll get even with you for this—for keeping me away from all the comforts of my own home just when I need it most.

There! Gaining on him again. Whew! This is warm work. But I must stop. I will stop. I'll——

"Hello, Jones, old man! Didn't you see me coming? Why in thunder didn't you wait for a fellow?"

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### CHEERFULNESS.

ous E cheerful. It's not only a great mistake, but very wrong, indeed, to be anything else. And remember that nothing is alone, h striving for unless it requires an effort to get it. That is "twe should be thankful that the conditions surrounding us to-

day are such as to make cheerfulness such a laudable and desirable thing.

When the doctor has carelessly removed a portion of your interior and found out there was nothing in it, do not give way to your feelings, or show that you are all put out. On the contrary, smile gladly and say:

"Doctor, my only regret is that I have but one appendix to give to my country."

When the head of the syndicate that for the past two years has been undermining your credit and driving you out of business comes in one morning and says:

"I guess it's about time for you to lay down," be cheerful.

Don't give way to your feelings. Don't squirm. Hand over what cash there is left and smile gaily. Rise above these petty things. Be cheerful. It is your duty so to be.

When your best girl—the one whom so long you have adored, whom you have held in your arms night after night, and just knew, as you looked into her gazelle eyes, was the most perfect creature in the world—comes to you and says:

"Darling, we may as well understand each other. The conditions of our modern life, to say nothing of my standing in church, demand that I have at least ten thousand a year to dress on, and I have decided to make a sure thing of it and take another man instead of you," be cheerful.

Don't get mad. Don't let your angry passions rise. Smile sweetly and reply, "My dear, thank you so much for your kind words."

That is to say, be cheerful, for you must remember that this is the time when you need to be cheerful, if you are ever going to be.

The first suit was a Fall suit.

# THE THROUGHNESS OF TIPTON.

44 VES, sir, I'm through!"

Tipton had just staggered into the car, and, having deposited an immense load of bundles and packages around him, stared ahead of him into the back of the next passenger, and uttered this vigorous sentiment. Tipton had a habit of talking to himself. Years of oppression had brought him to it. It was his one relief. Whenever, under the weight of the oftentimes heavy burdens that Mrs. Tipton imposed upon him, his spirit revolted. and his sense of independence was unusually stirred, Tipton got rid of his feelings in airy speech. A long experience had taught him to train his voice to any desired pitch, so it was rare indeed that anyone caught him at this consolatory trick. His most impassioned thoughts were, in his speech, duly curbed and checked by proximity to other receptive objects in the order of their receptivity. So that in moments of his greatest excitement it was not always possible to reveal himself fully to the mysterious person whom he addressed, who, however, was always good enough to understand him, to sympathize with him, and to listen at all times with a ready ear. Who this person was may ever remain a mystery. It may have been Tipton's other self. It may have been some kindly and genial and helpful spirit that had taken refuge in Tipton's nervous and wiry little body. At any rate, this other person, whoever he was, was a gentleman. He had a keen sense of justice, and he always understood. Moreover, he was a good listener, and never interrupted or talked back. Yet his invariable silent agreement was in no sense a weakness. His was the office of a friend, and Tipton felt that he could be imposed upon at all times, which is the most rigorous test of true friendship.

"Of course," continued Tipton, as he settled down in his seat, "as you know, my wife is a peculiar person. Undoubtedly she is fond of me, and I must say she has marked ability in many ways,

besides being attractive. The trouble with her is that she likes to have her own way, and by keeping at it all the time she generally succeeds. I've got other things to do. I can't always be bickering and trying to hold my own. It's easier for me to do as she tells me than it is to refuse, for that always makes trouble. I know, of course, that down in her heart Sarah doesn't mean anything, but——Yes, sir, I'm through! I'm going to run my own house!"

Tipton's eyes brightened and the thought, growing swiftly to large proportions, took entire possession of him. The recollection of all he had endured in the past lashed him into a fury.

"What am I, anyway?" he muttered. "A man? What an idiot I've been! She'll think a good deal more of me, too. Let's see, I'll—Sarah, come here! What do I want? I want you! Now, my dear, we may as well understand each other. Hitherto, to keep peace in the family, I've done a great many things that no other self-respecting man would do, AND I'VE GOT THROUGH! Hereafter, when you want any shopping done in town, you do it yourself. I carry no more bundles! Not only that, but you hire your own servants. You will also attend to the marketing, and if it exceeds a certain sum a week, I'll take it out of your allowance. As for your buying me any more clothes of any description, why, I won't have it. I'm through, Sarah! Hereafter I run this house to suit myself."

The whistle of the train interrupted Tipton at this point, and his face began instinctively to lose its stern, unyielding expression and take on a more plastic and humble tone. Tipton was nearing home. Every day for years he had rehearsed that same speech to his other self, and every day, as the whistle sounded, he had merged back into the old burden-bearing and tractable husband. He slowly gathered up his bundles and trudged away from the station.

"My dear," said Mrs. Tipton, as she relieved her husband



of his freight, and kissed him in a half-motherly way, "we are going out sailing."

"When?" said Tipton.

"Now," replied his wife. "Mr. Vanton has a new boat, you know, and he has asked us to go this afternoon."

"He didn't come around here, did he?" said Tipton, faintly. That, he thought to himself, would be too much. He had never liked Vanton overmuch, and that gentleman had been known to pay attention to certain married ladies. Tipton was, therefore, suspicious.

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Tipton, who despite her authoritative temperament, was the soul of propriety. "He sent a note addressed to us both, and I opened it and replied that we would go. Come quick and change your clothes. We must be at the dock at four, and the carriage will be here directly."

She motioned Tipton upstairs, and he went without a word. Once alone with himself, he was careful not to raise his voice, exercising that premonitory caution which previous experience had rendered necessary. Mrs. Tipton had caught him once, in one of his unguarded and excited moments, declaiming his wrongs to the empty air, and his life had been made more miserable for days afterwards. There was now, however, a sense of subdued joy about his movements that the promise of a sail on the water, even in another man's boat, had given him.

"So Vanton has a new boat," he muttered to himself, as he put on a pair of white duck trousers, two sizes too large, that his wife had bought the week before at a bargain sale. "He's probably been out three or four times, and thinks he knows all about handling her. Well, Vanton has been sitting on the yacht club piazza for the past three years, instructing other men in nautical terms, and it's about time he tried his hand at it." Tipton arrayed himself in a bright green flannel shirt of his wife's selection, put on the least objectionable tie, and prepared to descend. "I'll bet," he

said to himself, "that I won't get a chance at the tiller all the afternoon. But it will be some fun sailing, anyway. By Jove! I don't know whether it's a safe thing, after all, to take chances with one's wife and a fellow like that, unless he has some man to sail—but he'd never do that—he knows too much himself."

Mrs. Tipton was waiting for him downstairs in a new shirt waist and a becoming sailor hat.

"Do you think we'd better go?" he said. "Vanton may not know too much about sailing a boat, and——"

Mrs. Tipton for answer took him by the arm and led him to the carriage.

"Get in," she said briefly, by way of reply. And Tipton got in.

The boat was a jib and mainsail affair of the knockabout type, thirty feet long, newly painted, with a diminutive cabin, and entirely spick and span. Vanton asked Tipton to lend a hand, "if you don't mind," he said. "I could have got a boy, but I thought you might like to learn something about a boat." They hauled up the mainsail and jib, and Vanton stood at the tiller and told Tipton what to do.

"Let go your cable," he shouted, as the breeze filled the jib, and Tipton cast off, and ran aft and made fast the jib sheet.

"Isn't this glorious!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipton, as the boat slipped out of the bay into the broad Sound. "Do you know, Mr. Vanton, this silly man didn't want to come. I believe he was actually afraid. That is," she said, correcting herself, "he thought perhaps it might be too rough for me."

Mrs. Tipton was always careful of her husband, and however much she might ridicule him in private she never made him appear in a wrong light before other people.

Vanton let the Birdie come up into the wind, while he tightened the jib sheet, regardless of Tipton's proximity to that important rope.

"You are perfectly safe with me," he replied, confidently. "The Birdie is one of the best seaboats in these waters."

They had been sailing for a good hour, when the wind died out, and the Birdie, with no way on, lay idly pitching and tossing in the middle of the Sound. A black cloud had suddenly risen to the northwest, and Tipton watched the expression on Vanton's face as the latter nervously looked aloft at the flapping mainsail. "I guess we'd better take a reef in the mainsail," he said, uneasily.

Tipton knew what that cloud meant. His married life had been relieved by few holidays, and sailing had not been among his pastimes, much as he enjoyed it, but he had not spent most of his boyhood in a sailboat for nothing, and he had that instinctive seamanship which never leaves a man when once it has entered into his soul. It came back to him now in a flood of feeling as he gazed at the huge and ominous black bank of wind and rain. He wanted it to blow, and he wanted it to blow hard. He had no sense of danger, but rather one of exultation. All the pent-up and suppressed feelings of his married life were ready to burst the dam, and his heart leaped within him. As he looked at Vanton's face, he knew the latter was afraid—secretly afraid. His hand nervously twitched the tiller, and he looked anxiously over the leaden waste of water, now so rigidly calm. Mrs. Tipton divined that there was danger in the air.

"We are going to have a storm," she burst out. "Is there any danger?"

Vanton smiled bravely. "Not a bit," he said. "The Birdie can weather anything."

The two men worked over the sail in silence, and, half its usual size, it was hoisted again, and bellied out fitfully to the occasional puffs of air that now began to stir over the water. Then the wind came steadier, and the Birdie leaned over as she took it. Tipton kept his eye glued to windward. The black

cloud had now stretched well overhead, and the whitecaps were beginning to show. Suddenly he saw what he had been looking for—that long, white line on the water that always means business. Vanton saw it at the same time. "Look at that!" he shouted, pale as a ghost. Tipton bounded forward, grabbed the halliards, and let go everything. The jib and mainsail came tumbling down with a rush. Springing aft he grasped the tiller away from Vanton, and brought the boat up into the wind before she lost headway. Mrs. Tipton, silent and awestruck, was halfway down the cabin steps when he grabbed her by her collar. "Come up out of that!" he roared in her ear. "If she goes over, you'll be drowned like a rat in a hole." And then the squall struck.

The leech of the mainsail hit Tipton in the head and knocked off the cap his wife had purchased for him the week before, and he smiled as he saw it sailing off to leeward. Vanton shrank down in the bottom of the cockpit, and Mrs. Tipton convulsively held on to Tipton's legs, as he stood up and looked out on the boiling cauldron. For fifteen minutes, as he said to himself afterwards, he never saw it blow harder. Then there came a rift in the clouds. The Birdie, under her bare pole, had been drifting off to leeward, but it was now time to make sail.

"Haul up the jib," Tipton shouted to Vanton, "and stand by your throat halliards."

"May I go downstairs, dear?" pleaded Mrs. Tipton.

"Not on your life!" roared her reconstructed husband. "You stay on deck, and do as I tell you!"

One hour and thirty-five minutes later a small, thirty-foot yacht, under double reefs, slipped into the harbor and up to her mooring. The owner of the yacht stood forward and caught the cable as she rounded to. In the cockpit sat a lady in a saturated shirt waist, and on her face a rapt expression betokening an advanced degree of mingled admiration and respect, as she gazed at a small, determined-looking man, who, for the past hour and a

half, had been running things to suit himself for the first time in eight years.

At precisely eight o'clock that same evening, that same man, smoking a large cigar and disseminating as he went along the faint bouquet of whiskey and water, entered his wife's dressing-room.

"Sarah," he said, "come here!"

Mrs. Tipton came over and gazed lovingly at her lord and master. "Yes, dear," she said, "what is it?"

"Now, my dear," said Tipton, "we may as well understand each other. Hitherto, to keep peace in the family, I've done a great many things that no other self-respecting man would do and I'VE GOT THROUGH! Hereafter, when you want shopping done in town, you do it yourself. I carry no more bundles! Not only that, but you will hire your own servants. You will also attend to the marketing, and if it exceeds a certain sum a week, I'll take it out of your allowance. As for your buying me any more clothes of any description, why, I won't have it. I'm through, Sarah. Hereafter I run this house myself. Do you understand?"

Mrs. Tipton went over to him and put her arms around his neck. "My dear," she said, rapturously, "I have been hoping for years that you would talk that way to me."

#### ON THE STAGE OF LIFE.

We are like puppets in some conjurer's hands, Who smiling, easy, nonchalantly stands And says, amid the universal cheers:
"You see this man—and now he disappears!"



## A DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY.

#### I—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A PROMINENT hill climber and bear hunter, peace promoter,
President of the United States, unmaker of generals and
all around sport.

The youth of every great man is a predisposing element of much importance in the determination of his career, and our strenuous hero is no exception. Theodore has been attacked successively by whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever, mumps and Harvard College, and has recovered from all complaints except the last.

Acute Harvarditis is usually fatal. Many die, but few recover.

Making up his mind not only to become the leading dime novel hero of the day but also to be the Emperor William of America young Theodore plunged westward into the heart of the cowboy precinct, and learned how to use a six shooter and a steel pen.

Becoming tired, however, of the close, hot, fetid air of the plains, he came on where he could breathe the pure, musk-laden, God-given atmosphere of Tammany Hall, and let himself out as apprentice to a man named Papa Platt, at that time, and until recently, the leader of the famous Albany orchestra.

Our hero, putting on an antiseptic rubber suit, then plunged into New York City politics, and between Scylla Croker and Charybdis Parkhurst, escaped being a reformer.

About this time a syndicate was formed to make the United States over into Empire and incidentally open up a kindergarten water-cure establishment in the Philippines.

After supreme efforts, in spite of the War Department, succeeded in annexing Cuba to the United States Senate, and incidentally in drawing a long black line of politics across the Isthmus of Panama.

The rest is a historical novel.

To-day our flag floats over nearly three times as many Philippine saloons as when Spain preached the gospel. The undertaking industry has never been so prosperous, and life is one grand, sweet meat trust, and all these things in spite of our President

Some men are born with backbones, some achieve them, and others have theirs forced upon them. Theodore is a three-in-one combination hard to beat.

Take him all in all he is a good little boy, though his Uncle Sam, who is keeping an eye on him, says that Theodore loses his temper sometimes and does rash things.

At present Theodore is in the White House, though how long he will stay there we cannot say. In the summer he lives in Oyster Bay and the Rocky Mountains, where he hunts Brigadier-Generals and Bears. He is also fond of chasing grafters, but doesn't bring down so many of them as he does bears. Wouldn't you like to be as brave as that? But perhaps you will some day,

if you can get the United States Army and the Standard Oil Company to back you up.

Theodore loves to play with his toys, as you can see. He is not at all proud, and would rather have a colored doll than a white one. He keeps a stuffed elephant near him, and likes to draw it around with a wire when he is not riding horseback.

He is also very fond of his friends, and no matter how unpopular they are he sticks by them through thick and thin. He plays constantly with Len Wood and Paul Morton, and if the other boys throw mud at them he gets out his big stick and waves it in the air and frightens them all away. Both Len and Paul say that Theodore has certainly been good to them.

Every day he may be seen out in the back yard of the Capitol trying to keep the elephant down to his oats. If he doesn't always succeed it isn't due to his lack of spine. Some elephants are hard to manage.

Favorite occupations: Riding grizzly bears and pot-house politicians, reading aloud from his own works, making peace for foreigners, entertaining princes and colored men, placating pensioners, and striving not to please the W. C. T. U.

Principal works: "In the Sweet By and By," "Stock Raising," "A Cure for the Water Cure," "The Helmet of the G. A. R.," etc.

#### II—THOMAS A. EDISON.

A PROMINENT resident of New Jersey, at one time a citizen of the United States, engaged in the general business of putting up and preserving electric currents.

Not long since that popular god, Jove, compelled clouds as a means of playing to the gallery and got himself greatly noticed. He has been succeeded in business by an individual supposed to be

human—one at least who has the human attribute of never having attempted to hide his light under a bushel.

Probably no man was ever born who contained so much electricity as Thomas Edison. Although he has been giving it away all his life to the world, he is still said to have on hand a large



supply, enough, if properly applied, to keep the Democratic party alive for at least three years more.

Mr. Edison started in life as a telegraph operator, and it is said that he could take a message faster than Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, could talk, a seemingly incredible feat. Later on he became an inventor, and Ananias took a back seat.

Now more people are leading fast lives, due to Mr. Edison, than ever before.

At present he is working on a storage battery that will enable automobilists to give their entire time and attention to running over people, thus sav-

ing much energy that is otherwise a pure loss.

When Mr. Edison gets his storage battery completed it is predicted that the life insurance companies will all go out of business. He is also responsible for the phonograph, a machine for the cold storage of language. Even Depew's speeches, when

put into one of Mr. Edison's machines, make an impression. Mr. Edison's favorite occupations are listening to Nicola Tesla, buying up abandoned factories, not being at home, etc.

Principal song: "Ohm, Sweet Ohm."



III—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

A PROMINENT member of Wall Street, the Standard Oil Company, and the Baptist Church.

This boy's life, from his boyhood, has been one long struggle against abject riches.

At the time of his birth the earth was owned by an aggregation of individuals scattered over various portions thereof. Since then all has been changed. But Mr. Rockefeller, with characteristic generosity, has consented to share it with Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Charles Schwab, Russell Sage and a few other parties of the first part who have the same disease that he has.

Mr. Rockefeller has always been noted for his Biblical lean-

ings. He started out in life with the following motto, adapted for his own use:

"Let your light so shine before men, at twenty cents a gallon, that they may see your good works, and glorify the continually increasing dividends."

In other words, he does not believe in hiding one's light under a bushel, but thinks it should be put on a barrel.

Beginning in life as a poor boy, owning at that time only the city of Cleveland, he started to Chicago, and having seen that Professor Triggs was furnished with a solid brass phonograph, he left that city where it was, for which it has ever since been duly grateful, and came on to New York, where he created the now famous part of "Foxy Grandpa."

Since then he has been living a quiet, frugal life, surrounded only by his friends and family and hair-restorer men, and by exercising the utmost care has been able to save up enough to live uncomfortably. He has not only made hay while the sun shone, but while the oil lamps held out to burn.

There can be no doubt, take him for oil in oil, that Johnny is as good a boy as you will meet in any jail anywhere. Although he hardly has any hair on his head, to make up for this he has a double set of eye-teeth.

Johnny is one of the best little boys we know of, and loves his neighbor almost as much as he loves himself. He is very fond of almost any kind of a game, and generally wins. Once he played a game of rebate with his Uncle Sam, and made so much out of it that he is now the biggest boy in his class at Sunday school.

Johnny is very fond of building things, and uses any material he has on hand—scrap-iron, copper or oil-cans, or any other tainted material. Recently he has been making a collection of banks, and they say he has the finest in the world. Every time he hears of a bank that isn't his, it makes him uneasy until he

gets it. When he heard about the Capitol at Washington he wanted that also, and maybe he will get it some day, because all things come to good little boys who grow up in the fear of the Lord and a dead-easy conscience.

His favorite occupations are: Cutting coupons by electricity, not doing any harm by giving away money, and holding his own.

Principal works: "A Tank Drama," "Oil on the Troubled Waters," and "How I Set the World on Fire."



## IV-ANDREW CARNEGIE.

A MEMBER of the Highland peasantry who first introduced the Scottish dialect into Pittsburg, and made it possible for some of the most unheard-of members of Pittsburg society to live at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Andy began life as a future millionaire by loving money for its own sake, and very wisely did not settle down as an author of epigrams and Sunday-school books until he was independent.

Arriving in this country while Russell Sage was off on a

vacation, he got a few hours' start, and began to think how he would act when he got into society.

It was about this time that he met John D. Rockefeller, and with quiet insistence said:

"Here, John, let me have Pittsburg and a few old outlying mines and you can have the rest of the country."

The agreement was concluded, and hence it is now, while libraries are springing up all over the land, the Baptist Church still lives.

It was not long before young Andrew made himself felt. Steel rails went up, even while they were going down, and dividends became oppressive.

What was to be done? Carnegie made up his mind that he would meet J. Pierpont and throw himself on his mercy.

"Morgan needs the money," he said to himself. "He is a worthy charity. At any moment he may want to start a daily paper. As for me, a couple of hundred millions will keep me from being a philanthropist. Henceforth I can make after-dinner speeches, plant libraries, write books, and live within my income. I'll buy enough consecration to last me through to the needle's eye."

Andrew Carnegie was now a changed man. His life may be briefly divided into two epochs:

Pittsburg, and the Authors' Club.

Here is an abstract from one of his books:

"Young man, there is nothing in life worth living for but money. To get money, don't gamble, but work hard. Look at me."

We present herewith a picture of Andy playing with his gilt blocks. He loves to make libraries out of them, though Uncle Sam says sometimes, when he comes in and watches Andy playing with them, that Andy is a perfect nuisance. Andy always has his name printed on every block so they will not be lost in the shuffle,

and Uncle Sam is afraid that this is because Andy is too forward, but then Uncle Sam doesn't know everything.

Andy loves to play all kinds of games, and when all the other little boys are around he loves to play horse with them. Andy is also very skillful at the game of Tariff and he has beaten his Uncle Sam at it several times. Some Uncles would have gotten mad at this, but Andy's Uncle Sam didn't mind a bit, and only patted Andy on the back. Some of the poor little boys and girls who live near Andy have thought he was a little snob, but that is only because they were jealous. If they would only read some of Andy's compositions, they would know that he is all right.

Favorite occupations: Writing checks, making epigrams to go on his gravestone, meeting better men than himself, and showing his wad.

Principal work: "Consecration as an Afterthought."

# V—HENRY CODMAN POTTER.

A RISING young millionaire.

This distinguished gentleman began life as a poor boy, but he possessed the requisite amount of tact and the capacity to acquire that sort of knowledge that lies outside of prayer-books, faculties that have stood him in such good stead that he is not only a respected bishop but a model husband.

If he has proved himself to be such an excellent potter, it is only due to the superior quality of the clay of which he is the lifelong trustee.

In dealing with this polished son of the church, it behooves us to use that facility of utterance and that discriminative sense of fitness that he himself possesses in such a delightful degree.

Life has not always been easy for him. For one thing, he has been on several arbitration committees; for another, the W. C. T. U. has repeatedly prayed for him. But let us hope that the



flowery path is now assured, and that his particular cathedral may not longer be in the air.

Henry is one of the very few little boys who haven't been spoiled by having too much money thrust upon them. He has a lowly disposition and nice manners for one so wealthy; he is very set in his ways and has a strong will of his own. Although he goes to church every Sunday, he believes in rushing the growler on week days, when the growler is free from germs, and he says so, too. Henry has lots of courage and spunk, and a lot of old ladies think because he does what he wants to that he is a spoiled child, and they lift their fingers at him. But Henry doesn't care a bit, because he believes in keeping up to the times. Henry is fond of all kinds of games, and loves to spend hours with his blocks building cathedrals and saloons. Sometimes the little boys of other denominations throw stones at him, but he doesn't care, because, while he is not a goody-goody boy, he doesn't live in a glass house—and most of the others do.

We believe Henry is all right, but we are afraid he will have

to live about a hundred years more before he can prove it to everybody's satisfaction.

Favorite occupations: Doing the things he ought to do and leaving undone those things he ought not to do.

Principal works: "The Wooing o' It," "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "The Smile That Is Fastened On," etc.

# VI-HALL CAINE.

THIS genial gentleman was born, all unsuspected by the general public, some forty years ago, and when he saw that his birth notice was printed in only the most ordinary type, he howled steadily for a week.

At the age of fourteen, armed only with a currycomb and a trusty razor, he made his way to London, and, carefully avoiding all the freak museums, registered at the Y. M. C. A., where he had unusual facilities for studying the Bible, thus giving



him the opportunity to introduce some of its justly celebrated plots into modern literature.

One morning he received cablegrams from two American chewing-gum manufacturers and a shoe man, offering to lease his face for a long term of years, and realizing then his possibilities, he refused henceforth all offers for privacy, and plunged into his first novel.

How that novel was taken up by every Y. M. C. A. branch in the universe, how the world of literature quivered to its base, is now history. Marie Corelli blushed with envy when she realized that she would have to depend upon other tricks to get there. Laura Jean Libby sent her congratulations. Frank A. Munsey wrote:

"My own personality is dearer to me than life, but yours is a peach. I realize now that your genius for being stuck on yourself will be more profitable than my own graft, and it makes me heartsick."

Soon after this, Mr. Caine moved to the Isle of Man, taking with him a shipload of assorted typewriters and a press agent. Every literary centre, from Maine to California, waited with breathless interest. Shakespeare admitted his inferiority. "I cannot hope," he said, "to compete with such a master mind." The Greeks gave up all hope of further recognition. Thackeray sighed, "All is lost. A new era has dawned." And Victor Hugo, expiring, exclaimed: "I feel like thirty cents." Thus the Hall Caine epoch started, and the religious melodrama was ushered in.

The thought has recently been expressed that there was a possibility of this person exhausting his material. Even the Bible has its limitations. But Mr. Caine himself has reassured us upon that point.

"When every other means fails," he has said, "I shall continue to talk and write about myself."



VII—J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

A DEALER in gilt-edged securities and insecurities, at one time influential in politics and a trader in second-hand railroads.

Young Pierpont began his career in the old days when the United States was a Republic. He was born in the Nutmeg State, but moved to New York soon after the seat of the Government became located in Wall Street. As a boy he was studious and thoughtful, but occasionally gamboled on the green as practice. Before he was fourteen he saved up enough money to buy a small railroad, and with nothing in his pocket but this he journeyed to Washington, where he first met the Senate, and disposing of his property at a profit—not so easy then as now—he came on to the Metropolis and made the Stock Exchange what it is today—the proud monument of government by the people, for the people, and in spite of the people.

Our hero, although very poor at that time-being only worth

ten or twelve millions—had ambitions, and even thought of becoming in time as notorious as Marie Corelli or James Hazen Hyde, but finally determined to take the more humble career of magnate, owing to a fatality that is not always to be avoided.

Thus we see that humility is often an inherent quality of true greatness.

Grover Cleveland, at that time President, one day walked into Mr. Morgan's office and timidly knocked at the inside door.

"Hello, Grover," said Pierpont. "That you? What's the matter now?"

"Look at me," said Grover. "I haven't been able to buy a pair of suspenders for four months. Heaven knows when the ghost will walk again. The Secretary of the Treasury is eating free lunches in the Riggs House, and the Capitol is mortgaged right down to the Senatorial cold tea room. Lend us a few, will you?"

"Sure," said Pierpont. "I'll reorganize all the railroads I can in the next week and send you the proceeds. In the meantime, ship me all the old bonds you have and I'll hold 'em for a rise my motto is punctuality, patriotism and profit."

Thus the Steel Trust was possible, and Mr. Morgan hurried to England to buy out Parliament. The members were to be shipped over here in gold cages and exhibited in Central Park free to the Irish vote. But Carnegie said, "No! I'll be true to the old country. Leave 'em alone, Pierpont. If you want British blood, start an American club in London, and let me write books for Americans to read. Thus the balance of power will be preserved."

Pierpont is now resting upon his laurels. Living as he does, with one foot in Pittsburg and the other in the Episcopal Church, surrounded by loving clerks, who sit up nights waiting for Santa Claus, his mission has been accomplished.

Pierpont loves to play with his toys. He is very fond of choo-

choo cars, and has a lot of railroads in his back yard for his own amusement. He is also a great lover of animals, and often plays with his Uncle Sam's pet elephant. Pierpont is very fond of swapping things. Once he swapped a lot of old iron with his chum Andy, and all the other boys laughed and thought Pierpont had got left, but he knew better than that, for he sold it to a lot of yaps at a handsome profit.

Pierpont is a good little boy, and goes to church almost every Sunday and puts his money in the contribution box, which makes the minister ever so glad to think that Pierpont is all to the good.

His favorite occupations are buying chromos, working his passage across the ocean at bridge, bidding on countries, walking the ties and talking with T. Lawson.

Principal works: "The Bondsman," "Gold Bricks Without Straw," "The Steal Trust," "The Water Cure," "Combinations I Have Smiled With," "In Many Mergers," etc.

#### VIII—MARY BAKER EDDY.

A MORTAL mind dispeller, souvenir spoon agent, claim destroyer and general collector of all kinds of money. Also chief superintendent of a prosperous miracle factory at Concord, open day and night, and the only one where a strike never occurs, or the wages paid are even complained of.

Mrs. Eddy, unlike Hetty Green, did not inherit the foundation of her fortune, but acquired it herself by constant prayer and office visits. Like Hall Caine, Mrs. Eddy has taken the plot of her work of fiction from the Bible, but, unlike that eminent author, has never thought it necessary to write more than one volume, this making enough to make both ends double over and meet on the other side.

Mrs. Eddy was not born, but demonstrated some three score

years ago, and she early evinced her psychic powers, being able to tell a Government bill from a \$500 note in the dark, and even then being firmly convinced that \$300 was not too much to charge for six weeks' tuition in her special pipe dream course.

Boston was at that time a little struggling town, situated just back of Wendell Phillips and Waldo Emerson, and she took it up and made it famous, and helped to develop it into the prin-



cipal municipal religion incubator of the United States.

When a young girl, Mrs. Eddy was one day reading that famous riddle, "When is a door not a door?" and being struck with its tremendous philosophy, turned to the Bible and evolved an in "Science answer Wealth, with Key to the Safe Deposit Vaults," which proved successfully that we are only such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little lives are rounded by a five dollar séance. From that time on our heroine was on Easy Street.

There have been many

skeptics who have doubted the real reasonableness of Mrs. Eddy's health trust, but it is only necessary to quote the distinguished lady herself in her own defense.

"The proof of my system," she says, "lies in its demonstration," and it is well known that she has demonstrated nearly half a million.

Her favorite occupations are: Transferring real estate and not being seen.

Principal works: "Tag, You're It," "Heeling as a Fine Art," "It's Up to You," "A Cure for Epitaphs," "The Gates Not Ajar," "Mortal Cash," etc.



#### IX—CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

A DEALER in second-hand jokes and orange blossoms, who was at one time used quite extensively as a lay figure for interviewers, but now retired; also an extinguished member of the United States Senate, a body of financiers who love the money of their country better than themselves.

Mr. Depew was born in Peekskill, on the confines of the New York Central Accident Assurance Company (accidents always assured), and at the early age of three was sent to Egypt to receive his education. Having formed an intimate acquaintance

with the mummies of Amenotep III. and Rameses II., he started out on his career of story-teller, using Peekskill as a screen to conceal the origin of his tales. He soon became famous, being known abroad as a "representative American," one of the cruelest jokes ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting people.

In youth Mr. Depew became railroad struck, and, having passed several months in the tunnel, naturally got to be president, his previous training having eminently fitted him for the job.

His duties while occupying this post were onerous. He received all representatives of the press, making it a strict rule of his life never to mention himself or talk over the confidential affairs of the road, except when they were present. He attended all the Press Club dinners, thus keeping himself in touch with our leading brewers, barbers and grocers, broadening his views of life in general, and giving him a speaking acquaintance with our representative trades.

He also made it a rule to go abroad once a year, his annual forecasts of general conditions, invariably and inevitably given out on his return, ranking in merit with the predictions of our esteemed weather bureau.

Mr. Depew, while making a specialty of honeymoons and reading notices, is also an after-dinner speaker, and makes it a firm rule never to tell the same story once.

He is not very good at games, having been beaten at railroad and politics and insurance, but he has done better at matrimony. He is a very lovable child, and if it were not so hard to keep him still he would be an ornament to any uncivilized society. He goes to the Senate school in Washington, which is a private boarding school for some of our wealthiest people, but they say he doesn't stand well in his class. Once he used to talk about the religion of his mother's knee and what it had done for him, but that was before the mortgage on the Depew Improvement Company was foreclosed.

Principal occupations: Raising and drawing salaries, talking to order, talking out of order, and talking.

Favorite works: "On Many Platforms," "How to Know the Chestnuts," "Autobiography of a Fake," "The Glad Hand and the Agate Column," "Directorships I Have Misdirected," etc.



## X-TOMMY LAWSON.

A BAD man from Boston who lives by his wits and page ads. Tommy began his career by being laid on the steps of the New York Yacht Club, but no one there being willing to stand sponsor for him, he was shipped on to the Boston Stock Exchange, where in due course of time he became Everybody's Pet.

There is no doubt that Tommy is a very bright boy, but he has such a powerful imagination that it is not always wise or safe to believe what he says. But he knows how to tell beautiful stories, especially when he tells about some of his adventures with

his other playfellows. We are sorry to say that Tommy fights, and it is not uncommon with him to get black and blue spots all over his conscience, although this never troubles him, as he can always put it off on the other fellow. Tommy is familiar with all kinds of games, including three card monte, yacht sailing and "copper, copper, who's got the copper?" He also plays Boston for all it's worth. Once he played with a gang of real tough boys who live in the oil district, and they got all his marbles away from him, and he was so mad about it that he couldn't contain



himself; so he wrote a splendid composition telling all about it, and the teacher said it was first rate, but some of the people who read it said they liked their fiction in shorter instalments.

Favorite occupations: Lamb shearing, using the megaphone and delivering some of the goods.

Principal works: "The System and I Are Out," "Grafters I Have Smiled With," "Tattle Tale Talks," "The Truth in a Bombshell," etc.

#### TO THINE OWN SELF.

Y DEAR, you are too reserved and blunt."
Buddway looked at his wife soberly.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I'm myself."

"That's the trouble, you are too much yourself. You don't put yourself out enough for others. You are too cold. It is hurting you. Look at Mr. Caperton—how popular he is."

"Nonsense. My friends understand me. They know that I am not a palaverer. I have as many friends as he."

"That's all right, but you will find that it would make a great difference if you would only use a little more politeness. Flatter people a little. Try to be nice to them. They like it."

Buddway reflected.

"Do you really think there is anything in it?" he asked.

"I don't think. I know. Do me a favor. Just try it and see."

"Well-perhaps I will."

Buddway started out. Maybe, after all, his wife was right. He didn't gush enough. He thought about his friend Caperton. Caperton certainly knew how to do that sort of thing. Buddway envied him.

"I'll do it," he muttered to himself. "I can and I will!"

Suddenly he looked up and saw Stinson ahead of him. Stinson was a business acquaintance. He was about to pass, with a slight nod of recognition, when Buddway grasped him cordially by the hand.

"Delighted!" he cried. "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. How's the wife—and family—and self? How well you are looking. But you always were handsome."

Stinson gasped at him in astonishment. Had the reserved, rather distant chap whom everybody respected, and whom he

had always wanted to get better acquainted with, suddenly gone crazy?

"Glad you think so," he half stammered; and excusing himself rather abruptly, hurried on.

Buddway entered his office.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Jones," he said to his chief clerk, cordially, with a bright smile. "How are you this morning? Always up bright and early. Don't overwork yourself. We must give you a little rest."

Jones caught his breath and opened his eyes in wonder. Buddway usually came in silently, walked to his desk, opened his mail, and gave his instructions in as many monosyllables as possible.

Jones escaped with the news as soon as he could and spread it around the office.

"The old man must have gone crazy," he whispered. "He fell all over himself. Been working too hard, I guess."

At eleven o'clock it became necessary to visit the bank. Buddway, after some delay, entered the office of the President. That individual looked up, and seeing who it was, nodded briefly. Buddway, however, wasn't going to permit anything like that. Grasping the staid old gentleman firmly by the hand, he leaned over him with a large and expansive smile:

"My dear Mr. Burnside, how are you this fine day? Deelighted to find you in. Do you know you grow younger every day. I should hate to put on the gloves with you."

The Bank President looked him over suspiciously.

"I'm pretty well," he said, dryly. "What can I do for you?"

Buddway explained in honeyed accents that he wanted an extension on a note. Burnside told he would let him know later. After he had gone the venerable Bank President called in the loan clerk.

"Buddway wants an extension on that note but notify him at once that he can't have it."

"Very well, sir, but-"

"Well?"

"He's a good customer. He is all right. Plenty of collateral."

The Bank President smiled grimly.

"I know it," he said, "I've always liked that chap. Honest and straightforward—no frills. But he came in here this morning and fell all over me. Must be something wrong. Better call that loan at once. He's too d——d polite."

When Buddway came home that evening his wife met him at the door. She looked at him anxiously.

"Are you all right, dear?"

"Certainly; why not? Why shouldn't I be?"

"Why, I just got a telephone message from Mrs. Stinson. She said her husband had met you, and you didn't seem well."

"Didn't seem well! Ha, ha! His little joke, always trying to make it pleasant for his friends. Ah, my dear, how charming you are looking. More beautiful than ever."

Mrs. Buddway started back. Never before had she heard him talk like this. But she easily refrained from saying anything. After all, it was her suggestion.

The dinner was eaten with a running fire of compliment and flattery by Buddway. His poor wife, in the unnatural position she had been found, felt the strain keenly.

Finally, just as Buddway, with a melodramatic wave of his arms, had asked her if she had the slightest objection to his smoking, the bell rang.

Mr. Caperton was announced.

Buddway sprang forward to meet him. Mrs. Buddway escaped.

"My dear boy, deelighted!" exclaimed Buddway. "How

good of you to drop in. Just the man I wanted to see. How well you are looking, you handsome dog!"

Caperton drew back in astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Old man, what's gotten into you? What is it? Any trouble?"

"Trouble! Why, no. What can you mean? Don't you like my manners?"

Caperton held him at arm's length.

"No," he said at last. "I don't. Where did you get them from?"

"From you. Wife put me on. Told me you were the most polite man she knew and I was the most taciturn. Advised me to turn over a new leaf, and I've done it."

Caperton's face grew solemn.

"You've done it all right," he said. "That's what I called to see you about. Met Stinson—he said he knew you must be concealing some trouble. Saw old Burnside at the bank, and he asked me if you'd met with reverses. Hello, what's that?"

Buddway listened intently. A chair was working violently overhead, as if some one was in distress. He sprang up the stairs. His wife was rocking back and forth—in tears.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Don't! Don't! Please don't," she sobbed. "Never try to be polite again. Just be yourself. You were right. Oh, it was awful!"

Buddway put his arms around her sturdily.

"Never again!" he exclaimed. "Come, come, stop crying, I must go back."

He left her and rejoined his friend.

"Caperton," he said, solemnly, "for heaven's sake, what's the matter? Here I have been trying all day long to be as polite as you are, and what's the result? Friends all think I'm crazy and wife in tears. How the devil do you account for it?"

And Caperton smiled feelingly as he replied.

"My dear boy, do you know what my wife said to me the other day?"

"No; what?"

"She said:

"'My dear, I'd give anything if you had the dignity and depth of Mr. Buddway."

#### WORRY.

IT is a melancholy fact that few people worry systematically. They are too likely to concentrate their worry in spots, and then, when the reaction sets in, they are positively gay.

Each one of us has worry enough to last a lifetime, if it is but properly distributed. We dress and eat and sleep more or less regularly, and we should certainly worry with the same consistency.

There are some people, especially those who are poor, who claim they have no time to worry, they are so much occupied. But this is only because they do not make time. Worry need not be the exclusive privilege of the rich. It is open to all who are willing to devote the care and attention to it that it deserves.

One of the best times to worry is about five in the morning, when one's vitality is at its lowest. If it is hard to wake up at this hour, use an alarm clock. Lie as rigid as possible, with your hands clasped, and your teeth set, and your eyes fixed. Do not make the mistake, as some do, of facing your troubles, because oftentimes, when they are faced, they disappear, and thus worry doesn't get a fair show. Instead of this, brood on them vaguely. In this way you will gradually develop a kind of inward terror, which is a great help to worry. Practice doing this every morn-

ing at dawn. At first it may be hard, but by and by the habit will become fixed, and then you will not have to chide yourself afterwards because you were losing so much time worrying as you ought.

Another great help is to cultivate your imagination as much as possible. Remember that the immediate present, with its sense of security, will soon pass, and that the future, with all kinds of trouble, is coming. Try to imagine some of the things that may happen, and by doing this systematically you will find that it is possible never to be wholly out of a good stock of worry, and by putting your faith in imaginary troubles you will never be at a loss.

Do not worry too hastily; for if you do you may recover too rapidly and lose your equilibrium. But go at it calmly, slowly and persistently. In a short time you will find that you are worrying almost without any effort. But even then do not allow yourself to be too much elated over your success. For if you do, the very object that you have striven so hard to achieve will be defeated.

Allow yourself only a proper feeling of pride and sense of true dignity in your progress; otherwise, your capacity for worry may be too much restricted by your satisfaction in your own development.

The privilege of being dishonest is only for the minority.

Definition of a Diplomatist: Any man whose wife respects him.

### AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

WHEN her maid had put the finishing touch to her hair Mrs.
Cordery left her dressing-room and walked slowly and deliberately down the softly tinted hall to the door of her husband's apartments. The faint odor of cigarette smoke indicated the presence of that gentleman.

She knocked.

The door was opened by Mr. Cordery's man, who, bowing discreetly, slipped aside as she entered.

Her husband smiled cheerfully.

"Ah, my dear," he said, as he held out his arms for the man to help him on with his coat, "good evening! You may go, Peters," he told the man, who retreated noiselessly. "You look very fit to-night," he added as he drew up a comfortable leathern chair for her to sit in. "What's on? The opera?"

"No." There was a short pause, as Mr. Cordery, surveying himself critically in the cheval glass, toyed with a few stray aristocratic hairs that were displayed on a partly bald and wholly immaculate head. "This is one of my simplest gowns. I had no thought to put on anything elaborate—this evening."

"Quite right. You look best in simple things. Is there"—he surveyed her composedly, with an air of considerate curiosity—"anything I can do for you?"

"I have come for something that I very seldom ask for—advice. I find myself in love."

"In love? Why, I thought you and I had outgrown that sort of thing!"

"So did I. · But I find that I was mistaken."

"The affair, then, is serious?"

"Yes."

Mr. Cordery glanced at his watch, lighted another cigarette, and placed himself at ease on a divan, where he could look full

upon his wife's face as the light from the chandelier fell upon it. She moved slightly, so that she would be more in the shadow.

"Adèle," he said quietly, "it has always been my wish to make you happy. The responsibility of catering to your wants has been with me continually, more or less. But that I feel incompetent to advise you I am free to admit. The fact is I am disappointed."

"Are you disappointed in a general sense because I'm in love, or disappointed in me because I'm in love?"

"In you. I had hoped for better things from you."

"You have just said that it has been your wish to make me happy. If I can gather any happiness from this hitherto unknown experience why should you care?"

"It is not so much because I care. I try not to disturb myself too much about the personal peculiarities of others. But since we have been married I have taken a real interest in you—haven't I, Adèle?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Very well! And it comes to me now with a certain feeling of disappointment that you are not fulfilling my expectations."

"You do not believe, then, in love? Your narrow, shrunken, selfish, self-centred little man's soul cannot conceive of such an absurd and undesirable human emotion? And to think that I should have so debased myself as to come to you—for advice!"

She rose.

"Calm yourself, my dear," he said. "I do believe in love. Perhaps it may interest you to know that I too am in love."

"With whom?"

"With you."

She smiled scornfully.

"Since when?"

"Since we have been married and have lived-apart."

"What have you done to show me that you loved me?"

"I have kept away from you—knowing that you did not love me. What more could you desire?"

"If that is your idea of the matter you have certainly done your part. And now you expect me to believe this nonsense!"



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"AND TO THINK I SHOULD HAVE DEBASED MYSELF TO COME TO YOU—FOR ADVICE!"

"Not at all. I merely mentioned the matter so that you might know that I fully sympathize with you in your present difficulty."

"Robert, I had hoped that——"

"That in some manner it might be arranged for you to—to—"

There was a pause. They gazed at each other intently.

"There is no reason," he said at last, "why in time such an affair cannot be arranged. When two people really love each other why should a husband interfere? Absurd! Only it would have been better if you had not waited—if you had come to me before. You see, my dear, I was in ignorance of your wishes."

"But now?"

"Now, the man has come to me first."

"What!"

"Yes. He also came to me for advice. I don't think I ever knew such a considerate pair of—lovers."

"When did he come?"

"This afternoon—at the club—an hour ago."

"What happened?"

Outside in the street there was a low murmur, which gradually increased in volume. A chorus of strident voices was calling.

"Extra! Man shot at the Gotham Club! Extra!"

There was a loud knock at the door. A man forced his way in, closely followed by Cordery's valet.

"Mr. Robert Cordery?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must come with me."

Mrs. Cordery sprang forward and tore the evening paper from the hand of her husband's valet, as he stood there clutching it nervously and looking blankly at his master and the detective. She sank back.

Her husband went over to her quietly and put his hand gently on her head.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. He will recover. It was a bad shot. I missed his heart by fully two inches." Turning to the detective he said: "And now, sir, I am at your service!"



#### NO STOP-OVER.

A BRAND-NEW baby and its mother once got on a train which was bound through to Ruddyville. Before the train got to its first stop, a man came through and said:

"Dear lady, the next station is the Peptonized, Concentrated, Infants' Essence of Life Station. If you want that baby of yours to thrive, you'd better get off here." And he handed her a circular.

The lady smiled and thanked him, but shook her head.

The train stopped and passed on, but before it slowed up again, another man came through, and said:

"Madam, you'd better get off at the next place with your charge. We are coming to the Modified, Peptogenized, Sterilized Laboratory Station, and unless you get off here, I won't answer for that child's life."

The lady thanked him politely, but kept her seat.

By and by the train, which had passed this celebrated station, slowed up again, and another man came up.

"You must surely get off here," he said. "This is the Pasteurized, Constituent, Separated, Plasmonated, Stuffing Baby Feeding Station, Patented. This is the right place." And he showed her a sample photograph of a patient three months old and weighing at least three hundred pounds.

But the lady was obdurate, and kept her seat.

Finally, the train, after passing by a hundred or more other

stations, each labeled with startling letters, came to the end of its destination, Ruddyville.

When the mayor of the place, who happened to be at the station, saw the mother and child alight, he came forward and said:

"My dear madam, how in the world did you succeed in getting that baby through without stopping off anywhere on the route?"

"Easy enough," said the mother. "Don't you see that I came on a good, old-fashioned milk train?"

### POOR WILLIE.

"EAR, I have a great treat for you!"

Mrs. Slimson held up two tickets for the opera.

"I indulged in these yesterday," she said, "knowing that you would get so much enjoyment out of it."

Slimson shuddered. Long experience as a married man had taught him, however, to conceal his feelings. In the emergency his keenly practical mind jumped at the first alternative.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you get three?"

"Three!" exclaimed Mrs. Slimson. "What for?"

"Why, one for Willie. I consider," continued Slimson, "that it is of the highest importance that that boy should go to the opera."

Mrs. Slimson looked surprised.

"Why," she said, "I didn't know you thought it was necessary."

"That," replied Slimson, "is only because you don't appreciate how fully I feel my responsibility as a father. That boy certainly ought to begin to go to the opera. His taste needs cultivating. He won't relish it at first, of course. But there is no time like the present. Much as I want to go myself, I think you'd

better take him in my place. Willie, what do you say? Now, sir, don't be contrary."

Willie began to cry.

"You see," said Slimson, "how much he needs it. It may be the making of him."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Slimson, doubtfully.

"Come, Willie," said Slimson, "brace up. It will be a great education to you. Make up your mind to it."

Willie stuck his knuckle in his eye.

"Pop," he said solemnly, "I didn't think you'd be so mean as that. But you can't fool me. I know it must be something awful when you want me to go in your place."

#### WORK AND PLAY.

R ISING from his crib at such an early age, Peter Goahead's parents were amazed at his unusual precocity.

"We must lose no time," they cried with one voice, "in sending him to the kindergarten. With a mind like that what may he not become?"

At the kindergarten Peter acquired the proper nervous tension in a year to put him into the first grade at school, and from thence he rose rapidly.

And thus, eating, sleeping and studying for twenty years more, Peter became an adept at knowing things. It became easy for him thereafter, by working fourteen hours a day, to earn a respectable living.

One day, at the age of eighty-seven, it occurred to Peter that he had never learned to play.

Merely for the sake of completing the cycle of his cerebral development this seemed necessary.

So, in an odd hour, when he thought no one was looking, he

stole out into the backyard and gamboled on the green. He danced and laughed and turned somersaults.

The authorities, however, who at that time were extremely vigilant, were watching him.

An ambulance was called and Peter promptly taken to a sanitarium.

His parents, who had died long before, naturally had nothing to say. But those who knew remarked sagely: "What a pity, after a life of such extreme rectitude, that he should go astray!"

## THE REFUSAL.

I N the small room at the top of the house sat the great poet. The walls were bare, the furniture poor and scanty; an air of neglect was about the place. For, in spite of the fact that the poet's name was known the world over, that millions of human beings carried his message in their hearts, he lived in comparative poverty.

A knock came at the door.

"Come in," called the poet.

No ceremony was here—no retinue of servants, no line of custom to break through. Because his words were for all, few came to see the poet.

A man entered. He was well clad and careworn.

"I am," said he, "the greatest financier of the age—the master mind. I control railroads, governments, men and measures. I hear you are writing an epic."

"Yes."

"I wish to buy a controlling interest in it. I will pay you a million dollars."

"What would you do with it if you had it?"

"I would link my name to it, so that when I am gone I shall not be forgotten; as I shall be now."

"I cannot accept your price."

"It is a large sum."

"That is nothing to me. I cannot accept money for something that is immortal."

"What would you have?"

"Yourself."

"Myself?"

"Yes. Give up your wealth, your power—everything, without stint. Come and live as I live—in obscurity, poverty, alone, unsought, unknown."

"Your price is high."

"Your demand is high. The value of your achievements is nothing. You have directed the energies of others into your own enclosure, but you have created naught. For that which is a part of myself I ask but a fair return."

"Is the payment in advance?"

"Yes. Come back in five years with proofs that you have kept your bargain, and I will give you the epic."

Five years passed. The poet still sat in his room, writing.

A knock sounded at the door.

"Come in."

A man, clad in the humble garb of the common people, entered. His brows were furrowed with thought; in his eyes was the gleam of the ages.

"Ah! you have kept your bargain."

"Yes."

"And you have come for the epic? Here it is!"

The visitor took it and read. Having finished it, he arose. "Poet, here is your epic."

"What? You refuse it after it is paid for?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I have written a better one."

## THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

Scene: The Bluebottle Links.

CLEVERTON—Want to go around, old man?

Dashaway—Thanks, but I expect some friends. Whittler and his wife.

CLEVERTON—Oh, yes. He plays, doesn't he?

DASHAWAY—Yes, a fair game. But she doesn't, thank heaven.

CLEVERTON—I was wondering about that.

Dashaway—No, sir. I am too old a bird to ask a man and his wife when they both play. No woman in it for me! I'll introduce her to some people, and she can sit on the club piazza until luncheon.

CLEVERTON—Good. Here comes some one now. Well, I'm going to drive off.

Dashaway—Good luck. Here they are. Good morning, Mrs. Whittler. Delighted to see you. How are you, old man? So glad you could come.

WHITTLER—And I'm mighty glad to get here. Fine place you have.

MRS. WHITTLER (shaking hands cordially)—So good of you to ask us, you know.

Dashaway—My pleasure, I assure you. Hallo, old man, what you got so many clubs for? Why, half of them are new.

MRS. WHITTLER—That's my secret. Mr. Dashaway, will you believe it, I'm learning to play.

DASHAWAY (heartsick)—You don't say so?

MRS. WHITTLER—Yes, indeed. I went around last week with a set of borrowed sticks—excuse me, clubs—and I have been playing more or less ever since. I am just crazy over the game.

WHITTLER—I told my wife I thought it was an imposition on you for both of us to play to-day, but——



"do you know, I am really doing better," 289

Dashaway (bravely protesting)—Nonsense! I'm delighted to think that Mrs. Whittler has started in. It will do her lots of good.

MRS. WHITTLER—There, Jerry. What did I tell you? I just knew Mr. Dashaway would like to have me play. All men are not so selfish as you are. But can't we begin now? I am so impatient.

Dashaway—Certainly. Here, boy. You caddie for this lady, and you two for us men. You drive off, Mrs. Whittler.

MRS. WHITTLER—Oh, dear, I'm so nervous. You make a tee for me, will you, dear?

DASHAWAY (gallantly stepping forward)—Allow me.

MRS. WHITTLER—Thanks. Now, I—Everybody says you are such a good player, Mr. Dashaway. I do hope you'll show me. I expect to learn so much.

Dashaway—Don't be nervous. Just stand easily and naturally and keep your eye on the ball.

Mrs. Whittler, after several fidgety attempts, brings her club down on the ball like a hammer, and it rolls off sideways into the bunker.

Mrs. Whittler—Oh, dear. I just knew I would do that.

Dashaway—Never mind. Take it over again. Caddie, throw that ball back. (Aside to Whittler) While we are waiting, old man, will you have something?

WHITTLER (brightening up)—Why, I don't mind. My dear, take a few practice drives. We'll be back in a few moments. (To Dashaway) My dear boy, I'm afraid this is a good deal of an imposition on you. The little woman is so interested in the game that I couldn't refuse to let her play without offending her.

Dashaway—Of course you couldn't. I understand. Don't concern yourself, old man.

Each takes a large, refreshing drink of good old Scotch

whiskey, and they return to the tee. Mrs. Whittler has just driven her ball into the first bunker for the seventeenth time.

WHITTLER (calling out)—Stay there, my dear, and we'll help

you over (steps up and makes a hundred-yard drive. Dashaway follows with one of a hundred and fifty).

MRS. WHITTLER—Isn't this tantalizing?

DASHAWAY—Let me show you. Hold the club sideways. Hit it well under. Try again (ball finally rolls over bunker).

MRS. WHITTLER—Now, what stick would you advise?

Dashaway—Try this cleek. Just try to hit the ball. That's the first thing.

MRS. WHITTLER (fanning the air)—Isn't it awful? I am afraid I am keeping you.

DASHAWAY (with deep meaning)—What an idea! We are in no hurry.

Wilittler—K e e p cool, dear.

MRS. WHITTLER (sending "LET'S HAVE ANOZZER"

the ball about three feet)—Oh, dear. You'd better sit down and wait for me.

Dashaway—Oh, no, we won't do that. But I think I see a friend in the club house. Come on, old man, I want to introduce you. Excuse us, we'll be back in a moment. Just keep right on.



MRS. WHITTLER (absorbed in the game)—Certainly. I'll take that over. Caddie, please put it in a real nice place for me.

Whittler and Dashaway repair once more to the club house, where they take several drinks of good old Scotch. At the end of half an hour they stagger out on the course and dimly discover Mrs. Whittler in the distance, making desperate efforts to put into the first hole.

MRS. WHITTLER (as they approach)—Where on earth have you been? Do you know (still absorbed in her game) I am really doing better.

DASHAWAY—Let me show you (tries to hit ball).

WHITTLER (grabbing club away from him)—Here! You can't play!

MRS. WHITTLER—Why! Oh! What is the matter? Oh, you horrid, low men! Disgraceful! You've been drinking!

She hurries away from them in high dudgeon, and walks back to the club house on the verge of nervous prostration.

DASHAWAY (leaning up against a stone wall)—'F I had a wife that played a game like that, I'd be full all the time.

WHITTLER—'F I hadn't been drinking, 'n' you should say a thing like that, I'd knock you down, but as we both hit 'em up pretty lively, I can only say, old man, that I agree with you. Let's have anozzer.

#### THE NEXT MORNING.

Mrs. Whittler—I want you to promise me that you will never take another drop.

WHITTLER—On one condition.

MRS. WHITTLER—What's that?

WHITTLER—That you'll never again try to play golf with any friend of mine.

Laws are of two kinds: obsolete and broken.



He showed his honesty in his face, as indeed did all the officials of Besum—for Besum was a model town. Somehow all the corruption and chicanery of modern life had passed it by. Setting remotely in the hills as it did, its life remained unscarred by those impurities so common in the majority of our cities.

"Gideon," said the Mayor, earnestly, as he gazed somewhat anxiously in the face of his compatriot, "has it occurred to you that we have had no marriages of late? I've been looking in vain for the marriage column for weeks now. What do you suppose is the matter?"

"Well, Phineas," replied the Town Clerk, "I'm only too glad that you've mentioned the matter. The subject has been on my mind for some time, but I've hesitated to speak of it, because I thought—well, that perhaps I was too much of an alarmist. No, there haven't been any marriages. And Phineas, that ain't the worst of it, either."

"What is the worst of it, Gideon?" asked the Mayor. "Come, out with the whole truth."

The Town Clerk leaned forward. He lowered his voice perceptibly.

"Have you noticed," he said, solemnly, "that our children are giving out?"

"Why, yes, now that you speak of it, I have. I don't know when I've seen a baby, and there are certainly no little ones to speak of playing on the streets any more."

The Town Clerk became more confidential. He was gaining courage from the sympathy of his friend.

"Last night," he said, "I took a walk through our park system. I was dumfounded to observe that there were no lovers anywhere. The benches were unoccupied by any couples. On the other hand, I could not help but notice the predominance of young men. They sat disconsolately—at least it seemed so to me. Now, the fact is that we are growing old, Phineas, or we should have noticed this state of affairs before. Something must be done. Think of the consequences."

"I have thought of the consequences, Gideon. As I sat here just now, the whole thing came over me. Here we are, a prosperous little town, all happy and contented, with nothing but the good of our community at heart. But how can we continue to exist if there are no marriages, if there is no love-making? What's the cause of it, Gideon? Have you given any thought to this matter?"

"Yes, I have. I was talking about it with the Presbyterian

minister only yesterday. Why, sir, he told me, with tears in his eyes, that he actually couldn't remember when he had had a wedding fee. Now, he says that the trouble is with our girls."

"Our girls!"

"Yes. You see they know too much—they are too independent."

"Well, I never thought of it in that light before, but there may be something in it. Let's call in Miss Chesney and ask her."

Miss Chesney was the Mayor's stenographer. She entered at once. Her calm, serious face was not relieved by any suggestion of coquetry—albeit she was a handsome girl.

"Miss Chesney, tell us fairly and truly—what is the trouble with Besum?"

"The trouble—I do not understand. Surely there is no better place."

"But no marriages are taking place—there is no love-making going on. If this keeps up, where shall we land? All of us have the good of the town at heart. We must find the solution and apply the remedy. Can you throw any light on the subject?"

Miss Chesney smiled.

"Yes, I think I can throw some light," she replied. "You see, sir, there is no more enlightened community than Besum. We have taken advantage of all the modern improvements, without the corresponding corruption. All the girls of Besum, for a generation now, have been subjected to the most advanced thought. Take myself, for example. Long ago I discovered that I could support myself and be far more independent than as a wife. Just look, in the business life of our town what an important element are the women. They keep the books, sell many of the goods, in many instances become proprietors of stores, and thus are all too busy and too much occupied with their own affairs to care to make an alliance with an inferior—I beg pardon—with a doubtful partner."

"But, my dear Miss Chesney, there are other girls than the working girls."

"Certainly. The wealthy. But they, on the other hand, are all college-bred. Do you not remember, not so long ago, the wave of culture that swept over us? And how all the girls who had time were studying the higher philosophy? Well, this is the result. Those who are not self-supporting are engaged in all kinds of active intellectual movements. They have no time for matrimony, which now seems so trivial."

"But our future is threatened. Surely-"

"Yes, sir, but you see the feminine altruism does not extend that far. It confines itself to the present. Our purpose is serious. It devolves upon ourselves to look out for our immediate selves. This, I believe, is the more advanced spirit of socialism."

"Advanced spirit of fiddlesticks!" exclaimed his Honor. "Here I thought we were secure. Here I flattered myself that we were immune from all the tainted influences of the present age. The women in our municipal life have been the purifying power. When lo! we are confronted by the worst evil yet. What can be done? It is appalling!"

"Let's send for the President of the Borough," said the Town Clerk. "He is a young man, and indeed I think fairly susceptible himself. He has traveled much, and is fertile in resources. Perhaps he can suggest something."

"A good thought. I will summon him immediately."

In a few moments that gentleman arrived. He presented a marked contrast to his two companions. He was much younger and more sprightly. He was dressed in the latest style. There was a certain suggestion of jauntiness about him.

In a few words, their faces sad with emotion, the Mayor and the Town Clerk had presented the case to him. He listened intently.

There was no hesitancy in his reply.

"What we need," he asserted immediately, "is more frivolity—more abandon. We must have it. We must import it."

His listeners raised their hands in protest.

"What!" exclaimed his Honor. "You don't mean that. Frivolity! Remember, Paul, we must be careful."

"I understand perfectly. But we can't have our future controlled by a lot of serious, pedantic women. Gentlemen, we must get a move on. I've felt the need of all this myself. My nature demands a certain amount of love—or reciprocity. That's why I travel. These girls of ours are utterly impossible at present. They're too lofty. Now, I have just been spending a few delightful days at a charming little summer resort, right down the coast. I'll give you my word, gentlemen, there wasn't another man in the place. I took the precaution, of course, of being there only from Monday to Friday. Nothing but girls. And frivolity! Well, well, you never saw so much of it in your life. All of them charming—out for a good time. Nice girls, you understand. Just the kind—no purpose in life. I know them all. Why, gentlemen, I've been loved personally by the majority of them."

"Well, well," said the Mayor, mopping his brow, "how in the world is this going to benefit us?"

"That's what I'm coming at. We must bring them here to live. They are all out for a lark. You make the arrangements, and I'll undertake to arrange the importation. All we have to do, gentlemen, is to sow a crop of flirtations. And I'll wager my salary that in a year the marriage bells will be working overtime."

The Mayor and the Town Clerk looked at each other wonderingly. It was a critical moment, but both of them realized that something must be done.

"Agreed," they chorused.

In three days a special train rolled into the town of Besum. The Mayor, with a delegation of leading citizens, was on hand to meet it. In a moment these gentlemen were surrounded by girls—short girls and tall girls, fat girls and thin girls—girls in red, white, blue, pink, lavender and all the fashionable colors of the rainbow, girls in fluffy shirt waists and sailor hats—fleecy girls, demure girls, dashing girls, quaint looking girls—in fact, in the whole girl category there seemed to be no important specimen missing.

They were headed by two charming widows who came as chaperons.

The occasion had been made a municipal holiday, and it is needless to say that every young man who could propel himself was on hand. Suitable arrangements had been made to furnish the fair visitors with accommodations.

The native feminine element was quite conspicuous by its absence. This, however, did not mar the spirit of the festivity.

The next morning the Mayor, a beautiful carnation in his buttonhole, entered his office.

"Ah, Gideon, what a fine evening we had! The ball was a grand success. I saw you dancing."

The Town Clerk, who had just entered, smiled feebly.

"I'm afraid, Phineas," he observed, "that I didn't get on very well. The fact is I haven't danced for a good many years. I find there is no dancing master in town."

"Hadn't we better telegraph for one—just say there is a splendid opening."

"I've done so already. It's a great thing, isn't it? Haven't felt so young in years. Did you notice that little thing from Chicago—wasn't she——" the Town Clerk chucked the Mayor playfully in the ribs—"a peach! I believe, Phineas, that is what they term it."

The Mayor grinned.

"My dear boy, not a circumstance to that fairy princess from Kentucky. Oh, my, Gideon, she is a lulu, or lalapaloosa—somehow, that seems more expressive."

The Town Clerk edged nearer the Mayor.

"By the way," he whispered, "I'm afraid we're not up to date. We must get some new clothes, Phineas. I noticed your dress suit looked very shabby—you don't mind my saying so—and you wore a black waistcoat—not good form, Phineas. We must do better. And last night I observed that you tucked your handkerchief in your waistcoat—a terrible break."

"You are right, and I'm glad you told me. It's hard at my time of life to be criticised, but there's so much at stake that I hope you'll feel free to do it. By the way, Gideon, are you making any progress in the frivolous language of our charming visitors? Paul has been a great help. I learned 'lalapaloosa' from him."

"And I learned 'peach' from him. Dear me, yes! I begin to feel ten years younger. Isn't it immense? What a grand thought to put some new life in the town! To think we never had a golf links. Here are the plans."

They were interrupted by a knock at the door. Miss Chesney entered.

"Gentlemen, a word. Here is my resignation."

"What!"

The two officials stared at each other. Miss Chesney was invaluable. She kept all the records and matters of detail in her head. Her withdrawal would be a calamity.

"You cannot mean it," said the Mayor.

"Indeed I do."

"But your reasons?"

"They will be given by others better qualified than myself. The Committee is now outside and desires an immediate audience."

Through the open door the Mayor looked. In the outer office was a group of well-known women, those who held high official positions in the municipal government.

The thunderstruck Mayor gazed at the equally disconcerted Town Clerk.

"You see," he observed, "what it now means to have allowed our women the privilege of voting. Without them our present high moral standard doubtless could not have been maintained, for they occupy the most important places. But now, my friend, I see what it means. They are going to strike. Just as we are introducing an absolutely necessary reform, here comes a split. Ah, well, admit them. We'll fight this thing to a finish."

The Committee entered. It was headed by a spare-looking lady with a high forehead.

"Miss Peasbody! Good morning!"

"Good morning, your Honor. You doubtless know the reason for our visit."

"Can it be possible that you---"

"It is not only possible, but it is an assured fact that we have not only come to protest, but we are here to take strong action against the extraordinary departure on your part, and the unseemly introduction into our quiet and orderly life of a lot of vixens. Do you understand, sir, VIXENS?"

"Nonsense, madam. They are not vixens. I never heard them called by that name. Why, they are all—peaches!"

"Lalapaloosas," ventured the Town Clerk.

"Call them what you will, they must go, at once."

"But----"

"No buts, sir. If you do not comply with our request, we will all resign. There shall be no more official or private business in this town. Everything shall be tied up."

"My dear madam, listen to reason."

"Don't talk to me of reason, sir. It is you who have lost

your head. Why, these giddy creatures are positively unendurable. They are already making a chatterbox of the town. I heard one of them whom I sat in a car with this morning actually boast that over night she had already become engaged to no less than three of our leading citizens. Think of it! Scandalous!"

"Great!" muttered the Town Clerk, under his breath.

"But, madam," said the Mayor, "you don't understand. You are not on to the game. You are a back number—I beg your pardon—I mean you are lurking in the rear. Don't you see that our future is threatened? We must continue our life as a community. At present we are all in a rut. Government is all right—business is all right—but our old friend, Cupid, has closed up his shop and gone away. All I have done is to bring him back. There must be more spoons in our parks—our back parlor sofas must get busy again—why, the old moon is becoming ashamed of us. Our baptismal fonts are running dry. Our Sunday schools will soon be a thing of the past. Santa Claus is already giving us the frozen eye. Come now, be reasonable."

The lady drew herself up haughtily. There was a tremor in her voice.

"If you think, sir," she replied, "that we are not alive to the situation, you are entirely mistaken. We appreciate the fact, of course, that new generations must arise, and we are willing to provide for this."

"How?"

"By arranging for a judicious importation of a select class of babies from other quarters. The movement is on foot already. We will send our agents. Wherever infants can be secured, they will be at once introduced into the community. It is needless to say that our advanced ideas about the bringing up of children will be successfully brought to bear on this new problem. Suitable examinations will, of course, be made as to their physical and mental fitness, so that the grand work that we have begun can be

carried out in the future. We are alive to the situation. But as for these hussies, they must go at once."

"Never!" said the Mayor, feeling instinctively in his breast pocket for a certain lace, sweet scented, handkerchief that he had captured the night before.

"Never!" muttered the Town Clerk, as the memory of a certain pair of tender eyes came to him.

"Then it is war to the death!"

"It is!"

The Committee withdrew with their noses high in the air.

The Mayor and the Town Clerk looked at each other disconsolately.

"Well, my friend, what next? Can we keep it up?"

"We must! Let us find Paul. He has got us into this delightful fix. Maybe he will have something to suggest."

The Mayor glanced at his watch.

"Well," he said, "if that is the case, we must hurry. I have an engagement this afternoon to go on an old-fashioned buggy ride—first I've taken since I was a young man."

"And I'm going to take a little row on the lake—thank heavens we have a lake."

They hurried out in search of the President of the Borough. They found him manicuring his nails in his private office.

"Come, now, Paul, here's a pretty state of things. We are—up against it—I believe that is the correct term. What's to be done? All our business women have deserted us—all the salaried female officers of the city are out on strike. They announce as their ultimatum that we must go back on all our——"

"Peaches," said the Town Clerk.

"Yes—peaches and lalapaloosas. Now, Paul, your suggestion is responsible for this. What do you say?"

Paul smiled, calmly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I never yet knew an unjust strike to

win. We will, of course, stick it out. I understand that the enemy have offered a slight compromise."

"Yes, they've offered to introduce a lot of foreign babies. But we won't stand for it, will we?"

"Not on your life! No foreign importations for us. Home industries or nothing! While you have been having a good time, however, I have not been idle."

"What have you done?"

Paul mechanically arranged his neat cravat.

"Well, I've done this. I've thought it best to acquaint our frivolous visitors with the truth. You see at present while they are an enthusiastic body, they are small—they are all I could raise at one summer resort. But I've told them to send word to their friends. Why, think of the lonesome girls along the coast. This is going to be a knock-out fight. We need reinforcements. We're in to stay."

The Mayor and the Town Clerk clasped him by the hands. "Good for you! Splendid work! But I suppose," said the Mayor, "we should be moderate. We should consider the other side a little. You have heard the arguments."

"Certainly. The enemy claims that we can't get along without them. They say that Besum is the model town it is because the women have been such a large element in its political growth. They say that when their chastening influence is withdrawn we'll get corrupt, and fall into the same state as all the other towns. Well, that may be true. But, gentlemen, just wait and see. All we have to do is to stand together. Don't weaken."

As the three men went out into the street signs of disruption were everywhere. Groups of corkscrew curls could be seen on every corner, waving wildly. Orators were busy. Occasionally some manly citizen of the town, dressed up in his best clothes, would pass with a lovely creation in pink and white, and dark looks would be cast upon him on every side.

During the next week events were crowded together as never before in the history of the town. The new recruits were constantly arriving, every incoming train bearing its quota, and the Mayor and his little body of patriots and lovers were taxed to their utmost resource to provide suitable accommodations for their visitors.

The fame of the town spread.

In the meantime there were conferences in the ranks of the enemy. No open violence was shown, but to the outward eye they presented a firm front.

One morning, however, as the Mayor sat in his office idly reading a light novel—for, business having been practically suspended, there was little else to do—the Town Clerk burst in, his face radiant.

"Well," he exclaimed, "Paul was right. He knew a thing or two."

"What's up?"

"You wait and see. Here they come now."

There was a rustling of gowns in the outer office—a peculiar rustle that the Mayor had never heard there before. He walked rapidly to the door.

The same Committee that ten days before had faced him and announced war to the death once more stood before him.

But, oh, how different!

The leader, Mrs. Peasbody, was dressed in a pea-green silk.

She had on a hat that, as the Mayor afterwards jocularly stated to the Town Cerk, was a "dream."

She carried in her hand a white feather fan, imported from Paris.

Every detail of her costume had been carefully considered.

"Ah, good morning, your Honor. Deelighted."

"Delighted, madam. What can I do for you?"

"I have come to ask you to attend our ball."

"Your ball!"

"Yes. In the public school building. It is given by the influential ladies of the town. There will be dancing until four c'clock in the morning—or later. Music by an imported orchestra from the metropolis. Supper at eleven."

She advanced, and in a light, kittenish way tapped the Mayor on his astonished chin.

"You will be there," she said. 'I know you'll come—you and all your friends. We will have a grand time."

The Mayor thought of the widow from Memphis, who was crowding him very close.

"But——" he stammered, "I have an engagement for tonight."

"With----"

"Yes, with-"

"So I thought. But she is coming, too. See, here is her charming note of acceptance."

She held out a dainty note.

It was in the widow's handwriting.

"Of course," said the Mayor, "that being the case, I---"

"Oh, I knew you would. Everybody will be there. Dancing at nine. Thank you so much."

She swept out, leaving the Mayor thunderstruck.

At this moment the President of the Borough came in.

His face was jubilant.

"What did I tell you!" he exclaimed. "The end is near. Are you going to the ball this evening?"

"What the dev- What's the meaning of all this?"

"The meaning is this: This morning the enemy met in solemn conclave. I managed to smuggle in a spy. Our firm attitude made them see there was no hope. And so they passed unanimously a set of resolutions. Gideon has them. I came on in advance to tell you the glad news. Ah, here he is now."

The Town Clerk, his face beaming, burst into the room. In his hand he waved a paper.

"Listen to this," he exclaimed. He read as follows:

### RESOLUTION.

The ladies of this municipality, who have hitherto held positions of trust in the public offices and private enterprises, are confronted with a serious situation.

The peace and good will of the town are threatened.

Having stood out for over a week with no effect upon the Mayor and his Council, we see now that another course must be immediately taken. Therefore,

Resolved, That we stoop to conquer.

We shall see if a lot of giddy minxes are going to get ahead of us.

We approach this matter in the calm, scientific, intellectual attitude that has hitherto characterized our conduct.

A committee on flirting will at once be formed. Every woman will hereafter wear the most stunning gowns she can buy.

It shall be the sense of this meeting that every one of us shall cut out the enemy by every blandishment known to us as daughters of Eve. No man shall escape.

We ask no odds. We are as handsome and lively as the rest of the world. And we'll prove it.

Every woman in this meeting must be loved within a week. We stand on our own merits.

To start the movement, a grand ball will be given immediately, to which all are invited.

Come one, come all.

As the President of the Borough concluded, he turned to his two friends.

"I told you how it would be," he said. "I've had some experience with women. All they needed was a little competition. They'll all be back in their places next week when we've given them a little encouragement."

The Mayor and the Town Clerk embraced him in a spirit of municipal jubilance.

"You're a genius!" they exclaimed in unison.

And then, as a large, cold bottle was brought in and opened, the Mayor held up his glass reverently in the light of the new régime that was beginning to dawn on the town of Besum.

"Boys," he said, solemnly, "here's to the first pair of twins!"

# ABSENT TREATMENT AND AN AUTO.

(WITHERBY has invited Bilter out to take a ride with him in his new auto.)

BILTER—By Jove, old man, she's a fine looker.

WITHERBY—Isn't she? And a great goer, too. Where shall we skip to?

- "Anywhere you say. Sure you understand about running her?"
  - "I understand all that is necessary."
  - "Ever had any trouble?"
  - "Oh, yes. I used to have lots of it."
- "I suppose you learned how to run the thing so well that now you anticipate everything."

"Well, not exactly that. Old man, can you keep a secret?" "Why, yes, of course."

"Then listen. When I first got this machine the blamed thing was breaking down all the time. Constant trouble. I was about to give up the whole thing in despair when a brilliant idea occurred to me. I consulted a Christian Scientist."

"What for?"

"Why, for the auto, of course! Now every time I start out for a ride I notify him, and he gives me absent treatment while I'm gone. No more trouble. Everything serene. I can go out now in perfect ease and confidence. Isn't it great?"

"Um! It's great if it works."

"Well, you jump in and we'll see." (Witherby starts up the machine and they go off down the road at a great pace.) "Of course it may seem foolish and absurd, but the fact is that before this car had absent treatment there was trouble all the time. And since then absolutely none. I——" (The auto gives a chug, chug and stops.) "Hello! What's that?"

"Thought you said-"

"Just wait. Only temporary." (After a lengthy search of fifteen minutes, in which Witherby tries every conceivable manner to start up the machine, the trouble is finally located in the spark plug. A new one is inserted and they proceed.) "Never knew that to happen before."

"You are paying that chap for his absent treatment, aren't you?"

"Sure. Five dollars an afternoon."

"Well, I should dock him for the time lost if I were you. I——" (There is a loud, whirring noise, and the machine is brought to a sudden halt by Witherby.)

"Now, what the dev——" (He listens anxiously.)

"Your friend, the healer, is evidently taking things easy."

"I must say it's strange." (Witherby jumps off, makes an-

other investigation and finds the starting chain has broken loose, and has been playing tag with the flywheel. He repairs it after nearly twenty minutes' hard labor.)

"I guess, old man, there is something the matter with your friend. Perhaps this is an off day with him."

"By Jove! Something is wrong, there's no doubt of that. I guess I'll call him up over the 'phone and see." (He goes to the nearest long-distance 'phone, and in ten minutes returns, his face radiant.) "There! I knew it was something, because everything has worked so well before under his treatment."

"Well, what is it?"

"You!"

"I!"

WITHERBY—Yes. You see he treats the machine. Now, I believe in it, but you don't. The consequence is that your opposing thought breaks it every once in a while.

BILTER—Well, what do you expect me to do? I can't jolly up too much sudden faith in this treatment, old chap, when we've already broken down twice.

"You don't have to. I've fixed all that. There's another healer going to treat you. Now we'll have a beautiful ride."

"Rather expensive, isn't it, when you've got to have a healer for everyone who goes out with you?"

"My dear boy, no automobilist ever considers expense as long as he can make his car run. Hello! I'm all out of cylinder oil."

"That's easy." (Grimly.) "Tell the healer to put his mind on the piston and it will run as smooth as grease."

WITHERBY (absorbed)—Ah, well, I mustn't let that disturb me. Here goes. (Again he starts up the car, and once more they are off. After some time, in which nothing is heard but the rhythmic tune of the machine, Witherby turns confidently to his guest.) "There! You see how it works. It's great to feel that this treatment is dead sure."

BILTER—Well, I must say it's smooth going. Perhaps, after all, there is something in it. I—— (There is a sharp snap. Once more the auto stops still.)

WITHERBY (turning pale)—Old man, that's the coil—the vibratory coil. I know that sound, because I've had it happen before. We can't run her without that, you know.

"Better telephone that healer."

"That's what I will." (Rushes off to nearest 'phone. In a few moments returns, his face happy.) "It's all right; all right."

"Can he fix her?"

"Oh, no. But his wife says that while he was stepping across the way to get an ice cream soda he himself was run into by an automobile."

"Hurt?"

"Oh, no, of course not! But he has a claim of a broken collar bone, and she says he can't possibly give us any more absent treatment to-day."

"But how in thunder are we going to get back?"

"Well, we can hire a hack, walk or be towed."

# HOW TO LIVE BEYOND YOUR INCOME—PERMANENTLY.

IN the effete days of old, when kings and other hard-working monarchs were tolerated by some of the best people, and when necessities were luxuries and not luxuries necessities, as they are today, it was customary to try and live within one's income. This was considered a laudable and praiseworthy thing to do.

Thanks, however, to all our scientific, educational and other uplifting influences, we have now advanced beyond this crude condition. Today the great and absorbing question is how to live beyond our incomes—and to do it permanently.

This is an important matter—much more important than any

other—and we regret that science has apparently neglected it. If science, actuated by those noble and disinterested ideals, that, alas! it is not always so eager to follow, should invent a flying-machine for the exclusive use of people who are living beyond their incomes and bar out all the creditors, there might be something in it. But science will never do this. We know science well enough to be certain that, just as we are about to conceal ourselves swiftly behind some friendly cloud, she will have sold to

a higher bidder some faster machine, and our creditor will swoop down upon us and present his bill.

This is a question that, in reality, ought to be decided by the majority, and as the majority of us are living beyond our incomes, it ought to be possible for us to carry the matter in a



popular election; and it would be possible to do this if we had reached that exalted state of consecration that we ought to have reached, with all the truly civilizing influences at our command. But, in some respects, we are behindhand. Our conceptions of what the State owes us are still too faulty to be of any real service.

It is possible, however, that we may be able to arrive at a solution of this problem, if we look at it in that philosophical spirit and with that clarity of vision that its merit deserves.

First, then, as already hinted at, we must understand that it

is not so much how we can live beyond our incomes—because most of us are doing it now—as to how we can keep it up, and do so easily, calmly, gracefully and happily. At present we retain some remnants of self-respect. Odd notions of obsolete economy still cling to us like the rags of yesterday's raiment. We do not know our power.

We must learn to live beyond our incomes permanently and peacefully and as our bounden right. Instead of being obliged to lower ourselves by dodging our creditors, they should be made, if not to dodge us, at least to realize our claims upon their lasting gratitude. How can this be done? So easily, so simply, that it seems almost absurd.

\* \* \*

First, one must have an income, no matter how small it is, to live beyond. This is necessary.

Now with any kind of an income one can always secure an amount of credit proportioned to the size of the income. We thus have the two elements that may conduce to our future happiness, if we but take advantage of our opportunities. For example, suppose we start with an income of two thousand a year. We then, on the strength of this, open an account with firm number one, and having established our credit with this firm, we open another account with firm number two, referring them to num-Then we open accounts with various other firms, referring them to the others. Our next step is to build up a reputation for paying our bills never at any stated time. For if we acquired the fatal habit of paving everything we owe on the first of the month, ruin would stare us in the face. But if our creditors come to regard us as good pay, but somewhat irregular, we shall then be able to extend the credit beyond the line of our income.

At the end of the first year, therefore, we shall find that we

have spent our income and have several hundreds of unpaid bills—that is, we have lived beyond our income to this extent.

And now we come to the most important point in the solution of our problem. For, while we have only made \$2,000 during this year, and have lived at the rate of \$2,500, we find that the very fact of our having done this—provided we haven't worried about it—has increased our ability. We have expanded our nerve. We have lived a larger life. We have accumulated not only bills but friends. So that, instead of making \$2,000, we find that it is easy for us to make \$2,500 a year. This makes it possible for us to extend our line of credit, so that we can now live at the rate of \$3,000. The mere fact of our living at the rate of \$3,000, when we are making in reality but \$2,500, makes it easy for us the next year to increase our abilities to the \$3,000 basis, so that the following year we can live at the rate of \$3,500.

On this scientific basis, an honest and painstaking young man, ambitious for his own future, who starts out with an income of \$2,000, if he lives beyond it sensibly and judiciously, can, at the end of ten years, be living beyond an income of \$15,000, and, with health and strength, there is no earthly reason why he should not keep this rate indefinitely.

It may be asked, that if this principle is true, why so many fail? The answer is, because the majority of us worry. Instead of allowing the living beyond our incomes to be a source of joy and genuine inspiration and solace and positive strength, we sap what should be our increasing energies, and allow our judgments to be absorbed by old woman's notions of economy. To cure ourselves of this detrimental souvenir of the past, we should examine occasionally the narrow and inconsequential lives of those few still left among us who are yet living within their incomes, and learn real wisdom. Our very extravagance ought to be an ever present help in time of trouble.

We never see the man who has learned to be content within his income making any great effort to increase it. It is only the more fortunate among us who are unable to live within their incomes, who are doing the real work of the world. If you can keep your creditor guessing permanently, you should be entitled to his lasting homage. Why, if it wasn't for you and your increasing possibilities to make more money in the future by your present liberal ideas, he would then be at the mercy of the people who live within their incomes, and his very existence theatened.

Let us not delude ourselves. With an established line of credit and a well developed nerve, the continuous living beyond our income becomes a sacred duty. And where duty calls us, we must go.

## THE PATRIOT.

I T was evening on the ocean steamer. The two men, hitherto strangers to each other, were comfortably seated on the leeward side of the smoking deck.

"Yes, sir," said the enthusiastic American, "you who are an Englishman, and on your first visit to our glorious land, have no idea what awaits you. All that you have read or been told about the wonders of America will seem dim before the reality. Take, for example, the trip up the Hudson. There is no grander scenery in the world, not even on the Rhine. Then you have Niagara and the great lakes. Magnificent, sir, is not a fit word. It is gorgeous, overwhelming! If you have the time, take a look through the wilderness and grandeur of the Adirondacks, the oldest mountain range we have. They will prepare you for the marvelous scenery of the great West. Then, as you proceed, through our principal States and largest and most popular cities, to travel onward to Colorado, your mind will be appalled by the vista before you. No pen can picture it! No voice can describe it! The Colorado Cañon! The Yosemite! The Garden of the

Gods! These are names that send a thrill through the heart of every patriotic American. Then go south, to the blue grass region. Go to Mammoth Cave, to the wonderful springs of Arkansas—everywhere you will be amazed. The old world is nothing to it!"

"It must be something grand," said the Englishman, touched by the other's eloquence. "I suppose you have seen all these things many times."

His new friend gazed at him in astonishment.

"Dear me, no!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm so busy that I can hardly find time to skip off to Europe."

# THE DOG.



IF you are a small man with a delicate constitution that needs exercise, an active and growing business that keeps you tied down, and a large and constantly increasing family, you should begin at once by keeping dogs.

The care of a sensitive, high strung dog with a long pedigree and hair and a delicate stomach will be a source of constant recreation. As you hear the patter of his paw steps on the stairs at

two in the morning, and his merry bark in the hallway, you will have a deep sense of security, and anon as he curls up on your brand-new Davenport couch and sheds his hair on its plush coat, you will feel that the joy of life has been doubly increased.

The best way is to begin on one dog and increase the number gradually.

Perhaps the bulldog is the best for a beginning. A good, serviceable, invalid bulldog can be had for about a thousand dollars. Before buying him secure the services of a shrewd

detective to run down his pedigree. There is only one more honest man in the country than a horse dealer, and that is the man who sells you a bulldog.

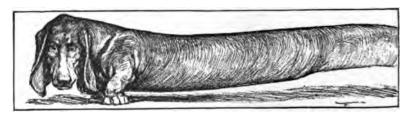
To be the real thing a bulldog should have the following points: Both his legs and his face should be bow-legged, and you should be able to draw a cork with his tail. His forehead should begin just beneath his palate, and if you could ride him horseback, you should be able to see his teeth. He should have enough superfluous skin to lay aside and lie on at any time, thus saving the expense of a rug.

Next to the bulldog is the noble dachshund, who comes in sections.

The dachshund is a cold-blooded human being and burrows under sofa cushions with great delight. Nothing is so pleasant, when you creep into bed late at night, as to find that it has been warmed up for you by your faithful dachshund.

If you are not a member of society and do not have to have a Boston terrier, get a cocker spaniel next, engaging a hairdresser at a weekly salary to come with him. This will save you an hour or so a day.

Always remember that dogs need a little care. Arise at four in the morning and give them an hour or so of much-needed exercise. After a bath or a rub-down, a hearty breakfast should be followed by a long nap. If they get ill at any time, send for a trained nurse and a dog doctor. By this time you will love them better than your own children, and expense will be no object.



#### A GOOSEBERRY.



THERE are certain sofas whose business is to be loved in. They are born, if not to the purple, to the turtledoves. Whatever combination of mahogany, South American hair and plush have come together to make up this four-legged individuality, has been mainly for the purpose of love.

This sofa was one of them. In discussing the matter with

the armchair, it had said, with an admirable sense of its own importance:

"My dear friend, it is a great thing to feel within one's innermost self, as I do, the springs of power. When two people sit down upon me, by some subtle alchemy I can feel myself drawing them together at once. They cannot resist my influence."

And the armchair had replied, not perhaps without a certain touch of envy:

"Ah, what you say is true. You were indeed born to bring people together. You are a centre of gravity. With me it is somewhat different. I don't remember of ever having held but one. I——"

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by the sound of voices. Two people were entering.

Said the man's voice—and it was a strong, manly voice:

"Alone at last. Where shall we sit?"

And then said the woman's voice—it was a delightful voice,

soft and low, well modulated and yet capable of a wide range of tremulousness and shades of emotion:

"I am going to sit here."

Then it was that the sofa creaked—a good, old-fashioned double creak that meant business.

The armchair sighed.

"Another frost for me," it observed, disconsolately.

"Listen," said the sofa. "Be a real wise gooseberry and enjoy yourself vicariously. You may learn something."

Said the man's voice:

"I have wished so long to be alone with you. I have something to say."

And the woman's voice replied:

"I hope it is interesting."

The man's voice:

"That depends. It might be the most interesting and absorbing thing in the wide world—for you—and, under certain circumstances, it might be the most distasteful."

The woman's voice:

"I think I can guess what it is."

"Then perhaps you would rather tell me. It is always a woman's privilege to instruct a man. Sometimes, indeed, a woman's very silence teaches a man all that he needs to know."

"Ah, yes. But perhaps I am not such a wise woman as that. Nevertheless, I shall take the opportunity of naming this important something that you desire to say to me. Something, you say, that might interest me greatly, or be distasteful to me. Well, what are these subjects that interest me, or are distasteful? It can't be clothes, because they are never distasteful."

"Do you acknowledge that?"

"Nay, I glory in it. There is only one possible occasion when a woman might assert that the subject of clothes was uninteresting to her."

"When is that, pray?"

"When she is so much afraid that the man she is talking to will not be able to make enough money to supply her with all she needs. But that could never happen to me, because——"

"Because what?"

"Why, because the man I marry must have enough. But that hasn't anything to do with our subject, has it?"

The man's voice quivered slightly.

"You are cruel. But, nevertheless, I shall waste no more time—valuable or invaluable. But I shall tell you the subject at once. It is all about us two—no one else. I love you! There, is that sudden enough? Dear, don't answer me at once. I couldn't help it. I had to say it right out. Won't you look at me? Won't you speak to me? Tell me it is all right."

There was a silence.

The sofa was calm—calm with the confidence of the inevitable.

"Now, you observed," it said to the armchair, "how the whole thing works. You are new, of course—let's see, you came fresh from the furniture store yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the armchair, and sighed—though why, it could not tell.

"Well," continued the sofa, "at first there was a lot of irrelevant talk. I suppose you thought they weren't going to get together at all, didn't you?"

"I must confess I didn't see what they were driving at."

"Exactly. That was pure nervousness. He was sparring for an opening, and she, with the soul of a coquette, was determined to have him make the fatal plunge for himself without any aid from her. Now she's got him hard and fast."

"Well, it's all new to me," said the armchair; "but now that I think it over, it was pretty well done, wasn't it?—I mean on her

part. She gave him to understand that there wasn't anyone proposing to her unless he had money enough."

"Yes; that was a great stroke. If they ever get married—and I hope they will, for they seem suited to each other—and he kicks at the bills, she will bring it back to him. She'll say, on the first of the month, 'Now, dear, remember, even before you proposed, that I told you emphatically the man I married must have enough!"

"That's so. And then how she did bring him to time."

"Exactly. Look at him now. You can see them better than I. There's a good deal doing, isn't there?"

The armchair almost burst with the unusual excitement.

"Well, I should say! He's holding her hand. He's—why, he has one arm around her waist! Why, he's——"

The sofa sighed.

"I know," it replied. "He's kissing her. I am afraid it's all over with me. I see my finish. Thus it is with all true greatness. We are but a means. My friend, prepare yourself."

There was a sudden rising, a slight bustle, a flutter, some sighs, and then, settling back with its new weight of enjoyment, prepared for the strain to come, the armchair gazed with a new pathetic interest on the now deserted sofa, and observed pleasantly:

"My dear sofa, I may be much newer than you are, but, after all, I seem to be modeled on a much older idea."

Only the past	is	immortal.
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When a man falls in love with some girls he begins to ascend.

# THE RIGHT KIND OF A NURSERY.

THIS is the most important room in the house, and though a great many writers have tried to do justice to it they have all failed. The following suggestions will be hailed with delight by all mothers:

The nursery should be on the first floor, and as near the front entrance as possible. This will not only enable all visitors to see the children, but the children to see and rub up against all visitors. A knowledge of the world is a great thing for children, and this will give them many opportunities. The room should be about twenty feet square, and lighted day and night by electric lights, as eminent scientists have discovered that electric light is a big improvement on the sun, being of human invention. The bulbs of the lights should be placed low enough so as to be easily reached by a child of one year old.

The decorations of the room should be rich, not gaudy. A light silk paper, in sky-blue or cream, can be obtained for about two dollars a roll.

For lace curtains to go in the windows it is foolish to pay more than twenty-five dollars a pair. They are not appreciated by children, who do not always consider them ornamental.

Now for the floor. A hardwood floor, of course, is best. It should be waxed and covered with Turkish rugs. Four or five nice rugs for this purpose can be obtained for about one hundred dollars each.

The most important feature is the play part. The children will want to play, of course, and there is nothing better for this purpose than a natatorium. This natatorium can be sunk in the middle of the room. It should be about six feet square, and, when filled with water, should be just deep enough to cover the head of the oldest child. A suitable collection of boats and tin fish

should go with the natatorium, which, constantly filled with pure. sterilized water, will be a source of endless amusement.

The equipment of the nursery should be as complete as possible. A full set of carpenters' tools is indispensable, together with a grindstone to keep them sharp. The walls should be lined with book shelves containing the latest books of reference. All fairy books and other injurious literature which deals with imaginary subjects should, of course, be strictly tabooed.

Your nursery is now complete. All that is necessary is to put over the entrance the following text:

"All Who Enter Here Leave Hope Behind."

## THE ART OF HOSPITALITY.

THERE are some guests who act upon their hosts like sponges, sapping their vitality steadily and surely and then leaving them exhausted, wrecks upon their own native sands, to recover as best they can. There are hosts who serve their guests in much the same manner, keeping them constantly keyed up to a certain pitch, lavishing efforts upon them with indefatigable persistence, until the guests are glad to escape, crawling home to their own comfortable carelessness, with weary bodies and wearier minds.

Why is it, we wonder, that certain households are not a good fit? The host is waiting for us at the door with outstretched hands. Indeed, even as we approach we fancy we can detect a fine fog of anxiety for our comfort evaporating from the windows that envelops him like a cloud. He takes our hat and coat; he inquires solicitously after our health; remarks with ostentatious gladness that we are looking better; hurries us up to our room, and while we are rehabilitating ourselves we can feel him floating around in the hall, ready to spring forward at the slightest intimation. His good wife also is ready to aid and abet him in

every suggestion for our comfort. There can be no doubt that she is glad to see us. Her smile of welcome is genuine. The very nervousness of her manner as she watches the servants out of the corners of her eyes is in itself evidence of a fine solicitude for our happiness. She endeavors to find out our likes and dislikes with an assumption of playful indifference, but which we know to be a deep earnestness; and we begin to get worried at once for fear that we have, after all, no desires suitable to be gratified. It is painfully evident that our host and hostess are not going to be happy unless they can find something to do for us. And so, with a sort of hopeless initiative, being thus driven to it, we search around for some wish that we can express, in order that the pleasure of gratifying it may put them at their ease.

The whole affair is tragic. We cannot help but love these good people. The sincerity of their desire for our comfort, even if it does keep us on the qui vive all the time, is in itself a fine flattery. We are as anxious for them as they are for us. We must make them believe that they are giving us the best time we ever had. To keep up the illusion is, to be sure, a strain, but we owe it to them to do this. At times there come to us flashes of longing to get away—to go home where we can whoop and be free—and then we hate ourselves for these outbursts, for somehow they seem to argue a certain disloyalty to those who really love us. So we go on acting our part, until the hour comes to leave, and we protest with tears in our eyes that we never have had such a good time, and that we are already looking forward to the next visit with fiery impatience. Surely, could a lie be more justifiable than this one?

On the other hand, how different is the manner of another host, to whom the word hospitable never seems to have occurred. He, too, meets us at the door; he, too, shakes us by the hand. And yet, even as he does this, in some subtle and unconscious manner, he makes us feel that his house and everything in it

by right are ours. He does for us what is necessary, but no more; and leaves us ungrudgingly at our own resources, for which we bless him every moment of the time. We roam at will, and, having tried his cigars, do not hesitate to smoke one of our own in the blissful certainty that we cannot offend him. appears at the psychological moment; and disappears in the same happy manner. The cook may be drunk in the kitchen; the waitress may have given notice to quit; the ice may have given out, or any one of a number of domestic infelicities have occurred. But she is unconcerned. There is no concealment. The situation is discussed as if we were merely spectators and had no vital interest in it. It thus happens that because there has been no effort to entertain us we are entertained; that because no one has been solicitous about us we have not become objects of solicitude; and when necessity at last compels us to depart, it is with a kind of furtive resolve that we will come again as soon as we can; and somehow this resolve occasions no hesitancy, for we do not seem to have put our host and hostess to any trouble, which makes it easy for us to feel that they are always glad to see us.

The less hospitality we display the more we have. A guest should be a guest in name only. In general it is a delicate and hopeless task to foist upon him your own ideas of how he should enjoy himself. Let him loose in your little province, to wander as he will.

And if there is in your surroundings some imperfection, do not conceal it from him. To know about it naturally will put him at his ease.

To the plodder belong the spoils
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Washing dishes is hard on wedding rings.

which is really quite simple. Fill the tub with water, and always use a bath thermometer. If after ten minutes' immersion the thermometer registers below zero, you may then know that the water is too cold. Great care should be taken not to let the baby take cold, so the bath should be given as rapidly as possible. Strip the baby and take him by the heels and souse him in head first, then swing him back and forth through the water ten or fifteen times, slapping him vigorously to insure a good circulation. Lay him on the floor and rub him vigorously with a tin nutmeg grater, and then put him to bed in a warm room, with a buffalo robe over him and about two additional feet of California blankets.

When this is done leave him to rest for twenty-four hours. He will need the rest.

### ADVICE TO A HOUSEHOLD CAT.

A S you sit before the blazing fire, reflect that the wood being consumed, presumably for your benefit, costs all the way from nine dollars to fifteen dollars a cord. Make yourself uneasy over this, if possible.

Wonder occasionally where your next meal is coming from. Consider the uncertainty of life and the possibility of your not having the next meal at all, and make yourself nervous over it.

Let your dreams be troubled. All about you there are suffering, trials, disappointments, agonies and general misery. Let it be on your mind that you may be the next one, and then, every time you wake up and change your tail, you will be conscious of a deep sense of oppression.

Worry about your coat. Nature has arranged it so that it is thicker in the winter than it is in the summer, but this may not always be so. At any time, by some perversity of Providence,

you might begin to shed your hair at the beginning of a cold snap: this is fully enough to give you cause for alarm.

Learn to control your muscles. At present, as you lie prone, they are hopelessly relaxed. This style went out long ago. Keep them taut and firm and strung up, ready for any emergency: ready, for example, to jump when an automobile is coming your way.

Be as unnatural as possible. It is bad form to be yourself. It shows a hopeless disregard for Philosophy, Science and the higher education. When you meow do it in secret. It is bad form to meow openly. And remember this: that, unless you strive to be all these things you can never hope to be anything else but a cat.

## CRITICISED.

THE American Eagle edged over toward the Russian Bear with real sorrow in his blood-red eyes.

"I feel keenly the disgrace you have brought upon modern civilization," he said, as he scratched the clothes off his Filipino children and shook out the change.

"It's a beastly shame, you know, to allow such outrages in your kingdom. Have you no sense of shame?"

"None whatever," said the Russian Bear curtly. "I am but fulfilling my destiny."

"Well," said the Eagle, as he swooped down on two colored men and put them slowly out of their misery, "you might at least be hypocritical about it and preserve appearances."

No good fellow is without honor, save in his own family.

### TWO VIEWS.

A N Optimist and a Pessimist met at a crossroads.

The Optimist was dressed in dark, sombre clothes. No one would have known by his appearance who he was. "For," said he, "I don't need to advertise myself. I am the real thing."

The Pessimist, on the other hand, was giddy in the extreme, and flashed afar with brilliancy. "For," sighed he, "my appearance only serves to make me more melancholy. It is a constant reminder that all is vanity."

Said the Optimist to the Pessimist:

"My friend, I have never been able to understand your peculiar point of view, and I am intensely curious to know why we differ so radically on all subjects."

"The only way we can determine that," said the Pessimist, "is to go along together, and I think I can easily convince you that I am right."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Optimist. "On the contrary, I shall be only too glad of the opportunity to bring you around to my side. In a beautiful world like this I hate to think that anyone can be so unhappy as you are."

And so they journeyed along together.

It was not long before they came to a house where two lovers were spooning.

"Now, here," said the Pessimist, "is an excellent example of what I mean. Just gaze upon this sickening sight. This fellow is kissing this girl, and promising her all sorts of things that he cannot fulfill. She is drinking in every word and believing him. By and by they will get married, and wake up out of their dream. Ignorant of their ultimate fate, of the trouble and trial and agony that await them, they moon away their time in hopeless disregard of the consequences. Did you ever see two such fools?"

The Optimist laughed a cheery laugh.

"My boy," he replied, "you don't know what you are talking about. Those two people are not only supremely happy at present but I see absolutely no reason why they shouldn't keep it up. They are fitted for each other, and you know that real love, which undoubtedly possesses them both, never dies. Instead of waking up out of a dream, as you insinuate, they will develop greater possibilities for happiness all the time. I know it! I am sure of it!"

They passed on to a church, where in silence for a while they observed the people going in to worship.

"Doubtless." sneered the Pessimist, "you will be prepared to uphold this sort of thing, when you must know these poor fools are worrying themselves to death over something that they don't know anything about. If there is anything at all hereafter I am convinced that it must be a Hell, for I have never yet seen anyone who, judged consistently by the dogma of religion, didn't deserve to go there. They are right in calling themselves miserable sinners."

"Your peculiar notions," said the Optimist, "should not go unchallenged. Why, I cannot imagine a happier condition than that of these people. So sure are they of a joyous immortality, that the things of this world, even if they are termed trials by some, sit so lightly on them as to have no effect. So far from believing what you say about a Hell, I am thoroughly convinced that if there is anything needed in this beautiful world to make it any more beautiful, it lies in the blessed assurance that a Heaven awaits us all in the next one."

They came soon to the house of a magnate.

"I have purposely," remarked the Pessimist, "brought you around this way, because I want to show you, if it is possible to get a grain of reason into your head, the most striking example of your so-called happiness. Now, here is a man who, from the standpoint of this world, is enjoying himself. And yet, see how

truly miserable he is. He is so restless that he cannot stop a moment. He is bothered continually by cranks who want his money, and he works like a slave all the time trying to take care of and increase it. He is not only unhappy now but he has absolutely nothing to look forward to, because there is nothing left to enjoy."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Optimist. "You amuse me greatly. I see you belong to that misguided crew who think just because he has money he cannot enjoy himself. In the first place this man has achieved what the majority of men would sell their souls for. This in itself is a source of lasting pleasure and satisfaction to him. Then his money doesn't bother him nearly so much as you imagine. He has power, which is a supreme joy, and he is envied by everyone, secretly or otherwise, which is no small thing. Not only this but he really does a lot of good, which makes him all the happier when he reflects that he is enabled to do so by his own ability. No, sir! You are mistaken!"

"Well," said the Pessimist, "if it is impossible to convince you in this case, at least come with me to the slums and I'll show you misery enough."

When they had arrived there the Pessimist said:

"Now, what do you think? Did you ever see a sight like this before? Isn't it terrible? What hope is there for these poor wretches? There is no reason for me to dilate upon their despair. Just look at them yourself. It ought to be enough."

"You poor old wet blanket," cheerily replied the Optimist. "Don't you know, in the first place, that things are never so bad as they look? These people are not miserable. Clothes don't make the man. It is true that they don't bathe every day, but what of that? The real, true, genuine sources of happiness they possess much more than even if they were outwardly luxurious. In the first place they are all unselfish, which is the supremest joy of life. Look at that mother bending over what you would term a squalid, ragged child. Look at the light in her eyes. Look at

the bare breast of that workman, how he bends to his task. He is creating something with his own hands. My friend, there is hardly any happiness compared with that."

"I see," said the Pessimist, as he glowered upon his companion, "that it's no use. We can do each other no good. Let us part."

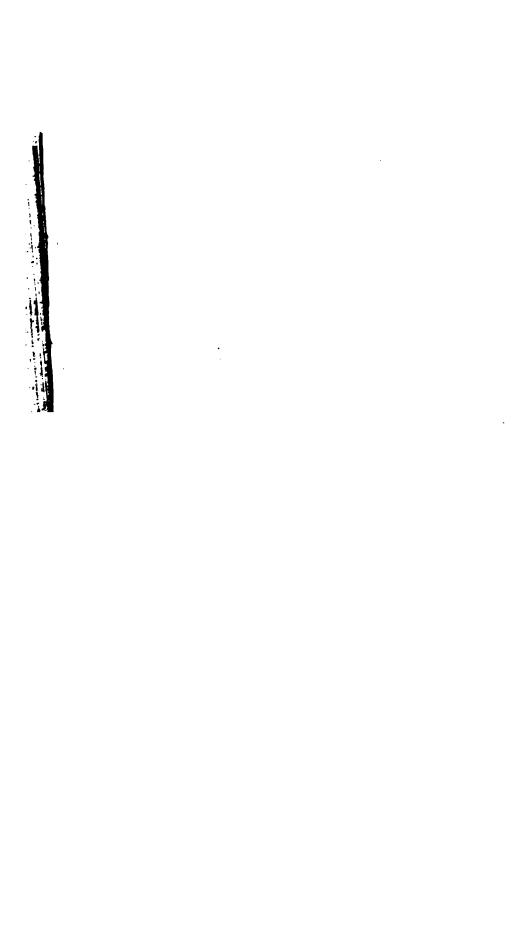
"Willingly," said the Optimist. "If anyone could ruffle me I am sure you would."

And Father Time, as he watched them going off in opposite directions, whistled softly to himself and said:

"What a pity those fellows cannot get on together. For each of them is right,"









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